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UTRILLO *Rue de Crimée, Paris* (28 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 39"), a major work by this artist, c. 1910. Illustrated in color in Basler Maurice Utrillo, 1929. MARY CASSATT *Femme et Enfant* (29 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 24 $\frac{1}{2}$ "), a sensitive pastel. DE STAEL *Abstraction* (24 x 31"), an oil signed and dated 1943. BRAQUE *Fruits and Jug* (18 x 23 $\frac{3}{4}$ "), a pastel, 1929, and a small cubist oil *Bougeoir et Verre* (12 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 9 $\frac{3}{8}$ ") c. 1910. JUAN GRIS *Nature Morte à la Guitare* (25 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 18"), a cubistic composition in mixed media, c. 1912. VLAMINCK *Eglise en Bretagne* (23 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 28 $\frac{3}{4}$ ") and a still life *Livres et Chandelle* (21 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 29"). PAUL KLEE *Hall C* (7 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ "), dated 1920 and several watercolors and gouaches. GROMAIRE *La Marchande de Fruits* (32 x 39 $\frac{1}{4}$ "), a major painting by this artist, 1953; and other paintings and drawings by Bonnard, Boudin, Cézanne, Raoul Dufy, Feininger, Guillaumin, Léger, Miró, Pascin, Renoir, Rouault and other artists; and by Corot *La Remise du Bateau* (13 x 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ ") recorded in Robaut

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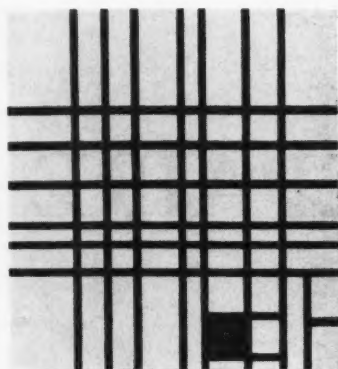
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Contributors

Manny Farber was formerly the art critic for *The Nation*; his articles have also appeared in *Commentary*, *The New Leader* and *Art News*. He is a painter as well as writer and has shown at the Tibor de Nagy Gallery.

Paul Goodman is the author of *Growing Up Absurd* (Random House) and coauthor, with his brother, the architect Percival Goodman, of *Communitas* (Modern Library). He has written novels, poetry, social and literary criticism, political commentary and plays.

Creighton Gilbert, who regularly conducts the "Classics" department in ARTS, recently returned from Europe. He is currently organizing the first exhibition of seventeenth-century Neapolitan painting ever held in this country. It will open on March 4 at the John and Mable Ringling Museum of Art in Sarasota,

Florida, where he is the curator. At the College Art Association meeting in Minneapolis this month Mr. Gilbert is acting as director of discussions on Renaissance and Baroque art.

Jack Roth, who writes on regional exhibitions this month, is a painter whose work was shown in the "Younger American Painters" survey at the Guggenheim Museum a few years ago; he has also shown in various regional exhibitions throughout the country. He holds an M.F.A. degree from the State University of Iowa; currently he teaches mathematics at Duke University and expects to take his Ph.D. in that field.

Françoise Choay, who writes the Paris column during Annette Michelson's illness, has contributed frequently to *Art International*, *L'Oeil* and *France-Observateur*. She is also

the author of *Le Corbusier* in the Braziller architectural series.

On the Cover

Antonio Pollaiuolo, *The Baptist, Study of Hands and Legs*; collection the Uffizi Gallery, Florence. See Creighton Gilbert's "The Old Italian Form," pages 28-35.

Forthcoming

Two essays on **Marsden Hartley**, by **Gorham Munson** and **Hilton Kramer**, on the occasion of the major Hartley exhibition touring Europe through 1961 . . . **Jerrold Lanes** looks at **Surrealism** as presented in the current show at the D'Arcy Gallery . . . **Donald Sutherland** writes on **Greek sculpture**, and surveys recent publications in the field . . .

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LETTERS

Valéry on Modern Art

To the Editor:

Donald Sutherland's essay on Valéry's *Degas*, *Manet*, *Morisot* [December] is a brilliant job—witty, thoughtful and overly severe by turn—but I wonder if anyone else felt as I did: that Sutherland himself has a style and habit of mind very like Valéry's own? He is terrific on details that set his mind moving, and he has a style that permits him to do whatever he pleases, but he too settles for a small issue rather than a sustained examination of a major point. Maybe this is why he understands Valéry's weaknesses so well, and underestimates his strength. Aren't both these writers guilty of what A. N. Whitehead called the fallacy of misplaced concreteness?

J. A. SMITH
New York City

Ode to Mark di Suvero

If you can wreck the backyard picnic table
And crown it with a keg while you are daft

If you can balance Hankchamp with a label
Between the abstract thingness fore and aft

If you can wreck the Geist of Geist completely
And make him jabber, gibber, drool and blab

Of twelve to sixteen foot long compensations
That change the world by an aesthetic gap

If you can hoodwink ARTS and Hilton Kramer
To leave the barricade and join the scum

Promoting warmed-up indigestive sculpture—
The brotherhood of the eclectic slum—

If you can fill a gallery with garbage
And call it art, and no one kicks your can,

You are a genius, history's elected,
And, what is more, you are A-M-E-R-I-C-A-N.

SIBYL MOHOLY-NAGY
New York City

Futurism for Keeps

To the Editor:

This attempt to revive the dead Italian modernists is a joke. [See Reyner Banham's article, December.] Why bother? This is antique-collecting, not art history. Everything the Italians did was second-rate when it wasn't third-rate. It's OK for the Italian government to promote this old dust, but why ARTS? Why?

LEOPOLD BERG
New York City

To the Editor:

Re the Banham article on the Futurists, one of your own writers gave the *coup de grâce* in advance. In his report on the Venice Biennale [October], Sidney Tillim wrote: "The Italians do not feel that Futurism is second to Cubism, but a genuine and original contribution in its own right. In the light of subsequent developments since the turn of the century, and notwithstanding some renewed critical interest in Futurism, Italy's claim here must be considered a pardon-

able exaggeration of the facts." Pardonable in Italians perhaps, but how excuse this binge of Futurism in Banham?

JANET REISMAN
Cleveland, Ohio

Russians and Italians

To the Editor:

I was tempted to write a letter of congratulations when you published K. A. Jelenski's wonderful piece on the Russians in October, but for some reason didn't. Now with Reyner Banham's equally wonderful study of the Italian Futurists in the December issue, I can't resist. ARTS is the only place where this kind of first-rate stuff on the modern movements can be found. Let's have more and more of it.

BARNEY EDEN
Brooklyn, New York

The Early Flemish Masters

To the Editor:

It was good to meet with Clement Greenberg's "The Early Flemish Masters" in your December number. We don't see enough of Greenberg in print these days, so his appearance in your pages is especially valuable.

The Flemish piece was refreshing because it confronts the early masters with a sensibility that is not channeled by a specialized training in the period. This is not taking a slap at Mr. Greenberg's scholarly background, nor is it minimizing the indispensable contributions of the specialists. What I mean is that we get a new look at the old masters through an eye that is accustomed to appreciate the paintings of today. His remarks on the floating color of the Flemings are a splendid case in point.

Here's hoping for more articles from Mr. Greenberg.

ESTELLE WICHMAN
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Sculpture Stolen

To the Editor:

We would like to report the theft from the Meltzer Gallery of a bronze relief plaque by Rhys Caparn entitled *Dogs*. The plaque measures eleven by seventeen inches. There are only two castings in existence, the one stolen and another one in a private collection in Washington, D.C.—so that if this relief should appear anywhere it is the stolen cast.

The piece was a very popular one, and we feel that perhaps it was stolen for purposes of recasting in a larger edition. The piece was exhibited here in the gallery and also at the Whitney Museum, and always excited comment whenever on view. Should anyone see this piece we would appreciate its being reported to us. We will treat all information in a confidential manner.

DORIS MELTZER
Meltzer Gallery
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New York 19, N. Y.



Rhys Caparn, *Dogs*.

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AUCTIONS

Church Collection in Coming Sale at Parke-Bernet

A NUMBER of famous paintings, sculptures and drawings from the estate of the late Barbara Church, widow of Henry H. Church, art collector and president of the manufacturing firm of Church and Dwight Co., will be auctioned at Parke-Bernet on January 25.

The Church collection is highlighted by a major proto-Cubist portrait by Picasso of *Fernande*, one of the earliest of several such studies done in 1909; it was exhibited at the Museum of Modern Art and illustrated in Alfred H. Barr's *Picasso: Fifty Years of His Art*. Utrillo's *Rue de Crimée* was exhibited at the Fogg Art Museum and the Museum of Modern Art, and illustrated in Basler's and in Petrides' monograph on the artist. Representing Braque is a pastel still life of *Fruits and Jugs*, in addition to a small Cubist oil, *Bougeoir et Verre* (c. 1910). Juan Gris's Cubistic composition in mixed media, *Nature Morte à la Guitare*, is a work he dedicated to Daniel Henry Kahnweiler. Paul Klee offers *Hall C* (1920) and several water colors and gouaches. Also included is a Cézanne pencil-and-water-color still life, *Panier de Fruits*. Sculptures in the Church collection feature three examples by Lipschitz and a bronze *Horse* by Braque, the only Braque sculpture ever to be sold at public auction in America.

The sale also presents modern works from other sources, outstanding among them a sensitive Mary Cassatt *Femme et Enfant* in pastel. A De Staël *Abstraction* (1943) was formerly in the collection of Raphaël Gérard, Paris, and Jacques Lindon, New York. A major painting by Gromaire, *La Marchande de Fruits* (1953), was included in the Gromaire exhibition held at the Musée Galliera in Paris.

Notable Sale of Old Masters in London

IN A SALE at Sotheby's of London on December 7, 137 works from all the traditional European schools brought a total of \$1,185,548.

The outstanding price in the sale was fetched by Frans Hals's *Portrait of a Cavalier*, the property of Major D. J. Warde-Aldam, which was sold for \$509,600; this sum is not only a world auction record for a Hals, but the fourth highest price ever achieved for any work of art at auction.

George Stubbs's *The Baron de Robeck Riding by the Serpentine* brought \$56,000, an auction record for the artist. Jan (Velvet) Brueghel's *A Rich Bouquet of Flowers* was sold for \$42,000, also a record price. An early Michelangelo tempera on panel, his *Temptation of St. Anthony* (after Martin Schongauer), was purchased for \$36,400.

AUCTION CALENDAR

January 5, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Oriental art belonging to Patrick Corso, Antonin Raymond and other owners. A wide variety of Eastern artifacts, highlighted by a selection of Chinese Jade and other semiprecious mineral carvings. Exhibition now.

January 6, at 10:15 a.m. and **January 6 & 7**, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Fine English furniture, porcelains, silver and glass from the estate of the late Marguerite A. Keasbey and other sources. Exhibition now.

January 12, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Pre-Columbian sculpture belonging to James Arthur Ewing and others. Early Mexican and Central American art includes a group of Mezcala and other fine green stone sculptures, Vera Cruz pottery heads and figures, Mayarit and Jalisco pottery figures. Exhibition from January 7.

January 13 & 14, at 1:45 p.m. Important French eighteenth-century furniture, porcelain, faïence, pewter and rugs, the property of Mrs. Paulette Anagnostaras and other owners. Notable French eighteenth-century furniture highlights Louis XVI inlaid tulipwood and amaranth commodes by various makers, including Jean Baptiste

Vassou, Claude-Mathieu Magnien and Jean Marie Petit. Exhibition from January 7.

January 18 & 19, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. First editions and other books from the estate of the late Nettie Gardner Ryan (Mrs. John D. Ryan) and others. Exhibition from January 10.

January 20 & 21, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. English furniture and decorative objects belonging to Mrs. Samuel A. Peck and other owners. Exhibition from January 14.

January 25, at 8 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Important modern paintings, drawings and sculpture from the estate of the late Barbara Church, sold by order of the Morgan Guaranty Trust Co. of New York and H. M. Minton, Executors, and from other owners. (For details see story above.) Exhibition from January 21.

January 27 & 28, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Nineteenth-century French furniture, porcelains and other decorative objects, the property of Princess Maria Theresa Berry-Ruspaldi Droutzkoy, and other owners. Exhibition from January 21.



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PEOPLE IN THE ARTS



Ivan Mestrovic



Peter Blume



Mary A. McKibbin



Buckminster Fuller

The painter **Peter Blume** (above) and the sculptor **Ivan Mestrovic** (above) were elected to membership in the **American Academy of Arts and Letters**. Mr. Blume will occupy Chair 40, formerly occupied by Bernard Berenson, and Mr. Mestrovic will have Chair 13, formerly occupied by William Adams Delano. The Academy's membership is limited to fifty men and women chosen for special distinction from among two hundred and fifty members of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. The number of artists in the Academy is now sixteen, as compared with twenty-six writers and eight composers.

Mary Adeline McKibbin, director of art in the Pittsburgh public schools since 1943, has been named "**Art Educator of the Year**" by the National Art Education Association. Originator of the International School Art Program, past president of the Eastern Arts Association and a member of the National Arts Education Association Council, Miss McKibbin is the first woman to have received the title, as well as the first educator from the public schools to be so honored.

R. Buckminster Fuller, research professor of design at Southern Illinois University, has been named **Charles Eliot Norton Professor of Poetry at Harvard University** for the 1961-62 school year. The distinguished chair is not restricted to practicing poets, but is awarded periodically to architects, musicians and other artists.

Harry F. Guggenheim, President of the **Guggenheim Foundation**, announced that **H. Harvard Arnason** has been elected a Trustee and Vice President for Art Administration of the Foundation. Mr. Arnason, former Chairman of the Department of Art at the University of Minnesota and concurrently Director of the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis, is the author of many monographs on both modern and medieval art, and has served extensively in various art capacities with the United States Department of State and other government agencies. As Vice President of the Foundation, which operates the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum in New York, Mr. Arnason will be responsible for the areas of general policy and development of the Museum. A new Director will soon be appointed to succeed James Johnson Sweeney, who resigned last August.

Leonard Bernheim Meyer, professor of music and head of the humanities section of the College of the University of Chicago, has been named

a fellow of the Center for Advanced Studies in the Liberal Arts, Professions and Sciences for the school year 1960-61 at **Wesleyan University** in Middletown, Connecticut.

William Edward Hook, **Philip H. Gilkerson**, and **Norma G. Morgan** were named as recipients of fellowships totaling three thousand dollars by the **John F. and Anna Lee Stacey Scholarship Foundation**. The grants will be used to promote advanced study in the classical traditions of painting and drawing in 1960-61.

The **Art Students League of New York** has announced that at the 85th Annual Members Meeting six board members were elected. **Arthur J. Foster** was returned to office as President, and **Mrs. Edith Jay** and **Mr. George Hicks** were elected Women's and Men's Vice President, respectively. **Mrs. Elise McManus**, **Mrs. Annette Fish** and **Sheilah Malone** were also elected to the board. These six members will shortly elect six additional officers who will then complete the twelve-member Board of Control, serving without pay for the next twelve months to direct and operate the school.

Winners of the **Horace H. Rackham Faculty Research Grants** in the Visual Arts will have their work exhibited at the University of Michigan Museum of Art. Three exhibits were planned to display the work of **Emil Weddige**, **Irving Kaufman**, **Milton Cohen**, **Albert Weber**, **Gerome Kamrowski**, **Donald March** and **Leonard Zaminska**.

The **American Academy of Arts and Letters** has announced that thirteen paintings have been selected for purchase under the **Childe Hassam Fund**. The names of the winning painters include **George Beattie**, **Rainey Bennett**, **Louis Bosa**, **Byron Browne**, **Chen Chi**, **Avel de Knight**, **Xavier Gonzalez**, **Carl Morris**, **Arthur Okamura**, **Ogden Pleissner**, **Rudy Pozatti**, **Ralph Rosenborg** and **John Wheat**. Announcement will be made later of the museums to which the selected pictures will be presented.

Douglas Moore was re-elected President of the American Academy of Arts and Letters at the Academy's annual meeting. Other officers who were re-elected are **Van Wyck Brooks**, Chancellor; **Allan Nevins**, Secretary; and **Gilmore D. Clarke**, Treasurer. **Virgil Thomson** replaces **Aaron Copland**, who retired, and other members of the board include **Barry Faulkner**, **John Hersey**, **Leon Kroll** and **Mark Van Doren**.

Among the prizewinners of the 11th Ceramic National, held at the Everson Museum of Art in Syracuse, New York, were Kenneth R. Ferguson, Clarence Alling, Kenneth F. Bates, Rupert Deese, John P. Loree, James Lovera, Alix Mackenzie, Warren Mackenzie, Charles McKee, Gertrude and Otto Natzler, Paul E. Nelson, Win Ng, Theodore Randall, June Schwarcz and William Wyman. Special awards for work in enamel and mosaics went to Anne Knorr and Nicholas Vergette.

The Museum of Modern Art has announced the formation of the Institute of Modern Art, a separate nonprofit organization which will assume responsibility for the Museum's school for children and adults and, in co-operation with the Museum and the National Committee on Art Education, will develop new activities in the field of art education. Victor D'Amico, since 1937 Director of the Museum's Department of Education, will be director and President of the new Institute. Among its other activities, the Institute plans to set up an exchange program for foreign students and teachers and to construct a world traveling Children's Carnival exhibition.

A collection of nineteen paintings from the estate of Mrs. Marion Grace, given to the university through a bequest of Mrs. Grace, wife of the late Eugene G. Grace, has been placed on exhibition at Packer Hall of Lehigh University in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. *Crossing the Stream*, by Thomas Gainsborough, *Marques Lorenzo Manjaneras*, by Francisco Goya, and paintings by Sir William Beechey, J. C. Cazin, Abraham Cooper, J. B. C. Corot, C. F. Daubigny, Daniel Gardner, Meindert Hobbema, John Hoppner, George Inness and Sir Henry Raeburn comprise the collection.

The Aubusson Ateliers and a group of American painters have announced the formation of the Society of American Tapestry Designers. Members of the society will prepare designs especially for the Aubusson weavers, or loan existing paintings. The society also plans to assist artists in designing for tapestry and to serve as a center of information on the art. The founding members are Sylvia Carewe, president, Stuart Davis, Milton Resnick, Angelo Savelli, Ben Shahn and Theodoros Stamos. Future members will be voted upon by the group. The society has been formed through the efforts of Miss Carewe and representatives of the French weavers.

The Dallas Museum of Fine Arts has announced the winners of its 12th Annual Texas Crafts Exhibition. Prizes and awards went to

Richard M. Lincoln, Henry Lienana, James E. Morgan, Wiltz Harrison, Pei-Fen Chin, Carol Vystreil Scott, John Szymak, Velma Dozier, Juan P. Mason, Shirley Lege Carpenter, Mrs. E. V. Brown, Jr., and Caris Houseman.

Announcement of an agreement between the trustees of the Barnes Foundation in Merion, Pennsylvania, and the Attorney General of Pennsylvania, approved by Judge Alfred L. Taxis, Jr., was made in December. The agreement ends years of dispute between the tax-exempt foundation and the public about restrictions laid down by the late Alfred G. Barnes and the foundation's trustees, and will allow the long-closed collection which includes extensive examples of the work of Renoir, Cézanne and Matisse, among others, to be open to visitors two days each week. The Museum will admit two hundred visitors each day on a first come, first served basis.

The Brooklyn Museum has announced that, until further notice, it will be open only five days a week. Closing the institution to the public on Mondays and Tuesdays has become necessary, Director Thomas S. Buechner states, because funds are insufficient to provide personnel necessary for the protection of the permanent collection and the special exhibitions.

AWARDS AND GRANTS

The Cranbrook Academy of Art in Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, has announced that a total of \$9,000 will be available in scholarships for the 1961-62 school year. Applications will be received until March 1, 1961, and further information and application forms may be obtained by writing to the Registrar, Cranbrook Academy of Art, Lone Pine Road, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan.

The trustees of the James D. Pheland Awards in Literature and Art, Charles Kendrick, John A. Sullivan, Ben C. Duniway and Curtis D. O'Sullivan, have announced the two juries of award who will select paintings for exhibition and determine winning applicants in the 1961 James D. Pheland Awards Competition in Painting. The trustees were assisted by Howard Ross Smith, Assistant Director of the California Palace of the Legion of Honor. The jury for the Southern California show will include Donald Brewer, Ynez Johnston and Jules Langsner, and for the Northern California competition, Warren W. Faus, Helen Heninger and Herwin Schaefer will comprise the jury. Awards totaling \$1,500 are offered in each of the two competitions. These awards in art and literature are made available annually, in alternating subjects, under the terms of a bequest by the late Senator James D. Pheland. This year's competition closes February 17, 1961, and persons interested in applying may obtain application forms by writing the Pheland Awards, Room 814, Grant Building, 1095 Market Street, San Francisco 3, California.

The Advisory Board on Pulitzer Prizes of Columbia University, composed of Dr. Grayson Kirk and ten or more distinguished newspapermen, has advised the National Academy of Design of its unanimous decision to discontinue the Annual Traveling Art Scholarship. Under the will of Joseph Pulitzer, the scholarship of \$1,500 had been awarded annually since 1917, with the exception of 1944 (due to the war) and 1957, 1958 and 1960, when the Advisory Board declined to accept the Academy's certifications for the scholarship. The Board intends to substitute instead an annual scholarship of \$1,500 to assist an American student of superior qualifications to prepare for a career in critical writing on art or another cultural subject.

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In New York, the New School for Social Research has announced the organization of the New School Art Center, which will sponsor an extensive program of art instruction. Paul Moesanyi, former art critic of the United Press and member of the New School art faculty, will be director of exhibitions and discussions in the new Art Center. Included in its activities will be a series of exhibits to begin with a showing, on January 16, of recent drawings by New York artists, to continue to February 4. The exhibition will be opened by James Johnson Sweeney, former director of the Guggenheim Museum. Mr. Sweeney will also give a series of three talks at the New School beginning January 5 on "Architecture: The Visual Arts and Contemporary Culture."

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BOOKS

FORGERS, DEALERS, EXPERTS by Sepp Schueller. Putnam. \$4.50.

EVERY year or two one can now expect a new, though not quite novel, version of the scores of tales about art fakes and forgeries. As a rule these stories are offered with relish, as though the forgers had been delightful rogues rather than calculating, conniving criminals or, at best, sadly disturbed neurotics. Mr. Schueller, too, seemingly has no higher aims than entertaining the public with new renditions of oft-repeated tales: Bastianini, Dossena, Van Meegeren and other weird characters pass across the stage, and to them is now added the German Lothar Malskat. A decade ago Malskat made headlines by his admission that he had forged the "medieval" frescoes in the choir of the church of St. Mary at Lübeck. He was and is (for he is very much alive) a worse scoundrel than his predecessors, for besides faking works of art he deliberately destroyed all traces of the original murals (that had survived hundreds of years, and even the air raids of the last war), because it was easier to forge than to restore. Malskat, who also counterfeited hundreds of paintings by masters from Rembrandt to Chagall, has been a free man for the last three years after a much too short prison sentence, and is reported to be highly sought after by commercial employers...

The story of the Millet factory, of the "Tiara of Saitaphernes," of Wacker's "Van Goghs" and other famous, or rather infamous, scandals are all dwelt upon too. The only new contribution is perhaps the brief chapter "Art Forgeries under the Third Reich." For while the fraud perpetrated on Goering by Van Meegeren (who sold him a "Vermeer") is commonly known, little has been heard outside Central Europe about the "Spitzweg" forged and presented to Hitler. Spitzweg's charming little genre pictures appealed to the sentimental streak in Hitler and the Hitlerites, and this vogue was thoroughly exploited by German dealers.

To those not familiar with earlier treatments of the theme, *Forgers, Dealers, Experts* may be mildly amusing, or—*chacun à son goût*—slightly disgusting. For a scholarly discussion of techniques of forgers, and the methods of unmasking them, the reader should turn instead to Otto Kurz's *Fakes: A Handbook for Collectors and Students*, which, among other virtues, has the ample bibliographical references that are so conspicuously absent from the new concoctions. For profound insights into the mind of the counterfeiter, Hans Tietze's essay, "The Psychology and Esthetics of Forgery" (*Metropolitan Museum Studies*, vol. 5) can be recommended unreservedly. From Professor Friedlaender, who is one of the few authorities he cites, Schueller has learned that fakes, as a rule, cannot go long undetected simply because the faker perceives and copies an object with time-bound eyes, so that the next generation is sure to note and denounce the forger's dated interpretations. Yet Schueller is often most unkind to the connoisseurs who failed to identify a forgery immediately as such—as if the scholars were not by necessity also handicapped by the same contemporary blind spot. Schueller exonerates Professor Bredius, who had been taken in by Van Meegeren, by quoting the expert's disarmingly humble statement, "Whenever I judge a work I always say, Don't forget that I'm a human being and that to err is human," but Schueller ought to have emphasized that the same Bredius who authenticated the faked *Disciples at Emmaus* had, earlier in life,

successfully uncovered several Vermeer forgeries.

At the same time, Schueller is much too kind to forgers, blaming the enormous number of fakes that are in existence upon the public's gullibility and greed. In the same spirit, he excuses the forgers wherever he can (and even where, in our opinion, he cannot); they are, to his mind, usually the innocent victims of unscrupulous dealers who led them astray. But it is hard to believe that the same artists who deliberately crack or stain their imitations to increase their semblance of "oldness" can be unaware of the ultimate commercial exploitation of their concoctions. Perhaps the Russian goldsmith Israel Ruchomovsky was sufficiently naïve to have executed his "Tiara of Saitaphernes" in good faith, but it is difficult to see the others as guiltless idealists or even as victims deserving of our pity.

It is equally hard to accept Schueller's suggestion that forgers often drift into their trade because they feel that their unusual talents are not appreciated and that they must achieve fame by illegal means. For it is significant that not one of the dozens of celebrated forgers seems to have possessed an ounce of original talent, that none of them, in his own works, ever revealed any revolutionary spark of originality. It is also worth remembering that not a single first-rate artist, beset by financial and other difficulties, ever perverted his extraordinary skill to the creation of fakes. Schueller cites, of course, the case of young Michelangelo, who is said to have permitted his own *Cupid Asleep* to pass as an antique work, but I am inclined to agree with those who maintain that this story (as well as another one not mentioned by Schueller concerning a drawing) was invented by biographers to demonstrate the precocious skill of the young master.

Of course, it is impossible to confirm or deny the Michelangelo anecdote. But the story Schueller tells about Vlaininck (who died less than three years ago) is very, very dubious. Vlaininck, he relates, was reproached for his inability to distinguish forgeries of his own work: "His excuse was that he himself had formerly painted a picture in the style of Cézanne which that master had certified as his own." Actually, the all too prolific Vlaininck had the strange habit of repudiating works of his own that he considered inferior to his highest standards. Moreover, Vlaininck was a Fauve in the years preceding Cézanne's death, and was temperamentally incapable of a successful pastiche of the cool, restrained and rationally constructed paintings of the master of Aix. Schueller gives no source for this puzzling information. On other occasions, too, our credulity is stretched to the breaking point. For instance, he claims that in the last twenty years over a hundred thousand (!) "Corots" have been imported to the United States.

Alfred Werner

LOUIS SULLIVAN AS HE LIVED by Wil-
lard Connely. Horizon Press, Inc. \$6.50.

THIS is a welcome book, as any book illuminating the enigma of Sullivan's personal failure would be welcome. It is also a vexatious book. Mr. Connely knows too little about architecture. Hence this biographical narrative of Sullivan "as he lived," with only tangential commentary on his architecture, is merely an extended footnote on Sullivan's life as he really lived it.

Even as a footnote, it has its deficiencies. Mr. Connely dilutes the considerable value of his research by a popular, undocumented presentation which, while always adroit and never lurid, is also somewhat imprecise. For example, he refers to drawings in unpublished notebooks which he himself leaves unpublished. Such illustrations

continued on page 66



PHOTO: RALPH BERT

CONFESSIONS OF AN ART ADDICT

BY PEGGY GUGGENHEIM

With an introduction by Alfred H. Barr, Jr.

With charming candor and contagious enthusiasm, one of the greatest patrons of twentieth-century art talks about:

- **her marriages.** ("I have always found husbands much more satisfactory after marriage than during.")
- **her discoveries** of such young American artists as Jackson Pollock, Robert Motherwell, and William Bazotes. (In her New York gallery they came into personal contact with the older generation of European surrealists and abstractionists.)
- **her friendship** with Marcel Duchamp and Sir Herbert Read. (On their advice she opened the avant-garde "Guggenheim Jeune" gallery in London.)
- **the seven tragedies** of her life as a collector. (She once had so many Pollocks she gave them away as gifts.)
- **her intimate associations** with Cocteau, Samuel Beckett, Tanguy, Brancusi, and Max Ernst. ("Her disarming frankness in discussing them will be a popular source of conversation for those who will meet it here for the first time.")

— *Library Journal*

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AMERICAN PAINTERS IN PARIS

BY YVON BIZARDEL

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NATIONWIDE EXHIBITIONS

LOS ANGELES: BACON, BLOOM, LEBRUN

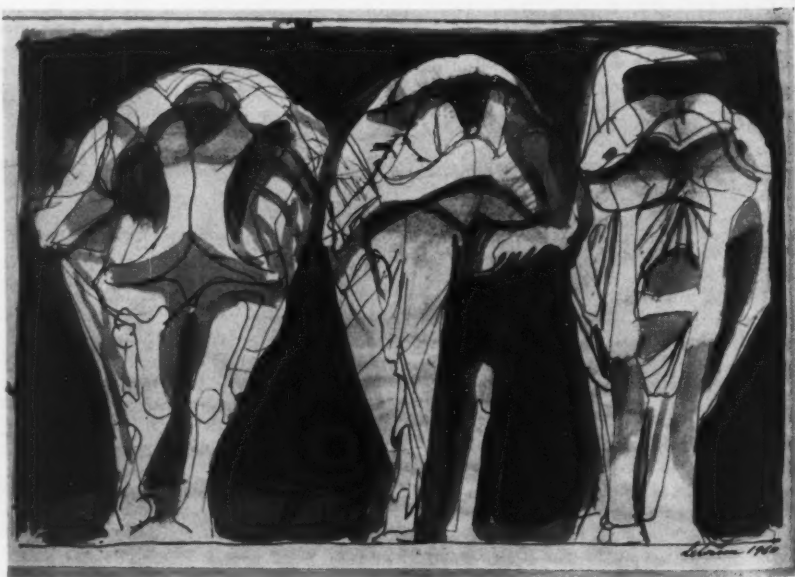
AROUND election time, exhibitions of work by Francis Bacon, Hyman Bloom and Rico Lebrun brought "New Image" Expressionism to the fore in Los Angeles and Santa Barbara. A striking Bacon-Bloom show was mounted by the University of California at Los Angeles, and three exhibitions of Lebrun drawings were presented in Santa Barbara—at the gallery of the University of California at Santa Barbara, at the Santa Barbara Museum of Art, and at the gallery of Esther Bear. The UCLA exhibition drew attention again to the theme of man "in a time of dread," which Peter Selz introduced a little over a year ago at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. The recent drawings by Lebrun shown at UCSB, including some cartoons for the mural at Pomona College on which the artist is now working, also belong emphatically to the new imagery of dread.

In the UCLA exhibition Bacon was represented by ten paintings of the last decade, including two of his exacerbated travesties from Valázquez and Van Gogh. Projecting a nightmare vision of tabloid humanity drawn from contemporary news photography and the films, Bacon's most arresting pictures are utterly infernal displays, as in an artfully illuminated waxworks, of mauled images of demogoguery surrounded by spitted carrion. Dramatic, almost electric contrasts of tone (the expressionist luminism of Tintoretto comes to mind) and the simple opposition of fairly intense complementaries augment the theatrical punch of this sensational imagery of revulsion, which is otherwise conveyed in the Surreal manner of photomontage. *Two Americans*, a more modest but no less pungent statement of murderous resentment, takes revenge on two representatives of the hearty, good-naturedly rapacious type by smudging and blurring the features of their energetic

and open-mouthed faces. In his recent reclining-figure compositions, Bacon complements his imagery of anger and violence with one of paralysis and naked abandonment.

In contrast to Bacon's Surreal journalism, Hyman Bloom's approach to horror is quietistic and luxurious; yet the Poe-esque morbidity of his *Anatomist* and *Slaughtered Animal* affects us in somewhat the same way as Bacon's savage commentaries on the essential indignity of man. Bloom's anatomist, known only by his fastidious, patient, blood-soaked hands, is almost as scary a fellow as one of Bacon's late-news grislies, and the corpse he investigates remains so much sliced-up meat, for all its chromatic gaudiness. Balancing this delicately drawn image of raw horror were several mellow, more painterly talismans of hope: *Christmas Tree*, *Rabbi* and *Rabbi with Torah*. Seventeen drawings showed Bloom's sensitivity and skill as a draftsman, beginning as early as 1925 when the artist was twelve.

Twenty years ago, Rico Lebrun was also known for his virtuoso draftsmanship, and the sharp, precisionist line that once characterized his style (before *Guernica* became a gratuitous influence on his work during the forties) is seen at its best at the Santa Barbara Museum in such large, highly disciplined figure drawings as *Seated Woman* and *Seated Clown*. But in his recent drawings, the former classicist explores what he calls the geometry of pain. Exercises in monstrous invention, these drawings also represent, after the Cubistic Expressionism of a decade ago, a decisive return to the model: an aging Willendorf Venus chosen for her monumental volumes and the pathos of her decaying physique. Drawn with a deliberately uglifying line and modeled with planes of gray wash, the naked human body is metamorphosed by means of drastic anatomical displacements into a vivid symbol of the organically inoperative and the spiritually appalling.



Rico Lebrun, *Three Figures*;
at University of California, Santa Barbara.

Lebrun, like the eighteenth-century Romantic-Classicalist Henry Fuseli, reaches for terror and grandeur, but succeeds rather as a "master of static horror." The phrase was originally applied to Fuseli, who nevertheless said something worth considering: "... mangling is contagious, and spreads aversion from the slaughterman to the victim." However, I do think the horror of Lebrun's monstrous anatomies is a more genuine expression of his somber *Lebensgefühl* than anything to be found in his Guernica-style Crucifixion.

Charles S. Kessler

NOTES ON REGIONAL EXHIBITIONS

Admittedly regional exhibitions are inadequate. They are usually annual affairs in which anywhere from roughly four hundred to sometimes as many as twenty-five hundred paintings are solicited from artists of one state or of several adjoining states. From this large number of works, a smaller number, usually between fifty and a hundred, are selected by a distinguished jury of nationally known experts—artists, museum directors, critics, heads of university art departments, etc. These works are exhibited and three or four are awarded prizes of from fifty to maybe a thousand dollars. The system sounds very democratic and in the best American tradition, and as the resulting exhibitions are hodgepodes of second-, third- and fourth-rate works, it seems there is no quality work being done outside of New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles and perhaps Chicago.

It might be amusing to look at the situation a little more closely and attempt to understand the presence of these second-, third- and fourth-rate works. In particular, let us consider the case of one of the best-known of American painters, Dwight D. Eisenhower. Eisenhower was perhaps an able general, and is perhaps an adequate President (if he were more than adequate it would be un-American). He is also a golfer and an amateur painter. Undoubtedly he enjoys golf, and he probably enjoys painting. After all, painting is a pleasant, relaxing and satisfying hobby for a man of his age. Furthermore, his paintings are competent and pleasing, although most of them are uninteresting. But as an amateur painter he is in no sense of the word an artist (even though his paintings might be more salable and bring higher prices than many works of art). His paintings have no place in an art museum except as cultural curiosities. It would be presumptuous to exhibit them as works of art. However, if he were to submit to the Seventeenth South Kansas Annual, if there were such a thing, his work would very probably be selected by a distinguished jury. The point is that the distinguished jury does not select works of art, but selects the best of the non-art works by non-artists—another aspect of Gresham's law rearing its ugly head.

The difficulty lies in that the sponsoring organization of the regional exhibition makes no attempt to distinguish between art objects and non-art objects before calling in the jury. It proceeds on the assumption that an artist is a person who sculpts or paints with a measurable degree of competence, and any product of an artist is, ergo, a work of art. Nothing could be further from the truth. An artist is characterized by his attitude toward his work and the work of others. The artist's intent is to order; the non-artist's intent is to paint a picture. For an artist a painting is a record of an emotional and rational ordering process which is never completed in any one work. A canvas is abandoned when the order which the artist has created thereon can only be further refined or clarified by destruction of the existing order. Some of these abandoned canvases

will be destroyed as insignificant; others are the paintings which hang on museum or gallery walls. They are as important as the order which they reveal, and often a measure of their excellence is their difficulty. The artist must be a connoisseur of chaos, not just a sniffer of trees, not just another dog among a lot of dogs, to mix the metaphors of Wallace Stevens and William Carlos Williams. In contrast the non-artist paints paintings, i.e., he borrows existing orders and uses them intact. The picture is the thing, and as such is insignificant except to the non-artist himself, and his coterie of friends and sycophants.

Non-artists can be classified according to the following schema: (1) hobbyist, (2) art entrepreneur, (3) status seeker, (4) superannuated artist, (5) student. Let us consider each of these briefly:

The hobbyist is a housewife, movie actress or President who has Wednesday nights free and has matured beyond the TV-watching stage. He paints in order to relax and is satisfied if he becomes proficient enough to paint a pleasing landscape or portrait which he will not be ashamed to hang on his living-room wall. It is no more out of place there than the TV.

The art entrepreneur has often been a non-artist long enough to be an institution. As a matter of fact he makes his living selling seascapes with fishing nets, often deceptively modern, for modest prices, to members of the Junior League. He often runs a small but fashionable art school where he titillates rich ladies, teaching them to paint still lifes to hang over their TV. His ambition is a sports car and cocktails at the country club and swimming with rich ladies in rich ladies' swimming pools.

The status seeker is usually a physically mature, often married, young female who has fallen in love with the romantic image of the artist as a young libertine who dies in order that his art may live. She works hard to convince others that she has the correct artist's attitude, and is often willing to fall, in order to convince. The male counterpart has a well-developed image of the artist as a focal point of feminine or masculine pulchritude and daydreams of the fairer sex begging his favors.

The superannuated artist is the non-artist who was once a real artist but became involved in teaching in order to raise a family or buy a sports car. He discovered it pleasant to have and to hold the security of a steady income and decided the art effort was not worth the candle. Now he is a non-artist who still paints but only enough to justify his academic position. Unfortunately it does not take much to convince the administration that he has a lot on the ball, and besides he soon enough, if he minds his manners, gets tenure, and can glory in being a big cog in a small wheel.

The student is the most innocent of the non-artists, and often it is only a matter of immaturity which separates him from the artist. He should be encouraged, for he is our tomorrow.

This commentary is not meant to indicate that non-artists as a group should be eradicated or prohibited in any way from being non-artists. It is simply meant to indicate that if they must exhibit in public they should exhibit at the state fairs among the pigeons, pickles and pigs, and not have any pretensions about exhibiting in regional exhibitions.

If regional exhibitions ever hope to be exhibitions of quality they must first restrict the exhibitions to artists, and secondly stop giving prizes to superannuated artists. They must accept the responsibility of making a decision, and if there are only five works among five hundred submitted worthy of being shown, they must show only these five.

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"Sources of the Twentieth Century"

. . . the sculpture of Nevelson and Etienne Martin . . . automatism and speed: Masson, Sonderborg . . . Sima . . .

UNDER the auspices of the Council of Europe, the Paris Musée d'Art Moderne has organized the most eagerly awaited exhibition of the year, "The Sources of the Twentieth Century." This title designates a collection of works belonging exclusively to the period between 1884 (date of the first Salon des Indépendants in Paris) and 1914 (start of the First World War). The disparate character of these two events taken as landmarks shows just how artificial is the period defined; we might also add that, although 1884 marks the official decline of Impressionism (whose last salon was held in 1886), the most decisive works of Cézanne and Monet appeared in the 1890's and 1900's, as borne out here by the *Montagne Sainte-Victoire* of the Zurich Kunsthau or the *Cathédrale de Rouen* by Monet (1894), and that 1914 brought about no rupture in the development of the post-Cubist works of Mondrian or Malevich. It might particularly be objected that the sources of the twentieth century are to be sought in African sculpture, Japanese woodcuts and the art of the Cyclades, among others, and that it is wrong to give the title of "Sources" to works such as those of Duchamp, Kandinsky, Malevich, Klee, Matisse . . . who are the twentieth century. However, these reservations with respect to terminology and methodology having been made, this exhibition must be hailed as a true cultural event, of whose scope we can have some idea by a mere glance at the catalogue: 764 paintings, drawings and sculptures, 582 household and decorative objects, posters, architectural models and photographs supply the image of the "international" art which was produced by the Western countries between the two terminal dates (the U.S., bypassed with regard to painting, is abundantly represented in architecture and in the field of the applied arts).

On the immediate level of curiosity, "The Sources of the Twentieth Century" sheds a new light on a series of works neglected or minimized by the history of taste, and reveals a number of works little known or unknown to the public. We shall here give merely a few rapid examples. In sculpture, we see the impact of Medardo Rosso, isolated in his own time and the precursor of a still-awaited art, for it certainly seems that *La Conversation au Jardin* (1890) and the *Portrait of Madame Noblet* (1897) have no ramifications among the works of the present-day sculptors. In painting, a canvas, unfortunately the only one, rehabilitates Gustave Moreau at the same time that the Editions Pauvert are bringing out the thesis dedicated to him by Van Holten. In another direction, we see the beginnings of the twofold source of Surrealism, on one side the semi-pathological drawings of Hill and Kubin, on the other the intellectual investigations of a Casorati (*Les Demoiselles*). Lastly, a true revelation is provided by a series of small canvases painted between 1893 and 1903 by the playwright August Strindberg. These are landscapes, imprecise (if one except, at times, an allusion to the horizon line), with brush strokes in the best vein of Abstract Expressionism, and done with full awareness of their implications, if we



Medardo Rosso, *Portrait of Henri Rouart* (1890); at Musée d'Art Moderne.

are to believe an article published by Strindberg in 1894 entitled "Concerning the New Arts, or Chance in Artistic Production." In the field of the applied arts we may lastly mention among others the extraordinary tapestries of Voysey and MacMurdo, and the very coherent grouping composed of the various protagonists of the Nancy School.

But the essential interest of the "Sources" lies at the level of the confrontations it permits. For the first time, the French public has been able to acquire a synthetic view of German, Austrian and Scandinavian Expressionism (Munch alone had found a place in a French museum, six years ago), and for the first time it has been able to see these works and others, such as those of Italian Futurism or Russian Constructivism, presented on a strictly equal footing with their contemporary French works. Even though the Council of Europe's intention was to enlist its exhibition under the banner of Internationalism, it had rather the effect of convincing us of the precautions which ought to be taken in handling such an ambiguous concept. Their identical procedures will never lead us to confuse French Pointillism with its Italian or Dutch counterparts. We might perhaps err to the extent of taking

The Buoys (1890) by Signac for a Seurat, but we will never confuse Signac with Pelizza, Cross with Toorop. There is a similar disparity between French Cubism and Futurism, which is more experimental, more mad, more engaged in the stream of history. Similarly, Fauvism is not for an instant to be confused with Expressionism, and a similar use of colors must not mask here the role of the irrational and there the continuance of classical logic; *Westminster Bridge* by Derain is closer to Cézanne than to Schmidt-Rottluff.

Still, perhaps the most fruitful aspect of the exhibition resides in the fact that it has integrated buildings and household objects with paintings and sculptures, thus allowing a confrontation of contemporary manifestations in all the arts. Modern studies have sufficiently demonstrated the illusion of painting considered solely in itself. Without falling into a positivism of the type of Arnold Hauser's, it is incontestable today that we must call upon the entire range of the human sciences to make artistic phenomena explicit: the works of a G. C. Argan are a good illustration. Architecture is more obviously linked to the various facets of historical reality (political, social, technical) than painting, which

indeed sends its roots deep into Utopian soil, with its fundamental reliance on the possibilities offered by dreams and fiction, which renders it necessary to distinguish between its manifest content and its latent content. Also, the history of architecture and the decorative arts (which are but another aspect of it) can shed some new light on the history of painting and reveal certain profound structures underlying the surface "isms." In this way, we might for example distinguish at just about the period of Art Nouveau an extraordinary movement of liberation which, in its negation of a constructivism tending to abstraction, ties in together the researches of Guimard, Horta and Gaudi, who wanted to let natural forms appear, and those of Bonnard or Matisse, who tended, one to allow the world to organize itself according to its secret rhythms, and the other to practice with cunning the apparent negligence and lack of restraint necessary to escape the dictates of the ego. To perceive this movement of the spirit (a common refusal to take certain cultural orders and a common quest for a certain nature of things) is to be able to seize the link which unites not only La Maison Solvay and La Casa Mila, but the Guell crypt and the *Nu Couché* of Matisse (1906) or the *Nu à Contre-Jour* of Bonnard. Then arises the problem of determining what obscure forces brought about the appearance of these forms and their antecedents (in particular the interlaced work of Voysey and MacMurdo), and why they have emerged in an anachronistic fashion, in the manner of a dream or a foreshadowing, at a time when a still immature architectural tech-

nique was about to assert itself first through rationalism, and when painting was preparing to undergo the necessary ascesis of Cubism before it could enter into its new-found freedom.

The present evolution of sculpture is in contradiction to Hegel's characterization of it when he classified it as the most naturalistic of arts. Today, on the contrary, three-dimensionality lends its weight and its presence to imagination better than does two-dimensional invention. But can we speak of sculpture when discussing work such as Nevelson's, who proceeds not by trimming away or coming to grips with her material, but by the mediatized, quasi-intellectual mode of assembly?

Actually, the question does not even arise upon entering the Galerie Daniel Cordier, where Louise Nevelson's first Paris exhibition is being held. The visitor steps right into a strange and strangely coherent, obsessive world, which leaves no room for any interrogation from outside, or for any formal analysis. On view are thirty-five pieces, many of them very large (half a dozen are over six feet tall), all executed in 1959 and 1960. This is an opportunity for Parisians at last to determine the place of a sizable output which, for nearly two years, had appeared under the deceptive guise of fragments, most often of modest proportions, in group shows.

The variety of the forms exhibited is surprising: walls, columns, totem poles and boxes. But unity is ensured by their process of construction, which is based on the original box. The boxes are juxtaposed on several planes or levels, and often are without lids; yet their

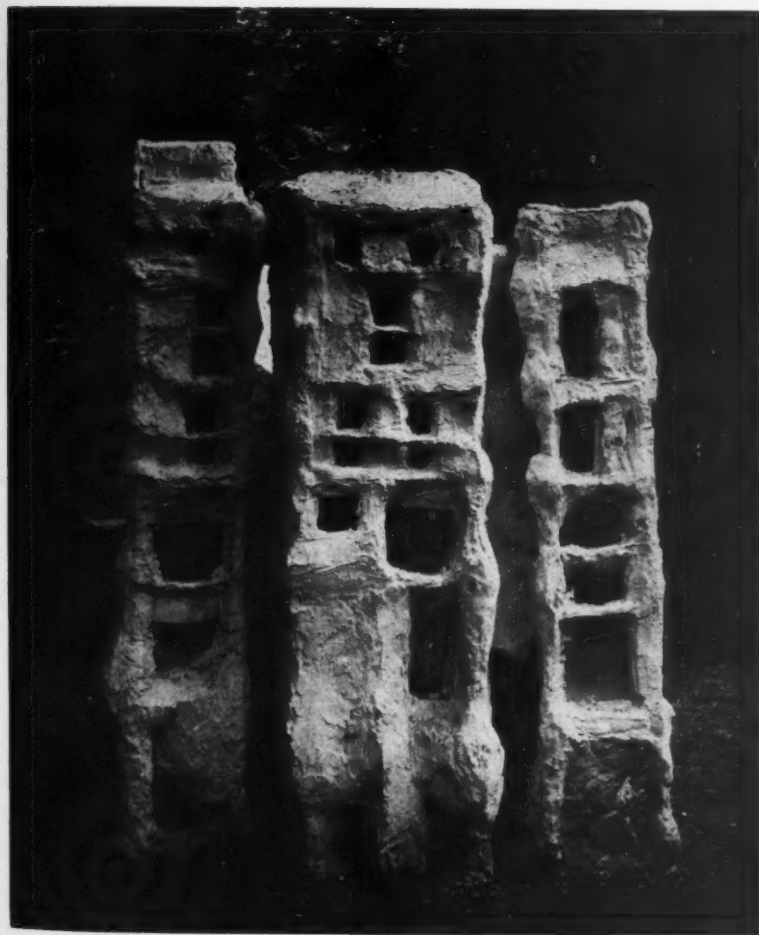
receptacle shape is always present, a symbol of secretiveness and dissimulation. Inside, two categories find a place: debris of bourgeois life or geometric forms with the character of parody. Nevelson expresses herself in the derision of this secretiveness, and irony is carried to its pinnacle by the contradiction between the insignificance of the material and the maniacal order with which it is made use of. The tension seems to me to be even heightened when instead of the former black the artist coats her works with white or gold. All the rigor of the construction, which we might compare to a system in delirium, then appears, rid of the affective associations of black: *The Royal Tide No. 1* and *No. 2* are just as effective (perhaps more unbearable) walls as the somber *Sky Cathedral No. 3* (1959), which is also one of this exhibition's masterpieces. The exhibition's interest flags in only one case, where archaeological memories come to the fore and leave no room for the secretive obsession, when the artist, by way of an exception, connects with certain forms of neo-archaism and rather artificially mounts her debris on totemic forms—for example, *Totem* (1959), or *Suspended Column* (1959).

The painter Georges Mathieu, as long ago as 1957, had become the possessor of one of Nevelson's boxes, the first one to come into France; he has written a remarkable preface for this exhibition in which he insists on the tragedy, despair and satirical intent of the artist. What struck me most particularly about her, perhaps, was just how so realistic a critic of the social and psychical forms of our society was able to express herself so perfectly through fantasy.

Imagination and polemics again come up in an exhibition which is certainly less unusual but still significant, that of Etienne Martin at the Galerie Breteau. This forty-seven-year-old sculptor's career is far more classical than Nevelson's. For years he practiced solid representation (which has remained a necessary exercise for him) and labored chiefly within the framework of religious art. But for the past five or six years he has pursued quests which have culminated in the present exhibition of his *Demeures (Habitations)*, the first of which goes back to 1956-58, the second to 1959 and the third to 1960. These are large (six to ten feet in height), compact white masses, irregularly pierced, which evoke natural formations even more than a primitive habitat, and which, on the inside, seem to merge with whoever penetrates them—a strange vision, in truth, for our technical century with its transparent glass houses. In Etienne Martin's *Demeures* there is no irony, nothing ulterior, but the nostalgia of certain existential values which he was already seeking in a realistic plan for a basilica in Lyons. Curiously enough, and without his having in the least been preoccupied by the problems of modern construction, Martin's sculptures call to mind the visionary architecture of Frederick Kiesler, whom he does not even know by name. They express the same rhythms of continuity, the same attraction to closed spaces and a sort of chthonic secrecy which particularly moves us at a time when man in his mechanical civilization perceives with anguish that he has not found his form of habitat.

But these exalting *Demeures* are plaster models, made of a material which has neither nobility nor subtlety. Martin admits that the question of material has not preoccupied him and that for him only the idea counts. This is just what might be held against him, for his forms do not contain within them the stringencies of any particular material; they might be executed in metal, plastic or even wood. But does not the sculptor's art consist of linking form and matter by a necessary bond?

continued on page 67



Etienne Martin, *Demeure No. 1* (1956-58);
at Galerie Breteau.

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ARTISTS' MATERIAL

ROME

Rome succumbs to Pre-Columbian and some contemporary American art . . . the De Chirico horse, the Van der Leek and the Picasso . . .

THE Olympics over, Rome has resumed its usual life, which during what we call the winter months includes a number of excellent exhibitions. The success of the season, predictably, has been a comprehensive collection of Pre-Columbian art from Mexico and Central America mounted at the Palazzo delle Esposizioni under the auspices of the Ministry of Public Instruction. Instructive it was meant to be and instructive it is—though it fails to refute the law of diminishing returns—with its 999 items displayed in such a way as to enable the attentive observer both to distinguish one culture from another and to compare each with a familiar Italian landmark of the same period. Transatlantic similarities proved very rare, the differences marked and provocative. None could neglect the functional nature and representative character of even the most decorative object, or the imaginative quality of even the least-polished craftsman. I was left wondering, however, whether the absence of all pornography reflected a real lack of interest on the part of these primitive artists or merely another aspect of that censorship currently raging in Rome.

Simultaneously exposed in the basement of this building, the Second International University Exhibition of Figurative Arts demonstrated more than anything else the diverse activity at the various national academies in Rome. All four of the American fellows invited to submit their work—Lennart Anderson, John Annus, Wayne Begley and Ronald Binks—won prizes. So, I must add, did most of the rest. Two other American painters were meanwhile being accorded less formal if no less remunerative recognition, Fleur Cowles for her flowers at L'Obelisco and Jack Frankfurter for his street scenes at L'88. More controversial to Roman tastes and substantial to mine are the contributions of Irene Rice Pereira and Morris Louis, as well as sculptor Claire Falkenstein, to the present show at the Rome-New York Art Foundation organized by Michel Tapié and entitled "From Space to Perception." These three Americans reveal infinitely more creativity than any Italian journalist-painter shown in "Il Pittoscritto," the sixth annual Premio San Vito Romano, at La Feluca. Their achievement rather shrinks, on the other hand, if contrasted with that of the German masters exhibited at the Gabinetto Nazionale delle Stampe in the First

Exposition of Engraving Techniques. Rice Pereira has her *Ursa Major*, but it is Baldung and Dürer who have the horses—Green Hans in the *Conversion of St. Paul* and his mentor in *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*.

With this opinion that reactionary dean of Roman art, Giorgio de Chirico, would certainly concur. To investigate the convictions of this polemicist and their consequences in his work might seem like flogging a dead horse were it not for the fact that an American has paid upward of twenty thousand dollars for a rather insipid and altogether traditional nude from among the forty-one paintings in his personal show at the Circolo della Stampa—and for the fact that Piero Scarpa of *Il Messaggero* speaks for a majority of the Italian press in observing how justly the maestro condemns abstract painting and sculpture as "products of modern cerebralism and not of art because they lack the artistic elements and are alien to the metaphysic proper to art." De Chirico can still paint all right: he exercises good control over "the artistic elements" at least. Each still life is real enough to eat, each Venetian canal appears as perfect as a photograph, each self-portrait presents his features quite as others see him—though his habit bespeak a Miniver Cheevy streak. His fault is precisely of that vision which once made him unique and which long after its defection he persists in calling "metaphysical" or recalling by self-imitation. Anything less apocalyptic than his new horde of horses is impossible to imagine.

IF THERE is nothing especially visionary (however revolutionary) in the retrospective exposition of De Stijl at the Galleria Nazionale d'Arte Moderna sponsored by the commission responsible for cultural accord between Italy and Holland, it matters much less, since no such impulse or motive was intended. Painting, furniture, architecture, city planning—it all constitutes a clean, well-lighted show, occasionally witty, more often severe or square, ultimately deadly indeed. Despite the manifest and exceptional genius of Mondrian, this movement appeals as a whole neither to Baroque Romans nor to Romanesque Americans—both of whom, greatly preferring Barcelona, consider these Amsterdam Dutch neat but not Gaudí enough. Their virtues and limitations alike are suggested by the solitary horseman of Bart van der Leek, who died in 1958 at the age of eighty-two, forty years after finishing this amusing trifle.

It is like returning to life, the art of life, to pass in the Galleria Nazionale from those huge, antiseptic chambers enshrining De Stijl into three intimate rooms devoted to a "didactic" display of Picasso originals and reproductions. Still more invigorating, though, is the show (arriving from Barcelona, London and Paris) of his forty-five linoleum engravings, 1958-60, now at Il Segno. Produced simultaneously with the drawings to be seen these days at the Galerie Leiris in Paris, such extraordinarily vital and various prints serve not only to summarize Picasso's graphic discoveries but to recapitulate as well as re-create his long life's work. Their dominant key is the one he set at Antibes—as earthy and affirmative as the Yes with which Joyce closes *Ulysses*, nothing like De Chirico's disaffection with today or De Stijl's disinfection of tomorrow. We have the whole human comedy again, with the emphasis now on that festival or carnival spirit which Spaniards share with Italians. Capering gaily away from the pic, even his bulls appear bacchanalian; blindfold notwithstanding, his horses seem to smile. Life is sport, great sport, Picasso is singing—and so at the end, if you love it, is art. Neither sterilization nor denial, here is something thoroughly of our time yet fit to set beside Cranach.

John Lucas



Picasso, *After the Pic*; at Galleria Nazionale d'Arte Moderna.

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A Study of Modern Design

Knotty strength of thought, as well as some curious omissions, marks Reyner Banham's survey of design in our century.

BY PAUL GOODMAN

MOVING in their present urban environment, people on the street are pretty awkward animals, with little grace, force, animation, discrimination, or any other properties that indicate a right relation between natural powers and cultural forms. Likewise, the style and content of our mass communications do not express much meaning, lively fantasy, or even simple truth—the things that make for humane discourse. Surely it is the role of the designers, the musicians, the men of letters—whose else?—to find the forms in which culture can be joined onto nature and become second-nature; and we surely have not succeeded in modern times, for the city and its populace. The standard of living is superficial, the community disintegrated; the politics and entertainment are unbelievably banal and empty, and the cities ugly and unworkable.

In his excellent history* of the theory and practice of design during the first third of this century, Reyner Banham appropriately ends on a note of failure. The "norms and types" of the designers were outrun by the progress of technology, which in our "second machine age" is running even faster. "It may well be," he concludes, "that what we have hitherto understood as architecture, and what we are beginning to understand of technology, are incompatible disciplines. In order to keep up, the architect may have to . . . discard the professional garments by which he is recognized as an architect. If he decides not to do this, he may find that a technological culture has decided to go on without him." But I myself do not see any evidence for this last proposition. If by our new machine age he means, as he says in his preface, the "age of domestic electronics and synthetic chemistry" and that "a housewife disposes of more horsepower today than an industrial worker at the beginning of the century," then there is plenty of "architecture" and "design" in the suburbs and ranch houses, just as there is plenty of "literature" on the TV. Madison Avenue sees to that.

Our author does not at all think of the human—personal and community—factors that underlie our failure of style: the physical factor of loss of human scale, the moral factor of powerlessness to make decisions, and all those socio-psychological factors that we call "alienation." His book is both scholarly and brilliant in tracing the manifestoes and the schools, but it is astonishingly blank of even a rough sketch of the political, economic, moral and religious background. For instance, in discussing Choisy or Constructivism, he performs the remarkable feat of not mentioning Marx, Veblen or Pragmatism; or in describing the founding and development of the Bauhaus, he manages not to speak of the Weimar Republic and hardly of progressive education or psychoanalysis. Correspondingly, he devotes not one sentence to examining the "technology" itself, but treats it as a simple datum to be accepted en bloc and not subject to selection, although vast areas of it are demonstrably useless, inefficient, needlessly complicated, venal and even superstitious. In his last chapter, he summons up Buckminster Fuller to

belabor the International Style and to show how little Le Corbusier had gone along with the machine age, and this criticism is sound; but he does not then inquire in turn into Fuller's obsessional and pedantic technocracy. He is fascinated by the Futurist dream of permanent revolution into speed and evanescence, and he takes Fuller for a Futurist; but these same ideas in Fuller are stale and bureaucratized, not rebellious; there is no roar of life and danger. The Futurists were not squeamish. Contrariwise, Banham does not mention the rather significant fact that Le Corbusier himself, coming to the dead end of the International Style, has gone on to a quite different choice (and his best buildings), in which he mixes crude craftsmanship with the machined elements, drops the pretense of being "rational" at every point in the plan, and even concedes to local styles. The effect is strangely nearer to the late Frank Lloyd Wright.

Given the title and the preface of this book, one expects that there will be considerable technological analysis, to show the design latent in the machine and the difference between the "first machine age" and the new machine age. But no such thing. Contrast, e.g., Patrick Geddes back in 1915, proclaiming the "neo-technology" of electricity against the "paleo-technology" of coal, and deducing different community arrangements (though failing to predict that, in the absence of social and moral change, the neo-technology also would be abused). Instead, whatever his intention, accepting the machine and gadgets uncritically, Banham gives the impression of siding with baboons like C. P. Snow in the war of "Science" against the "Humanities."

NEVERTHELESS, this is an interesting book and worthy of high praise. It has a strong, knotty kind of thought. As a whole it presents a fairly orderly cross-fertilization and evolution of influences flowering in the standard International Style of the late twenties, when the Beaux Arts tradition of planning and balance (if not symmetry) re-emerged, the simple mathematical solids triumphed, the new-age pressure of Futurism was allayed with symbolic tokens, and functionalism affirmed by giving "reasons," though not practiced in either fact or spirit. The development of the argument is orderly, but the author does not start with an abstract scheme in which things can be neatly fitted in place; rather, he proceeds concretely, year by year, country by country, clique by clique, and thesis by thesis, so that we are convinced that this was historically what occurred. Given the notorious windy verbiage of the proclamations and manifestoes of banded artists, to make sense as Banham does is a wonderful feat. It requires being steeped in the oddest literature and having a fine critical sense for the best buildings. His trick is to lie in wait for a new word or a nuance as a clue to the new attitude. Sometimes he makes capital of biographical details of travel and who met whom; or of the internal politics of an academy, who was fired and who got the job. And he is good at worrying a word like a badger, till it yields up its ambiguities.

**Theory and Design in the First Machine Age*, by Reyner Banham (Praeger, \$12.50).

(Naturally, in tracing the history of ideas, he sometimes misses the essence of his authors and is unfair to them. I give one instance. My guess is that the powerful influence of Choisy has not been because of his principle that the history of architecture is the history of building-techniques, but because of his thrilling demonstrations of the Parthenon and Notre Dame as climaxes of choosing the right mean in a technique; what has moved the students is not the determinism but the call to perfection of art.)

It is a pleasantly gossipy book. Under the surface clash of manifestoes there appear, of course, the general facts of modern history: industrially competitive Germany and traditional France, Italy coming wildly out of its darling backwardness (Banham does not see how close the machinomania of Marinetti is to the tarnished brass and threadbare carpets of the Court of Naples!), Viennese psychologizing, Dutch Puritanism and Amsterdamer humor, Russian revolutionary metaphysics. But our author likes, rather, to bring into the foreground the details of the founding of reviews, the lecture tours and exhibitions, the boasts of priority, the realignments, and the expulsion of heretics. Here is a bewildering telephone-book of names—one did not remember that there were so many fathers of modern art! His index has a hundred and fifty persons, all important! Yet he manages to give a clear sketch of their thousandfold affiliations.

To be sure, the method has the limitations of its virtues. It is a peculiarly Continental dialogue that we hear. The American Wright, the English Free Stylers appear for a moment but are rapidly taken over. (In one place Banham shows how an early Wrightian idea is transmogrified into "European abstracting thought," as he calls it, and loses its meaning.) Among the many illustrations, there is no building by Louis Sullivan; the only American skyscraper is given in an illustration from Bruno Taut, to show Futurism "made real"; there are a number of automobiles but no American one until Fuller's, which was never mass-produced; the Wright building is shown for its influence on Gropius. There is no mention of Patrick Geddes or of the line from Ebenezer Howard except one dismissing reference to Mumford. But isn't it strange that the great countries of the industrial revolution had so little to contribute to the argument about machine and design? Is it true? Likewise, although the problems of bare surface, open space and the interpenetration of spaces are batted back and forth, we hear nothing of the Japanese. Banham deplores the lack of a true functionalist theory (e.g., economical functionalism), but he lets no Russians speak except Constructivists and Suprematists.

I have no doubt that the Continental intellectuals were as insular as he reports them. Their "abstracting" attitude would more or less guarantee posing the problems of design and machine in such a way as to get only symbolic solutions; and it is a strong thesis of Banham's book that these solutions were only symbolic. Yet I fear that our author himself is an intellectual and insulates the discussion from the facts of life and society more than is necessary. Again let me give a single illustration. In speaking of functionalism, he mentions "the nineteenth-century determinism . . . summed up in Louis Sullivan's empty jingle, 'Form follows function.'" But Sullivan's phrase was not empty: it was a revolt against hypocrisy and concealment, full in the line of Ibsen and Walt Whitman, and contemporary with *The Theory of the Leisure Class*. It was precisely not determinist, but moral.

SO FAR as one can judge by the arrangement of his book and the tone of his prose, Banham seems to consider Moholy-Nagy and the "mature" Bauhaus, after 1923, as the climax and ency-

clopedia of the whole modern movement. He quotes Moholy's admirable formula, "Man, not the product, is the aim," and he comments: "His attitude emerges as a kind of non-Determinist Functionalism, based no longer on the bare logic of structural Rationalism [i.e., International Style], but upon the study of man as a variable organism. His is the first book entirely derived from the Modern Movement, and one of the first to point the way forward."

But in my judgment it is just at this point that the modern movement went badly astray, and the typical crisis of it occurred dramatically just in the Bauhaus itself, in the transition from Itten to Moholy. During the early period of the Bauhaus, the preliminary studies, the *Vorkurs*, were invented by the Swiss painter-pedagogue Johannes Itten. This *Vorkurs* became, and subsequently remained, the distinguishing hallmark of the school, just as the "Method" of Stanislavski is known by its preliminary course of unblocking the senses, the imagination and the expressive powers. Indeed, the Itten *Vorkurs* and the Method are identical, and they are both nothing but applications to specific arts of psychologically oriented progressive education: to break down the barrier between the organism and the environment in order that the student's action and work may become continuous with his way-of-being-in-the-world. Itten put it this way: "The old dualistic world-concept which envisaged the ego in opposition to the universe is losing ground. In its place is rising the idea of a universal unity in which all opposing forces exist in a state of balance." (Not balance, but a marginal imbalance, the increment of growing.) With this view, he emphasized Meister Eckhart, Tao and Zen; we are in the atmosphere of Mary Wigman and Jacobson's "relaxation" therapy.

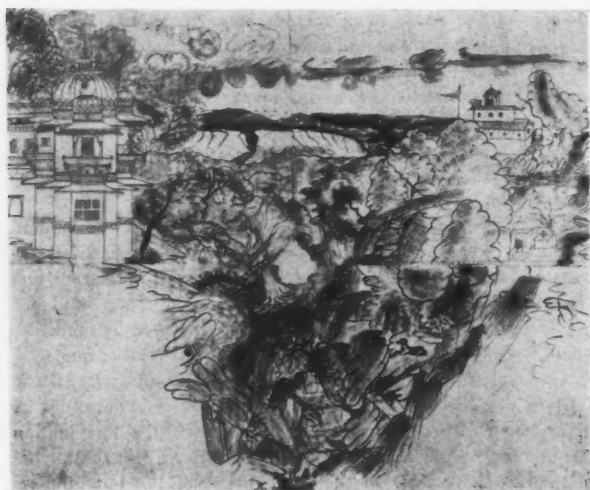
It is remarkable how with the original *Vorkurs* we return full circle to the *Kindergarten Chats* of Louis Sullivan. (Sullivan put it: "The key is the development of the character and artistic nature of the young man from within . . . to test architecture by human nature and democracy.") The very idea of a kindergarten is used by Itten; and Wright, we know, was trained by a mother who had studied Froebel.

Banham here misses the point. He calls Itten's attitude "mysticism," whereas it is the true science of man. And he argues that Gropius' original insistence on handicraftsmanship proves that he was not a functionalist, whereas it made him a better functionalist, for the craftsman is in touch from start to finish: using a machine, he is not alienated from his work, and the product is not alienated from the producer. A machinist who is a craftsman is more likely to invent a better machine and design a better product.

In the transition from Itten to Moholy all this suffered a sea-change. The creative "whole man" became a biological entity to be molded, for better or worse, by arranging the environment. The technology now calls the tune; starting with the *maison-type* of Le Corbusier, we inevitably come to an *habitant-type*. When Moholy says man is a "variable organism," he means a dependent variable, not an inventor. This is called training for the new "urban sensibility," but it is a wishful abstraction; the urban sensibility of a real city-dweller perceives not only the plane surfaces but the dirt on the wall and the puddle in the subway tracks, and copes with that as best it can. Moholy played right into the hands of the conditioners and packagers, the slick style. (And so it has turned out.)

The abstractness of Moholy's attempt at human concreteness can be simply shown by his notion of experienced space. Against the earlier vague notion of empathy, he declares that space is given by sight, acoustics, balancing. Significantly he omits the "close" senses, smell and touch; he has nothing to say

continued on page 69



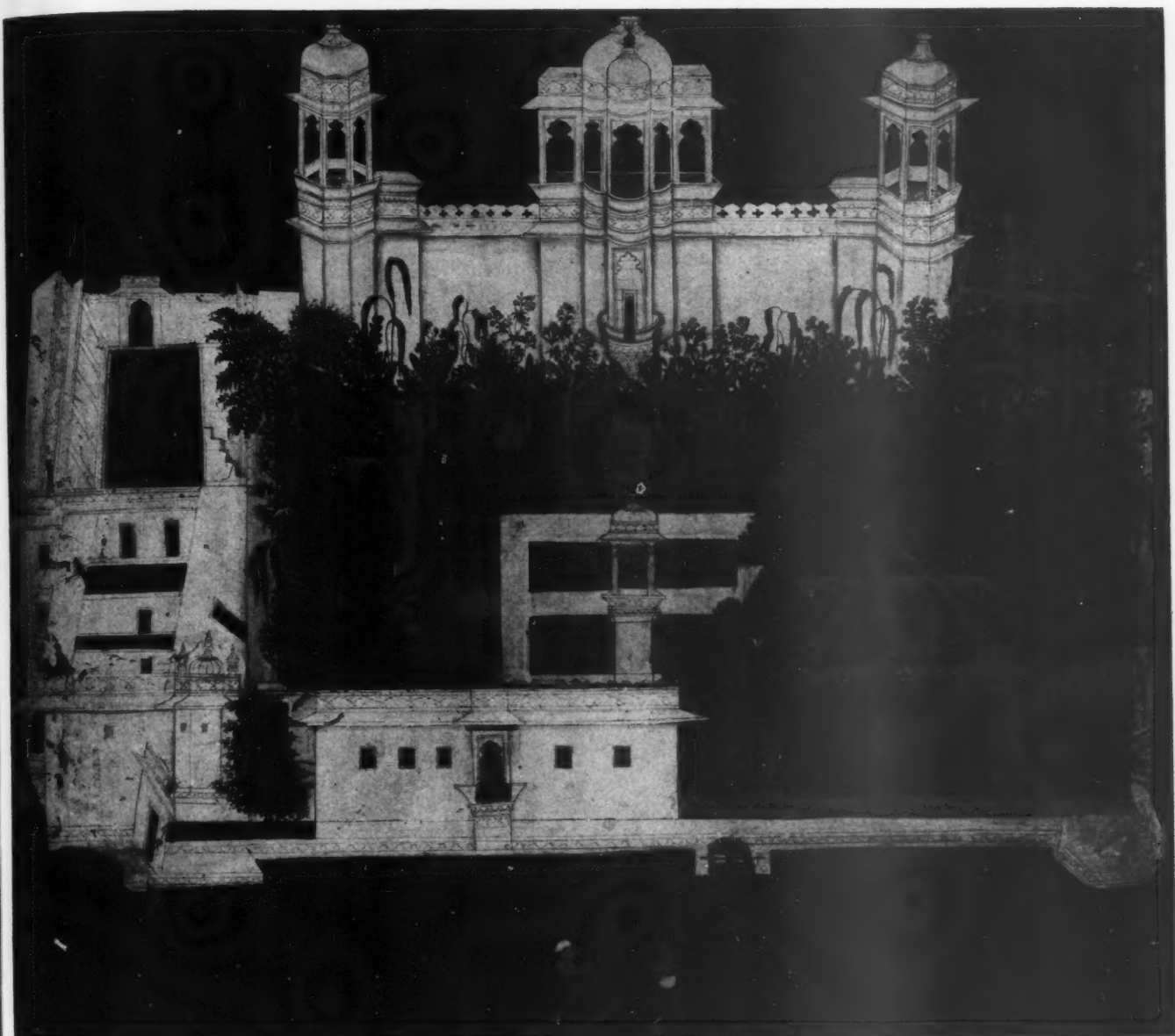
Ram Singh II on a Balcony (c. 1850); anonymous loan.



Saveri Ragini (c. 1720); collection Metropolitan Museum.



Rama and Lakshman Converse with an Ascetic (c. 1635); anonymous loan.



A Pavilion in Lake Pichola (c. 1750) ; anonymous loan.

Rajput Painting at Asia House

Asia House in New York is presenting, through January 22, an exhibition of more than a hundred major examples of Rajput painting. Produced in the northern regions of India during the sixteenth to nineteenth centuries, the works represent a fusion of the primarily realistic concept of nature in Mughal painting with the more abstract terms of local tradition. The show has been selected from important American collections by Sherman E. Lee, director of the Cleveland Museum, and installed by George Montgomery, director of the Asia House gallery of art.



Paul Cézanne, *Le Château Noir*;
gift of Mrs. David M. Levy.

Recent Acquisitions at the Museum of Modern Art

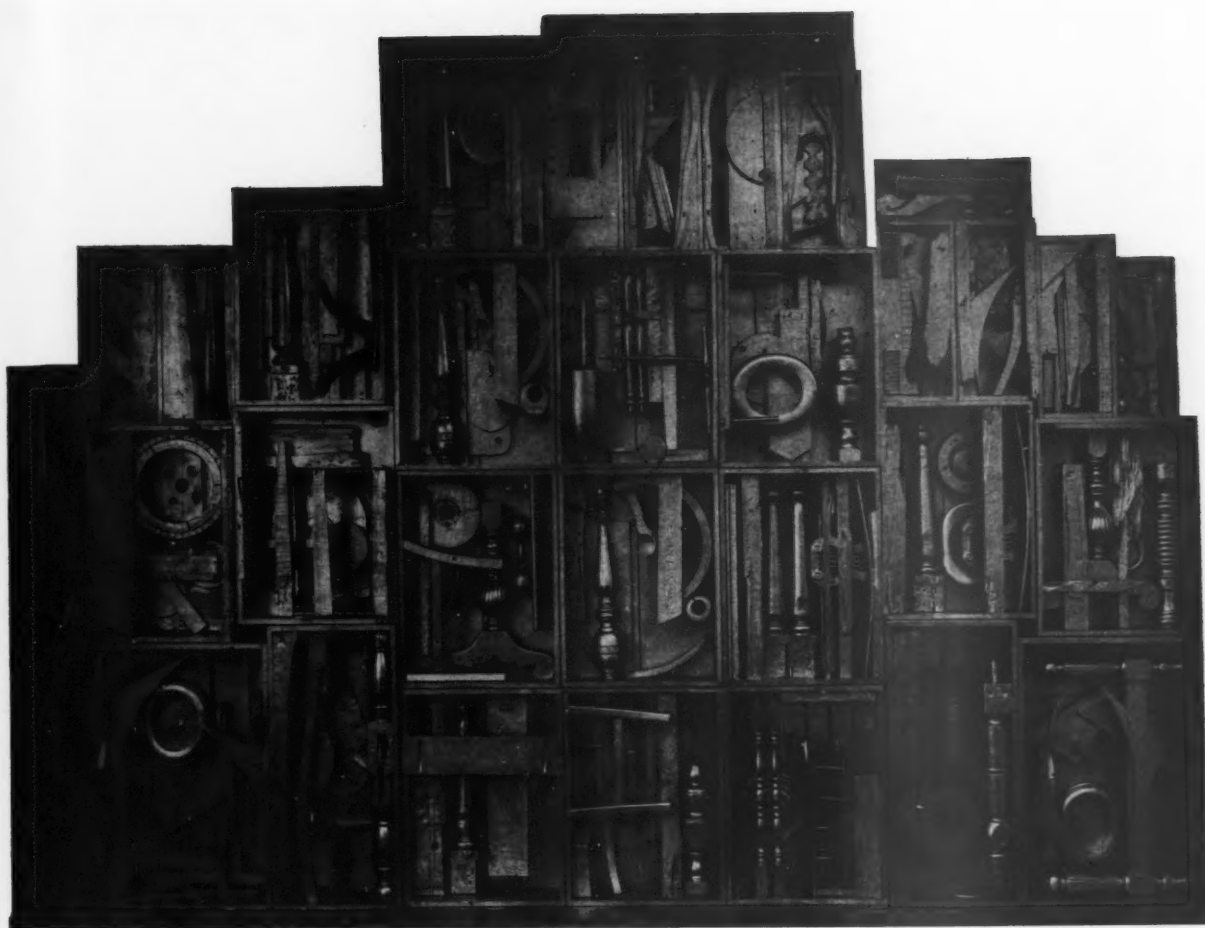
The Museum of Modern Art in New York is featuring, until February 12, a display of recent acquisitions which includes a hundred-odd paintings, sculptures, drawings and water colors. Ranging with marked catholicity through the art of the past hundred years, the exhibition extends from works by Degas and Toulouse-Lautrec through three Monet paintings from the Water Lilies series to work by contemporary artists as young as Richard Anuszkiewicz, Lee Bontecou, Chryssa, Bernard Cohen, Jan Lebenstein and Frank Stella.



Henri Matisse, *Venus in a Shell* (1930);
gift of Charles Simon.



Jacques Lipchitz, *Joie de Vivre*;
courtesy Otto Gerson Gallery.



Louise Nevelson, *Royal Tide No. 4*;
courtesy Martha Jackson Gallery.

New Sculpture and Drawings at the Whitney Museum

In New York, the 1960 Whitney Annual, continuing through January 22, is this year devoted to sculpture and drawings (next year's exhibition will consist of paintings). The current show includes 84 sculptures and 70 drawings by 153 artists, 39 of whom are showing for the first time in an Annual. As in previous Annuals, the artists participate by invitation, and the works have been selected by members of the museum staff.



James Rosati, *Head*;
courtesy Otto Gerson Gallery.



Antonio Pollaiuolo, *The Baptist, Study of Hands and Legs*; collection the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

The Old Italian Form

Currently touring the United States,

a show of master drawings offers the public an experience previously reserved for specialists.

BY CREIGHTON GILBERT

AFTER seven years of arranging, we have the American show of "Italian Drawings: Masterpieces of Five Centuries," mainly from the Uffizi. Why seven years to set up a show of a hundred and fifty pieces of paper? Drawings are such agreeably simple objects; they don't break in shipment, they don't have awkward weights and shapes like sculpture, there's no need to wait for cleaning and restoration, since if a drawing is in bad condition there's nothing to be done about it but choose another. The only way all that time can have been taken up is in debating, bureaucracy, hesitancy. And yet, however irritating that must have been in the people responsible, it can be indulgently forgiven for their eventual success; it now seems a kind of symbolic payment for the high quality of what we see.*

How could the objects help being brilliant, once the idea had been accepted of an anthology of Italian masters, from the best collection? It would be just as remarkable on its home grounds in Florence, but the road show must have stimulated it into being. We must thank our middleman or caterer, the energetic Annemarie Pope of the Smithsonian Service, but after that hurry on to pay the main tribute to the primary producers, from Uccello to Tiepolo. Just one more thought of this kind, induced by seeing their Class A work on American walls: how they give the lie to our tone-deaf boasting, and equally to the tone-deaf complaints of some European observers, that we have drained off Europe's old masterpieces. We haven't; looking in Washington at Leonardo and Bernini and Guardi at their peak, or to make it easier Pontormo and Salvatore Rosa at theirs, we have to face the fact that our collections consist of second-string results, of fragments, and a tiny, accidental number of masterpieces. Generally we can't know this deeply—even jet planes aren't fast enough to make it clear, for as soon as we start looking around at home we fall into the human trap of making the highest local standard our gauge. The bit player off Broadway really did look wonderful as the lead in the college drama group, and it is we who make the automatic shift. Now that political sensitivities won't ever again permit the *Birth of Venus* to reappear among us, these equally great drawings make this point incidentally, while chiefly they are making the artist's point, for his observer anywhere. In this show the usual situation is reversed, and there are few cases of complaint that we are not being fed on the best.

His observer, not his audience, for of course this is a truly private art in intention, nearly always. It is not like the ambiguously private statement in public, made by later artists who often follow drawings like these technically by being sketchy. Here we are Peeping Toms watching the craftsman, while the museum officials edit our view so that we see him at his best when things are humming along right.

*This exhibition, the like of which has not been seen by anyone in Italy except the curators of the collections and the persistent visiting specialists, is available to us for several more months. Having opened diplomatically in Washington at the National Gallery of Art and then gone on to the Art Institute of Chicago, the show will now be presented at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts (January 5-February 12) and New York's Metropolitan Museum (March 1-31).

WHAT we thereupon see is not exactly a surprise, for it is not our first look. Mainly it is bodily form: the urgent emphasis that the Renaissance first felt, and we consider humanly normal, upon what is physical and what is individual, our specialties of science and of democracy in their visual department. Therefore the tangible thing but in its infinite instances, the fact but also its presentation in a personal way. There are Mr. C. P. Snow's two worlds, but the Renaissance image shows them to us unfractured, regarded as natural, mutually revealing and delightfully new. The obvious example here is the human male nude model of the Florentines, but he turns up at most in a plurality of cases, since there is a call also for the clothed, the female—and quite a few animals and a little landscape. These are the units that are assembled into paintings, and into sculpture too. The other big category is the assembling, the composition drawing. Yet it is rarer, partly because there are more forms than there are compositions, but partly I suspect in proportion to interest.

The very phenomenon of drawings, in the aspect we mean when we use the word, is a Renaissance invention itself, and has to be related to the new value of artists' personalities (another result of individualism) as well as to a fact like the first production of cheap paper (another result of technology). Even when our artists like, say, De Kooning give the appearance of being anti-Renaissance, it is evidently a matter of living off half of grandfather's legacy while making a style of hating the other half. But do not drawings exist before, so that we must think of them as part of our general equipment? Perhaps the first ones we see in this show, like Giovannino de' Grassi's *Elephant and Mouse*, are evidence for such a view. The historian rightly calls them International Gothic, and they remind us that the artists of this pre-Renaissance group are the first who have left us drawings in large batches, more indeed than their progressive contemporaries like Masaccio and Uccello. The two animals are a comedy for us, with their absurd juxtaposition (even when we know quite well that these are two separate images on one sheet) and with their linear fastidiousness, removed from the rank creature to the context of a fashionable mascot. Yet our smiles are the sort that we use for a child's naïve and earnest questions about the world, which contain a strong element of loving pleasure. These are not the Gothic animals of moralizing fable or closed-end encyclopedia, but documents of inquiry. Even the precious style is "realistic" as a rhythm of the artist's society, which includes more than one thinks at first of hard observation. He surprisingly fuses hairy back and hairless tail into that style of life. It follows that it makes more sense to call this art "transitional" than it often does to use that sorry old word.

THE bodily form in Pollaiuolo's *Baptist* is Renaissance and nothing else, and hardly anything else is as much so. Vibration runs from hair ends to toenails, and reminds us that the Baptist was an ascetic, a man who starved for faith in a desert. It seems a medieval preference, and it was; it does not seem to

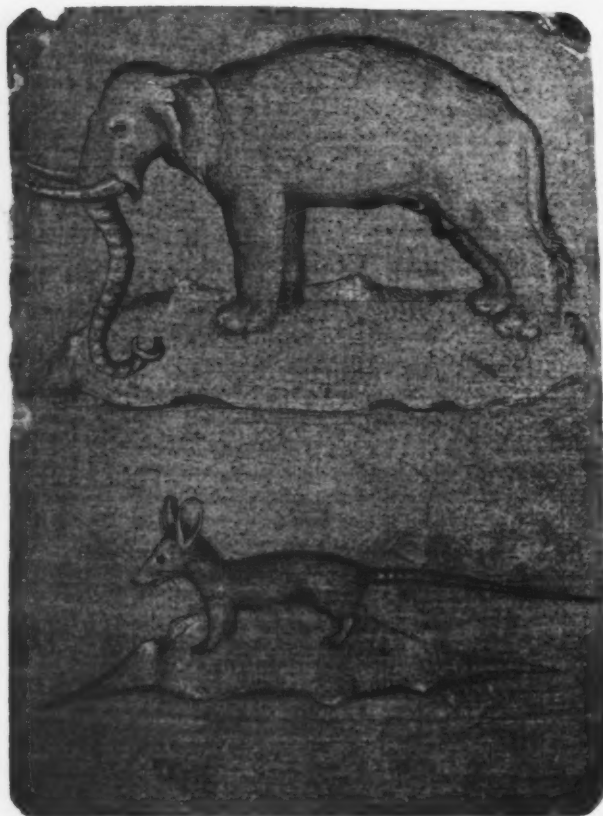
The Old Italian Form

match the notion of a secular and equable Renaissance, and sure enough it does not, since that is a narrow cliché. Pollaiuolo uses the medieval tradition of his theme with interest because he can make a special kind of physical intensity with it. The drawing also reminds us that this man was primarily a sculptor, a fact that is not strong enough in our thought because he and the whole Quattrocento were rediscovered in the Victorian period when "artist" meant "painter," as it still does for some. But our eyes may see the richness of Pollaiuolo's pure bronze strain through the eyes of people like Roszak. It may also have an unusual pleasure for part of the new increased audience for drawings, who like to hang them in frames. Despite the obvious facts, these people are often finicky and rejecting about drawings where the hands or folds are sloppy because that was not the work the artist was digging at just then.

A wonderful case of figures turning into a composition is Signorelli's *Satyr and Nymphs*, whatever the subject may be. The forms are a little stylized and prismatic, as our eyes are attuned to see, as if they were polygons made of sheet tin, though Signorelli was not a sculptor. They are not, according to another Renaissance cliché, realistic in the academic sense. At the same time the stylization does nothing to impede the slow, almost languorous and Raphaelesque but still tough turning movement of the standing girl, one of the most beautiful female nudes of the Renaissance. What keeps her flexible is a quality that constantly reappears in these drawings, as the catalogue rightly comments, and one which our museum-without-walls of picture books misses entirely. That is its luminousness, the gleam which the artists make by leaving a bit of the paper white, but so little that it moves with the modeling

of the shadows instead of sharing the paper's flatness.

Two drawings just before and after 1500 are wonderful correctives for our widespread feeling that Perugino and Andrea del Sarto are very dull. Can it be true that extremely famous names like these must always have something, after all, or is it that we can reach them most easily through the informal drawing? Perugino's *Sibyl* is a column, of completely sure density, which is then loosened by, as it were, the clusters of wreaths and swags thrown around it, and affecting its own movement. This play of solid core against lively, jumbled surface to mutual enrichment, keeping the core from deadness and the surface from triviality, is one of the great Quattrocento devices, which I think belongs especially to Donatello. The *Hanged Man*, scrabbling for air and desperately dizzy, is a work by Andrea del Sarto, that most equable and polished of classicists, and yet is perfectly typical of him with its downy, soft tones and its graceful lines. The gracefulness here is put to work in the expressive sinuous fall of cloth edges. It's an image which belongs not to Andrea as we think of him, but to one of the Mannerists. Today it would belong to Picasso and not to Matisse; yet we would expect Matisse to be able to achieve it because he is talented enough, if he were challenged to it. Andrea del Sarto, who generally worked to commission, was challenged to it, and shows us that his scope is a good deal wider than we guessed. Here too the historian can get a sudden illumination of how it is possible for the Mannerist Pontormo to have been Andrea's devoted pupil and his follower in every sense. The exhibition represents Pontormo beautifully, and shows how the degree and type of technical sureness passed from teacher to student.



School of Giovannino de' Grassi, *An Elephant and a Mouse*; collection the Accademia, Venice.



Andrea del Sarto, *Hanged Man*; collection the Uffizi Gallery.



Luca Signorelli, *Mythological Subject with Satyrs and Nymphs*;
collection the Uffizi Gallery.

The Old Italian Form



Giovanni Battista Tiepolo, *Figure in Profile*;
collection Museo Correr, Venice.

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On the other hand, the one terrible inadequacy of the show comes at its most critical place, with Michelangelo. This is partly a matter of where the drawings are, which in turn is the result of the fact that Michelangelo's drawings were admired and collected before any others. The greatest groups are at the British Museum, at Windsor, in the Vatican—all equally far from Italy—and in the Buonarroti House in Florence, which belongs not to the nation but the city. The unco-operativeness of the latter, which loaned one token drawing that is mainly an interesting autograph scrawl and not a work of art, may echo the local furor a few years ago that prevented the loan of paintings, agitated by patriots who are unlikely to have looked at their works of art until then. Mr. Dondero impeding exhibits of American art in Europe is not unique.

All the Mannerists were particularly wonderful draftsmen, and more than with Pontormo this has always been recognized of Parmigianino. His *Anthony the Abbot*, which one is tempted to call *Father Time*, has an astonishing likeness to Art Nouveau in its forms over-all and even in the touch of a lily in the corner shaped just like the man. One can probably trace a historical connection through a long chain: the fashionableness of Parmigianino drawings in the mid-eighteenth century when they were engraved, to Fuseli, who formed Blake, who formed Rossetti, who formed Morris. But this drawing shows what is



Perugino, *Sibyl*;
collection the Uffizi Gallery.



Gian Lorenzo Bernini, *Sketch for Frontispiece, Commentations of Father Oliva*; collection Gabinetto Nazionale, Rome.

The Old Italian Form

missing in Art Nouveau: it is not stylish to the point of deadness, but uses style only as a vehicle. Only if we consider someone like Munch as part of Art Nouveau can it be equaled, and he had to move out of the style to some extent—the extent that he is expressive.

The Venetian drawings are few, if choice, as if referring to the ancient cliché that the Florentines drew but not the Venetians. The broadest lacuna in the Renaissance is in North Italy outside Venice. The superb draftsmanship, admittedly known so far in few examples, of widely differing artists like Pordenone, Savoldo and Romanino is omitted, and there is only one representative for the group, a head by Lotto, much discussed in recent scholarship, which is weaker than the reproductions had suggested. I have not felt I had to mention the Leonardo sketches, but those by his pupils seem over-represented with little variety, in contrast to their contemporaries near Venice.

Detailed scholarship has also not yet dug far into the drawings of the seventeenth century, and the Baroque period is no doubt for that reason the century represented by the fewest choices. Yet that gives them the chance to be both brilliant and more surprising than the others. Artists like Jacopo da Empoli, Cigoli and Giovanni da San Giovanni must be among the least-known painters here for the general public. They were all Florentines—which was an advantage for their education, but their flair for realistic monumentality is their own. A shift on the same general theme gives us Salvatore Rosa's *A Gate at the Villa Madama*, a "life sketch." It is one of those unguessable

works, and its sunned surfaces of geometric construction would look more like John Sell Cotman than anything else were it not for the color. Rosa is tagged as a literary artist, but here is acting visually in the world, literary only in the useful, indirect sense that it might take an abstract sort of braininess to see this gate as a pictorial image for the first time.

The Bolognese artists that used to be called "eclectic" of course show well, especially Ludovico Carracci in a *Madonna* where lines fluid to the point of randomness make the form, and a wild and free youthful Guercino. These live together more happily with a great Bernini than one would predict. As they have more of his hairpin line than one would expect, he has more of their rounded, comfortable modeling.

The more familiar eighteenth-century Venetians are prolific and endlessly inventive. Only four artists in the show are allowed to show four drawings, Pontormo, and three of these: Tiepolo, Guardi and Pietro Longhi. There were many drawings and perhaps fewer artists from whom to choose. A *Figure in Profile* by Tiepolo is an incredible tour de force. Historically, one may see it beside the Bernini a hundred years before, which seemed as melted as possible, but here the Bernini is used as a base for melting. One great blankety lump of red, molded as on visible barbed wire that shows through, it has all the virtuosity and violence of Pollock, and an organic reference to personality as well. We know less of Longhi, and as a draftsman he is a lovely discovery to make for those who already know his doll-like paintings. Yet I would underline still more a drawing influenced by him, another one that could never be guessed and which is in fact completely unique for its artist. That is the *Lady Visiting the Studio*, which is by the supposedly cold marble-cutter Canova. Again it reminds us that an artist of very high talent has a broader vision than we sometimes believe.



Parmigianino, *St. Anthony the Abbot*; collection the Galleria, Parma.

I HAVE only one general complaint about the exhibition, and that has to do with the dreadful English version of the catalogue. It is literally translated from a careful and good job done in Italy. That might be useful for a scholar who somehow knew the Italian style of critical writing current today but not the language. But what is the museum visitor to do with a typical sentence such as: "The young Tiepolo confirms the validity of his own imagination, abandoning the magistral mise-en-scène of his father in favor of less aulic and more lively solutions." Abandon the exact transliteration, put "lordly" for "magistral" and "solemn" for "aulic," and it would help. Italian art-writing is intricate in sentence structure, is very allusive, and uses words that sound flowery and abstract but are specific to the specialist. But this will not perform the educational function that must have been intended. There are also boners; "St. Francis Appearing in an Oratorio" is not really singing a part written by Handel, but is in an oratory, which is in Italian *oratorio*. That is literal translation with a vengeance!

Yet I would praise the original text for another reason. In the case of paintings, our knowledge and taste have been built up by collectors, poets, all sorts of people who have seen the paintings on the walls. Drawings, as we look at them more and more lately, have been sifted and understood for us almost entirely by scholars, partly for the accidental reason that drawings are not on permanent view to be unconsciously absorbed but have to be hunted. And this show suggests that the scholars have done well. It should be seen also for another reason; as we have more and more picture books, we usually know that reproductions of paintings are inferior to the originals, or at least smaller. Reproductions of drawings can deceive us into believing they are like the originals—a sad error.



Antonio Canova, *Cloaked Lady Seated in the Sculptor's Studio*:
collection the Museo Civico, Bassano.

The Inward Life of Modigliani

A loan exhibition,

in Boston and Los Angeles, clarifies his resolute imposition of form on a turbulent imagery.

BY ALFRED WERNER

Life is a gift: from the few to the many; from those who Know and Have, to those who do not Know and do not Have.

—Modigliani's inscription on a drawing.

SINCE Amedeo Modigliani (1884-1920) beyond any doubt lived in a most self-destructive and turbulent manner—the recent and very thorough biographical research conducted by his daughter and presented as *Modigliani senza Leggenda* confirms salient points of the tragic story—it is perhaps surprising that the artist produced drawings, paintings and sculpture composed with a cool purposefulness, firm in line, color and over-all design. If art were a simple reflection of biography, one would expect of Modigliani torrents of orgiastic color, untidily smeared on the canvas in thick impasto, as found in the work of his *copain* Soutine. Indeed, in one fit of intoxication, Modigliani remained just sufficiently lucid to be able to describe his sorry state: "Everything dances around me as in a landscape by Soutine." But if he did not have the strength to fight his alcoholism, he did dedicate himself to the most complete and perfect aesthetic transfiguration of his inner imagery he was capable of. This is demonstrated once again by the comprehensive Modigliani show of Boston* (which will be seen later in Los Angeles).

Oddly, very little of what can be found in his numerous biographies can be recommended to guide those now seeing a substantial portion of Modigliani's *oeuvre* for the first time—and there must be countless such viewers in this country, as neither New England nor California ever before saw so many Modiglianis displayed. I will except two stories. One is contained in the excellent book by the Swiss critic Gotthard Jedlicka, which still remains to be translated into English. Modigliani, we are told, had a boundless admiration for Cézanne (though they had very different temperaments, and though only such early works as *The Cellist* or *The Beggar of Leghorn* are Cézannesque, mainly in their distortions). Whenever Cézanne's name was mentioned, a reverent expression would come over the younger man's face. He might, with a slow and secretive gesture, take from his pocket a reproduction of *Boy with Red Vest*, hold it up to his face like a breviary, draw it to his lips and kiss it. Another striking detail is given by Franco Russoli. Summoned to paint the portrait of a collector, Modigliani exclaimed upon spotting a work by Picasso in the apartment: "How great he is; he's always ten years ahead of the rest of us." He begged the owner to be permitted to keep it beside him while painting, so that it would serve as an example and inspiration.

THIS deification of art by the painter seems to be far more

* The joint exhibition will be presented at Boston's Museum of Fine Arts from January 19 to February 25 and at the Los Angeles County Museum from March 28 to April 30. More than forty oils and thirty drawings will be displayed. The exhibition catalogue contains a foreword by William Lieberman, of New York's Museum of Modern Art, and an introduction by Frederick S. Wight, director of the art galleries of the University of California, who assembled the show.

significant than any of the acts of exhibitionism which, from 1906 onward, he may or may not have committed around the bars of Montmartre and Montparnasse. Modigliani is one of the finest representatives of the school which holds that art grows upon art, not upon the observation of nature. His work is the very antithesis of Courbet's or Pissarro's, and it seems linked intellectually (though not stylistically) to Delacroix, who repeatedly warned against close imitation of nature, or Degas, who declared that a picture requires as much knavery, trickery and deceit as the perpetration of a crime.

For Modigliani, nature played no important role. He never painted a still life, and only three or four landscapes—if one may apply this term to the hard, dry renderings of Midi vistas he made toward the end of his career. Unlike Pissarro, he never portrayed people amidst green foliage. The background is nearly always simple—aquamarine, turquoise, greenish, gray or brown. His portraits and his studies of nudes use people as points of departure; his works are pictures rather than slices of life, renderings of compassionate dolls or, if you prefer, ageless idols. Whistler called his mother's portrait an "Arrangement in Gray and Black" ("It must stand or fall on its merits as an 'arrangement'"). Modigliani, who initially admired Whistler, might have described his own pictures as "Arrangements of Ovoids and Cylinders," had he been given to didactic language. Whistler's vision was painterly, that of Modigliani predominantly plastic.

In his own words, Modigliani had a "burning desire" to create colossal monuments, works on the scale of Michelangelo. Between 1909, when he began a brief association with Constantin Brancusi, and 1915, he produced quite a few sculptures, certainly more than the twenty-odd pieces that have survived. But not a single one of these will be shown in Boston or Los Angeles. This is regrettable, for some critics—including the late Maurice Reynal and Bernard Dorival—consider his sculptural output superior to his paintings. Ill health and poverty restricted Modigliani in this realm, and finally forced him to discontinue. Frustrated as a sculptor, Modigliani was to devote his last five years exclusively to painting. But the lessons he learned while concentrating on sculpture were not wasted, and they clearly enhanced the formal strength and structural solidity of his painting.

While Modigliani was fascinated also by the work of Elie Nadelman, and by African, archaic Greek and Indo-Chinese (Khmer) sculpture, Brancusi probably exerted the deepest influence on him; through the linear rhythm and relation of masses, the solidity of forms which allows no detachment of parts of the body, and finally that simplification which is always the mark of a good sculptor. Yet, whereas the Roumanian gradually turned from the human figure to find inspiration in seals, turtles, birds and fish, Modigliani never abandoned the human motif, and, within the world of humans, retained a much larger measure of recognizable affinity to nature than his mentor.

UNDoubtedly Modigliani was a forerunner of abstract art



Portrait of Marguerite (c. 1917);
courtesy Harry N. Abrams
Family Collection.

COURTESY HARRY N. ABRAMS, INC.

The Inward Life of Modigliani



only in a remote sense—even less than was Brancusi (who, it should be emphasized, also remained to the very end attached to perceptual subject matter). Still he can be classified with the purists in art (all “abstract” to a degree), from the medieval Primitives of his native Tuscany to the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, to the Pointillists, to the maverick Whistler who willy-nilly contributed to the anti-naturalistic trend that was to reach its apex in our time.

But Modigliani as a purist, or an abstractionist, was *sui generis*. While, for instance, Whistler’s predominantly decorative portrait studies leave one cold, those of Modigliani (like the artist’s nudes) are filled with fire; they are aflame but, miraculously, they are not consumed. It is curious then that whenever Modigliani is called an Expressionist (which he was) there is a clamor of protest. Of course, if Expressionism means exclusively the impasto of a Van Gogh, the morbidly sensitive line of a Schiele, the loaded brush of a Soutine, the furious attack on canvas by the early Kokoschka, or the brutal chromatics of a Nolde, then it might be impossible to include the classical *finesse* of a Modigliani, master of equilibrium, who somehow succeeded in imposing a sterner aesthetic unity upon formal and psychological elements than any of the above. But Expressionism’s stress is on *inwardness* more than on anything else, while the distortions or exaggerations of the ordinary forms and colors of nature are merely instruments used by each artist as he sees fit, with stronger control in one case, greater spontaneity in another.

Indeed, at this point I must agree with the Milan scholar Paolo d’Ancona, who defined Expressionism as “an effort, *no matter how carried out* [italics mine], to focus on man, or rather on the inner side of man,” which derives “from impulse and spontaneous human sympathy”—a generous definition that allowed the art historian to put Modigliani and Pascin side by side with Soutine and Chagall. Those who narrowly trace Expressionism to Die Brücke and nothing else should be reminded of Benedetto Croce’s *Estetica* (published in 1902), with its emphasis on “intuition,” which sparked Expressionism and preceded the Dresden group by several years.

Modigliani is as much a true Expressionist as is, for instance, Soutine (and Patrick Heron has even insisted that “underneath the broken and distorted surfaces, the swirling Prussian blues and brick-reds, the form of Soutine’s figures is very nearly identical with Modigliani’s skittle-shaped ladies and gentlemen”). Modigliani is classically firm, but not cold; wise (as an artist, mind you), but not overintellectual. If this middle-class Leghorn Jew, blown by a strange wind from the quasi-Impressionist studio of his first teacher, Guglielmo Micheli, and from the conservative Ottocento academies of Florence and Venice into the seething caldron of Paris, can be associated with any school at all, it would be that of Expressionism. For the anti-classical “beastliness” of the Fauves was not for him (though there is Fauve color in some of his early painting), and Cubism was too rational, too calculating for his fervent soul (though there is a faint echo of it in the stereometric forms to which his figures can be reduced). Futurism, on the other hand, with its proto-Fascist glorification of machine and war, its hatred of the nude and the art of the museums, was anathema to him—so that he refused to sign the Futurist Manifesto, even though all the originators of the movement were Italians like himself.

It is very puzzling how Modigliani succeeded where others failed—to be both representational and nonrepresentational at the same time, to fulfill the demands of the much more rigid Purists (who emphasized that a picture was, above anything else, a plane surface covered with colors assembled in a certain order) and also provide his canvas with the richest human, sexual and even social implications and associations. He reveals and conceals, takes away and adds, seduces and soothes. This eclectic—who was aristocrat, socialist and sensualist in one person—employs the tricks of the Ivory Coast craftsmen, whose statues excite us without moving us, and those of Byzantine and Early Renaissance icon-makers, who touch us but cannot stir our depths, and, *e pluribus*, shapes a “Modigliani” that is pulsating, breathing, living—though anyone a little less gifted, a little less aflame, would have ended up as a maker of pastiches!

For Modigliani (and, one is tempted to add a great name, for El Greco, that earlier Mannerist), there is more in the picture than meets the impatient eye. A quick glance takes in the superficial aspects by which anyone believes he can spot a Modigliani from half a mile’s distance: the flat, masklike face; the almond-shaped eyes; the spatulate or slightly twisted nose; the pursed, small mouth; all of it in a head thinned out to the extreme; the neck either over-long or virtually nonexistent;



Portrait of Jean Cocteau;
collection Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman, New York.

Oscar Miestchaninoff; courtesy M. Knoedler and Co., New York.

The Inward Life of Modigliani



Portrait of Berthe Lipchitz (1916);
collection Yulla Lipchitz, Hasting-on-Hudson, New York.

the calculated disproportion between head, torso and leg; the sculptural approach (maintained despite the artist's total indifference to modeling, light, atmosphere); and finally, the resonant and intensely luminous, yet uncomplicated color applied with an accuracy that is totally absent in most other Expressionists, especially Soutine.

Yet if one gives more than a fleeting glance to a Modigliani, its intrinsic Expressionism—checked, to be sure, by that element of aristocratic restraint more likely to be found among urban Tuscans than among the inhabitants of Lithuanian village ghettos—will come to the surface. The frequent complaint that all Modiglianis look alike—but who resents the sameness in the work of Renoir, Rubens and others?—fades as one begins to study his work with the earnestness with which it was composed forty-odd years ago. The men and women whose countenances appear in the Boston show—the poet Jean Cocteau, the sculptor Henri Laurens, the artist's companions Beatrice Hastings and Jeanne Hébuterne, and others about whom we know less or even nothing, including some who belong to the so-called dregs of society—are characterized in the most subtle way: by a stronger tilting of the head, a variation of the angle of the nose, an ironical, surly or deeply sensitive mouth, the position of arms or hands, or finally, by the arbitrary application of hot or cold pigment, to provide the desired mood. His sitters are elegant or slovenly, sensuous or dispassionate, intellectual or dull. One is reminded of a European traveler's experience among non-Caucasian races: at first all Chinese or Indians look alike, but after only a few days he will note that

there are striking physiognomic differences despite what the art language calls "stylization."

Modigliani's nudes are in a way the least "sexy" ones ever painted, and yet enormously seductive to anyone who will fathom the excitement that went into these transfigurations of ordinary bodies into chromatic poems, sinuous red and ochre arabesques of frail limbs and high waists. Perhaps the police official who in 1918 had the nudes removed from the window of the Berthe Weill Gallery in Paris (during the only, and far from successful, one-man show the artist ever had during his lifetime) was prompted to this action not so much by the unusual display of pubic hair as by his—unconscious—awareness that these unnaturalistic nudes exuded far more sexuality than the anatomically very correct female nudes painted, say, by the celebrated academician Bouguereau. In this country, the postal authorities demanded that the Guggenheim Museum withdraw from sale postcards showing Modigliani's *Nu Couché*. A *Life* magazine article on Modigliani resulted in many letters of protest, one of which culminated in this line: "Nothing prevents me from ripping the dirt from the pages of your magazine before such 'art' inspires my children." All these demonstrations merely indicate that Modigliani succeeded in filling his work with life and zest. And Sir Kenneth Clark, in his book *The Nude*, formulates his justification when he writes: "No nude, however abstract, should fail to arouse in the spectator some vestige of erotic feeling . . . and if it does not do so, it is bad art and false morals."

"Ethics" might have been an even better word, for "morals" refers to society's generally accepted customs of conduct, whereas "ethics" distinguishes between the truly good and bad. Modigliani's nudes are devoid of the hypocrisy of Bouguereau, who gave his pictures a tincture of lewdness under the invisible but omnipresent mantle of respectability. Modigliani had high ethical principles both as an artist and as a man. None of the many memoirs ever recall an occasion where this most excitable and often irascible man committed a mean act.

MODIGLIANI'S anti-bourgeois ethics, with its stress on the highest goals, seems to have matured completely by the time he was seventeen (after he had left Micheli's class at Leghorn, but before enrolling at the School of Fine Arts in Florence). This "Expressionist" philosophy is known to us from five lengthy letters he wrote to a slightly older colleague, Oscar Ghiglia, in 1901, but which were published (by Paolo d'Ancona) only in 1930. In these letters, all that survive of what must have been a long correspondence, the young, enthusiastic Amedeo emerges as an admirer of Nietzsche and Baudelaire. Distinctly Nietzschean is Modigliani's idea that life should be lived fully, without concern for obstacles, but with definite, purposeful intent, and sometimes even in pain, in order to "save one's own dream." He urges his friend to cultivate sacredly all "that can exalt and excite our intelligence," and to "seek to provoke . . . and create . . . these fertile stimuli, because they can push the intelligence to its maximum creative power."

Rimbaud would have approved, had he lived to read these letters. Art, the adolescent Modigliani maintains, is not a trade to be learned by diligent application, but rather a state of grace achieved by virtue of the mind's elevation. When this exalted state is attained, the state that follows "the awakening and dissolution of powerful energies," the state in which "excitement" (*orgasmo*) is induced, then, and only then, does one know the joy of creation, which is at the same time a liberation.

In another letter Amedeo writes about his emotional troubles and difficulties: "They are all necessary stages of evolution through which we have to pass and which have no importance

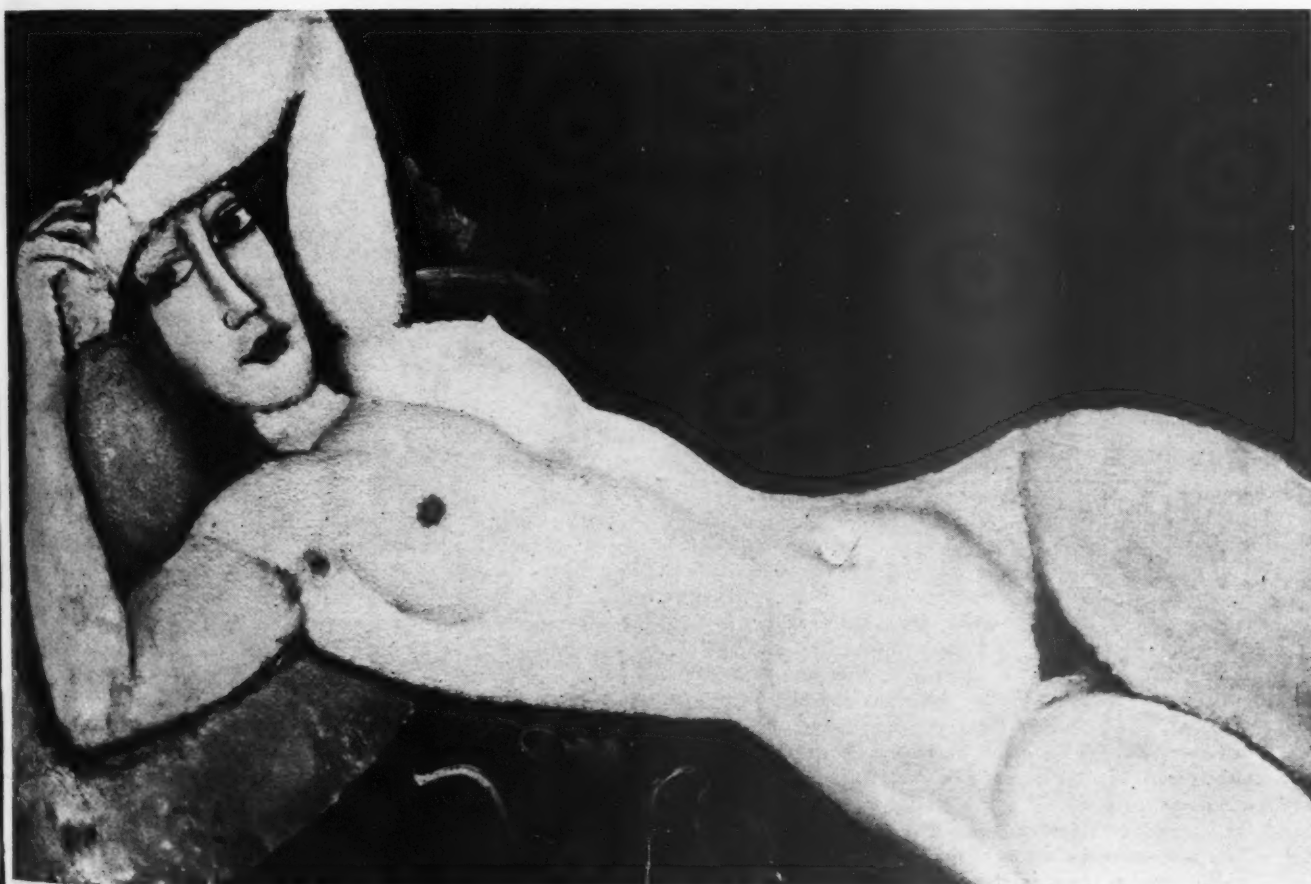
other than the end to which they lead. Believe me, the work that has now arrived at its final stage of gestation, and which has become depersonalized by the obstacles of all particular incidents which have contributed to its fertilization and production, is not worth the trouble of being expressed and translated in style. The efficacy and necessity of style consists exactly in this: that beyond being the only vocabulary capable of bringing out an idea, it detaches it [the idea] from the individual who has produced it [and] leaves the way open to that which cannot or should not be said . . ."

In the last letter, the youth again refers to his own and his friend's growing-pains: "Affirm and surmount yourself always. The man who does not know how to release new desires continually from his energy, to release an almost new individual destined always to express himself by laying low all that is old and rotten, is not a man; he is a bourgeois, a real knave, or what you will . . ."

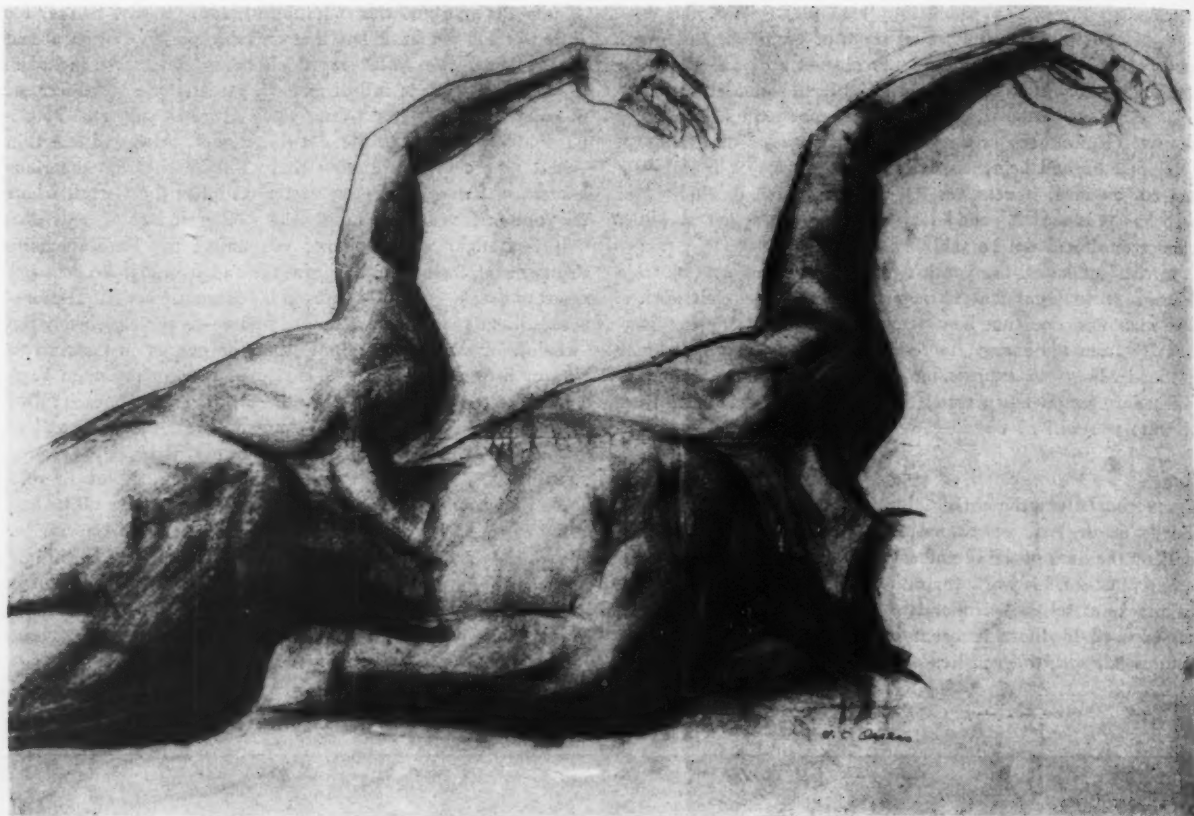
IF in the letters the artist addressed from Paris, to family, friends or dealers, we cannot find anything approaching in idealism the lines of the seventeen-year-old, we are lucky enough to have, instead, his work (or rather the part of it that escaped his attacks of self-criticism and withstood the decay to which it was exposed by those innocent souls who carelessly "stored" pictures left with them in lieu of rent money). His work is full

of pity for man and the condition of man, yet says neither too little nor too much; it has that amazing poise so often absent among the *Ecole Juive*, in which he is frequently included. Modigliani's work is full of melody, yet it is one of tenderness, of calm beauty. It is delicate, yet it also has strength. This is particularly evident in the drawings, mostly done with a thin pencil, where the undulating sharp line reaches an imperious assurance that makes the spectator complete the Gestalt where the contour may omit a substantial section of face or body.

It is fraught with mystery; yet, unlike the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, in his mature drawings and paintings he does not resort to dreamy, faraway gazes in languorous mood. Mysteriousness is often achieved by a simple device—by merely closing the "window of the soul" or indicating the eye as just a narrow blue or brown slit. Was this elision of the eye meant to keep out the hostile world, to foster concentration upon oneself? Did the introspective artist, toward the end of his life, come to feel that it was as preposterous to paint an eye as trying to render the sun? Was he aware of the fast-approaching end, of the void beyond his earthly pilgrimage? But perhaps he knew all he had to know when, as he was taken to the Hôpital de la Charité, he remarked to a friend about Jeanne and himself, "We're sure of eternal happiness, she and I, whatever happens." Perhaps these slits in the place of naturalistic eyes are the narrow openings on an inner world that the Expressionist Modigliani sought underneath the phenomena of mortal things.



Reclining Nude with Raised Arms;
collection Richard S. Zeisler, New York.



José Clemente Orozco, *Swimmers*; courtesy Cober Gallery, New York.

“Insiders” and Others

Selden Rodman's latest book ranges vigorously through gossip and history in a warped but telling promotion of commentative art.

BY MANNY FARBER

NEVER in the history of art have the upper echelons been so crowded with artists and so vacant of revered critics. A sales-minded, egomaniacal, anti-critic fever prevails in our art underground, setting up so many vague pressures that the only critics who remain operative and unassaulted are either journalistic institutions (Emily Genauer, Robert Coates) or renowned littérateurs (Harold Rosenberg) who seldom get down to the mundane job of skirmishing with an actual work of art. The sad fact is that there is a constant plaint, “Where are the good critics?” and a more constant effort on the part of dealer-spectator-painter to turn the sharper pundit away from a natural expression and bent into a fashionable band-wagon voice or a niche digger whose impatience in a role of unimportance leads to furious expansion of a tiny crevice until it outranks even the largest trench (action painting) in contemporary art.

No one shows the effects of this difficult climate more than Selden Rodman (poet, anthologist, art critic known principally for *Conversations with Artists*), whose latest book, *The Insiders**

became a springboard for two recent New York exhibitions† and caused a mild flurry of, mostly, opprobrium in the press because of its embattled defense of New Imagists and its bitterness about the modern abstract movement. A mixture of Giorgio Vasari and Tennessee Williams’ “gentleman caller” who is always in someone else’s living room offering a tireless ear and suspiciously persistent attentiveness, Rodman’s journalistic talents for recording a painting’s face or its creator’s words are prodigiously present in *The Insiders*. Unfortunately, however, his hard-nosed reporting has been mellowed somewhat with unnecessary partisanship, so that his analysis of the relentlessly communicative social-artist is distorted and befogged by the time it reaches page 17, where Rodman starts a scatter-gun attack on a string of critics (Clive Bell, Clement Greenberg, Tom Hess, Hilton Kramer), two periodicals (*ARTS*, *Art News*) and most of the publicized non-image artists who have recently gotten a foot on the threshold of economic solvency (Jack Tworkov, Barnett Newman, Ellsworth Kelly). After the reader

* Louisiana State University Press, \$6.95.

† At the Albert Landry Gallery and the Cober Gallery.



Peter Paone, *Which of the Three Is More Dangerous?*; collection Selden Rodman.

"Insiders" and Others

has had Rodman's hostility to formalism, digested his rewriting of history in which artists from Giotto on are separated into two classes (intensely commentative and Others), and worked through numberless conversations, radio dispatches, coded material involving some Insider-type painter Rodman prefers, one finds late Rodmanism is mostly indigestible prose, though capable and sometimes devastating journalism—e.g., a blow-by-blow account of a public painting performance arranged by Sam Kootz and enacted by Georges Mathieu in the Ritz-Carlton.

Rodman's book is a product of the disenchantment that has taken hold in an art period where surface charm, aesthetic maneuvers and know-how dazzle the eye wherever it turns. Though the earliest abstract artists never intended it that way, the seed of limitation was sown when they swerved drastically, in the early 1940's, away from deeply felt expression toward a massive, monumental decoration that has the nerve-jangling impact of the Tishman "666" building, bathed at night in ghostly aluminum luminescence. Among painters (Larry Rivers, David Park), critics (John Canaday) and public, there is a yearning for a Road Back from wall-to-wall abstraction to something more palpable. Most nagging of these road searchers: the socially concerned critic who seems driven by feelings of contemporary disaster ("the man-made earthquakes," "stupefying sense of hopelessness") to legislate for limbo artists who stand in a decorously eclectic position between realism and Abstract Expressionism.

RODMAN is here championing a small group of "post-Abstract-Expressionists," called Insiders, who portray the common people, often with slat figures and bulbous heads, bathing in a blackish, sea-green type of coloring, framed as statically as in *Time* cover portraiture. In Rodman's original view of art history, there have been a few craftsmen in each country who managed to bring a metaphysical, concerned feeling for sick humanity and were able to communicate with a total artistry. Rodman is less interested in the early exponents of communicable despair (Van Gogh, Michelangelo, Rouault, El Greco) than in their modern offshoots—a group that includes several Europeans (Bacon, Landuyt, Bratby), a few Mexicans (Cuevas, Orozco) and a sprinkling of known (Shahn) and almost unknown Americans (Bessie Boris, Nicol Allan, Aubrey Schwartz).

(Some of Rodman's preferred artists, along with a bit of his proletarian jazz expressions, appeared last year in a Museum of Modern Art exhibition and book called *New Images of Man*. Unlike the museum's effort, which seemed patched together by a talent-scout mentality and had the disarranged, slightly ob-

scure effect of stills on the outside of a Spanish-language movie house, Rodman has a consistent taste; his artists seem to relate.

Actually, this is just another group in today's cultural climate that seems to favor success only when a fraternity is involved. Like the Kennedy in-group that engineered the election, Hollywood's Sinatra clan or the Jack Paar conclave that holds down midnight TV, these artists act as a club (appearing in the same shows, using private words, hating the same Holy Abstract enemy, verbally back-slapping one another), but are nevertheless interesting mostly for their private twitches of technique. Kearns's ragamuffin street figures appear in an interesting formation: a shadowy block shape that lists with the wind toward one side of the drawing. In his timorous meshing with white and black ribbon shapes, Lebrun's portraits acquire a rich tone that is almost a taste, that of a good rough-smooth milkshake. One of the most likable Insiders, Ben Johnson, has an erotic effect that involves a far-out contrast of increasingly sagging curves on a female nude totally flattened in color, texture, design. Then there are the attractions of an Andrew Wyeth, who specializes in the early Orson Welles trick of ensnaring a small-town type in a miasma of tension and weird, up-shot perspectives. Landuyt's fiery, glazed surface is a monumental production; and Peter Paone has a touch with black that makes it more like cool night air than pigment or charcoal.

Rodman's disdain for "art-for-art's-sake" criticism, his seeing instead a created work through the artist's character, sometimes turns his defense of the Insider into near fantasy. To prove scope of Lebrun or Kearns, a drumroll of authority is set up. Out pours a mass of interpersonal connection, all of it coming from friends or the artist himself, dead-pan and sonorously puffed-up. The reading is usually a treacherous mangle, because the praise comes from strange angles and in unreal dialect. Sometimes the reader is caught in a left-wing political ooze, where an artist achieves stature for being born in the right country (Orozco), belonging to the right class (Kearns).

Where else today but in Mexico could an artist of Orozco's stature have produced a body of work quantitatively so staggering yet qualitatively so independent of the propaganda purposes for which it was generally commissioned? . . . As a nation in the throes of social revolution, Mexico gave its artists a sense of belonging to and working for the people—

At other times, heady self-esteem is recorded by allowing an ego to roam. Lebrun talking about Lebrun:

Once they said, I could draw as the bird sings. Possibly I still can. But there came a time when the image of man was so defaced that bird songs did not seem enough. If I had to lose all my virtues . . .

But the general effect is a blanket of words in which casual opinion and back-slap are given a rare importance, become the meat-potatoes of the modern artist's activity. The reader moves along the trail of a Kearns letter written to Rodman—

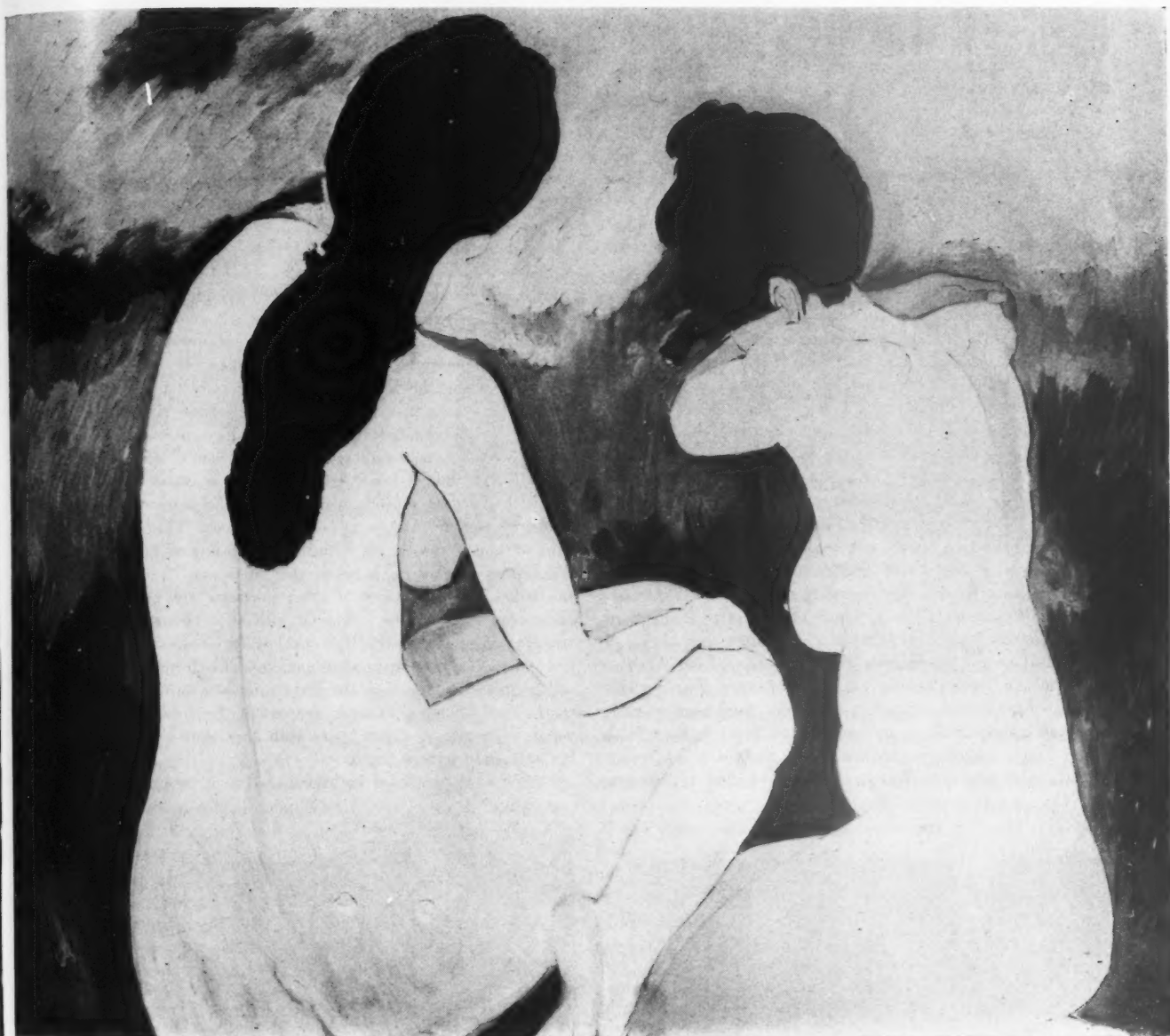
You were quite right about Landuyt. He is a master. A Baskin in paint, only more so—which is to say that he has Baskin's originality and intensity, plus a scope and tenderness that Baskin may lack. In all fairness, however, I should add that I am comparing masters; youthful masters at that—

and the thrust of friendship becomes the real art practiced, while creative work on canvas or bronze becomes obsolete.



James Kearns, *Children on a Wall*; collection Selden Rodman.

RODMAN's devotion to the informal remark, however, is not entirely an invalid device for unclenching the mysteries of modern painting and sculpture. Allied to his various traits of garrulity, conviviality and recall, Rodman's quote-weary book becomes a fairly accurate mirror of the New York society that is producing a sophistication as bold as Franz Kline's, as suavely appealing as Jack Tworikov's, and exists as much on the surface as the painting of Rodman's own group of Insiders. Though he avoids plastic insight, the author has a fine



Ben Johnson, *Look Once More*; courtesy Cober Gallery, New York.

instinct for catching a scintillating remark that pinpoints an artist's posture, the quick but foolish-seeming intelligence that is in so much modern painting—the revealing exclamations of aversion or delight sprinkled as one-liners throughout the text. Rodman builds a social study of today's art world in which knowledgeability crawls octopus-fashion in all directions, hedonism and surety lead an opinionated artist to pontificate willingly about everything, and genius is taken for granted by the youngest artists, along with a "splendid" attitude that suggests the artist is enjoying, above all, the spectacle of his role.

One trouble with Rodman's anti-abstract treatise is that he refuses to note the resemblance between today's non-imagists, whom he downgrades, and the virulent social critic-painters whom he lauds. Kearns's likable gamin kids leaning together like pieces of coal depend, no less than non-image work, on the use of technical "accidents"; Rico Lebrun's *Study of a Woman* succeeds through his smart, semi-Dadaist handling of an inconsequential shadow that has no connection with his

attempts to express feeling for a subject's aging flesh; Paone's portrait of an artist is a fairly tantalizing work, but it asks the viewer to accept as meaningful acres of shallowly conceived background blur. One feels, after all and despite all the talk of humanism, that there may be more personal commitment in the works of many non-image Abstract Expressionists.

If Rodman were not so troubled by aesthetic values he might have followed his shrewd sociological approach into the very skin and bones of the artists' works, fitting the colors and shapes to the highly individualized figures he has created through talk. Though he often plays dummy to prove a point, Rodman is obviously with it in any area of modern painting; he knows just what is meant by De Kooning's "torn shape," can no doubt follow Mr. Greenberg's painterly analyses from one canvas corner to another, and probably understands the humor and scintillation of Barney Newman's insights. With enough plastic analysis to balance the sociology, *The Insiders* could have been a more entertaining, less vulgar, adventure.

MONTH IN REVIEW

BY SIDNEY TILLIM

AT THAT point where commerce engages quality in the business of art, the susceptibility of a product to promotion helps a dealer to make up his mind. The whole cultural configuration becomes an important selling factor, and it can be regarded as providential that France, for instance, produced as many good painters as she did. If Cézanne had been an American the whole history of modern art would have been very different. Now with the wedge of Abstract Expressionism firmly implanted in the door of the market place, a vast territory for exploration has been opened up right here at home. On the basis of its prestige both at home and abroad the New York School has encouraged a spirit of expansion domestically which, in artistic importance, has borne no greater fruit than the San Francisco School. Not that the work done on the Coast hasn't intrinsic merit, but its very regionalism and relative insularity—until now—met the principal test of the broker—that it be "new." However, the run on the San Francisco School has been such that it is no longer a surprise to be confronted with still another San Francisco painter: James Weeks, now showing (December 12-January 7) at the Poindexter Gallery, which also handles Diebenkorn.

Weeks is thirty-eight. It is my understanding that he is, unlike several of his predecessors, not a convert from Abstract Expressionism. Nevertheless, his paintings are demonstrably San Francisco in style, featuring the heavy, fluid pigmentation, the broad approach to figuration and, in general, the almost piously heroic attitude toward its "new" realism which results in very sizable canvases. When one thinks of what a Tintoretto

or a Veronese could get into comparable scale, the ascetic spatial character of these works becomes one of its special—and dubious—features; for the way the paint is handled suggests that there should be more particular excitement, more embodied movement than there is. Weeks's figure paintings have some elements which distinguish him from his colleagues, but his exhibition nevertheless creates the opportunity to ask: Has the San Francisco School become a formula? For basically its premises overshadow most of the individual distinctions. This is not necessarily an unwholesome thing, but by now the character of the movement has become absorbed by its own predictability; it has settled too rapidly, and, besides, the mutual affinities of its members go so far as to include the same faults.

The return to the figure is the one genuinely controversial contribution of the school—but partly because the artists are not clearly committed to it. Weeks's paintings are distinguished by the fact that he is committed to a degree of realism that confines the area of equivocation in his work largely to the background. Weeks's paintings are portraits of particular people with particular personalities. His boxer could not be taken for anything but a boxer, the manager is quite specifically "shady," the jazz musicians contain all the acquired hauteur of their current status as culture heroes. This is accomplished not so much by detail as accuracy of gesture; the differences in posture between the musicians, the boxer and the ladies and gentlemen of other portraits are *characteristic* ones, even when a face is limned with an oval mass as in the standing musician. In itself Weeks's color is effective enough, but it is a bit more improvisational than his forms. It is more on the melodramatic than the Expressionistic side but, at that, takes more liberties than are present in the actual figuration, which represents a compromise with the demands of broadly brushed, fluid painting style.

But Weeks's canvases indulge the Bay Area's appetite for



James Weeks, *Musicians*;
at Poindexter Gallery.

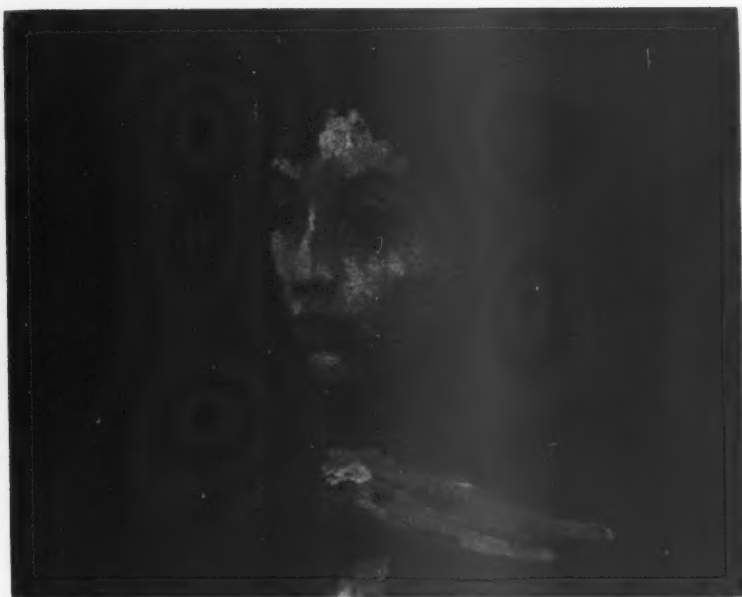


James Weeks, *Figure by a Bed*;
at Poindexter Gallery.



Raphael Soyer, *Seamstresses*;
at A.C.A. Gallery.

Raphael Soyer, *Joan in Green*;
at A.C.A. Gallery.



size, and, beyond the cultural implications of this Sargentesque roominess, there is no reason for the pictures' being as large as they are. In fact I would describe the San Francisco realists as "Intimists" with ambitions of grandeur, even if it's strictly a middle-class version of it. They also have more energy than pictorial substance to go with it. Only Diebenkorn has qualified the metabolism of his expansive space by integrating it with a sense of a subject whose delineation is relative to it. The others tend to stick their figures in a hole. Weeks loses his pictorial connections with the background by filling it in with abstract patterns which suggest that either he lost interest at that point or was incapable of following through with the same care that he devoted to his figures. Even so, his paintings are close in atmosphere and a bit cluttered. Nevertheless, I regard what the San Francisco painters are trying to do as important, and Weeks, as the least ingratiating artist of the group, in my estimation arrives with a clearer notion of content than any of his colleagues except Diebenkorn.

MANY artists who have become unfashionable—notably realists—live on the hope (or faith) that the pendulum of taste will swing once more in their direction, or that history will justify their commitment when they are gone. But the thirty-two paintings and thirty-four drawings by Raphael Soyer which were assembled at the A.C.A. Gallery (November 28–December 17) amounted to a calculated effort to eventuate those historical contingencies in other than their own good time. Soyer's gravely realistic style still commands both a sizable audience—his opening was jammed—and respectable prices. Born in Russia in 1899, Soyer came to the U.S. when he was about thirteen. He has received a number of prizes and grants, including a \$1,000 grant from the National Institute of Arts and Letters, three honorable mentions at the Carnegie Institute annuals, the \$1,000 prize at the "Art U.S.A." exhibition in 1959 and a number of others stretching back into the thirties. Museums like the Whitney, the Metropolitan, the Corcoran and fine collections like Duncan Phillips' in Washington possess his work. Very obviously he has not been neglected, and yet the urgency that hung over his exhibition and his and other comments in

the catalogue derives from an effort to justify his choice for tradition, to achieve new respectability for his genre and to reclaim lost prestige.

Now these are rather militant assignments for a realism whose shoulders are slight, whose demeanor is a bit withdrawn, whose attitude with regard to formal liberties is at all times circumspect. Besides, his subject matter, which has evolved from another era's spirit of social solidarity to the *Weltschmerz* of Everyman without basically changing its prototypes, confirms the lineage of Social Realism, and this despite the objective hand of Eakins and the equally bracing classicism of Degas. "I tried to paint portraits in the manner of Eakins, completely without ingratiation, starkly honest," says Soyer in the catalogue, speaking of a certain phase of his development. But over the years a certain looseness of handling has infiltrated his style, and he seems now to be feeling his way rather dreamily around the volumes as if he were trying to locate his nostalgia in the present. Still, each generality, each patch of paint, is handled as if it were a detail.

Yet it evidences Soyer's quality that out of respect for tradition he has achieved the objective mastery that prevents his period affinity from making his work seem belated. I do not possess an intimate knowledge of his previous work, but I would guess that it has always been of the same substantial quality of most of the pieces here, where by and large Soyer sticks pretty much to the facts—of a portrait, a street scene, seamstresses, friends, fellow artists and models. But at the same time his mastery accounts for the aloofness in his art—one might call it a sort of formal snobbishness, almost aesthetic class-consciousness—which keeps not only the past at bay but the present too. Soyer's art is in fact an art without a "period"—which is one of the first things tradition teaches.

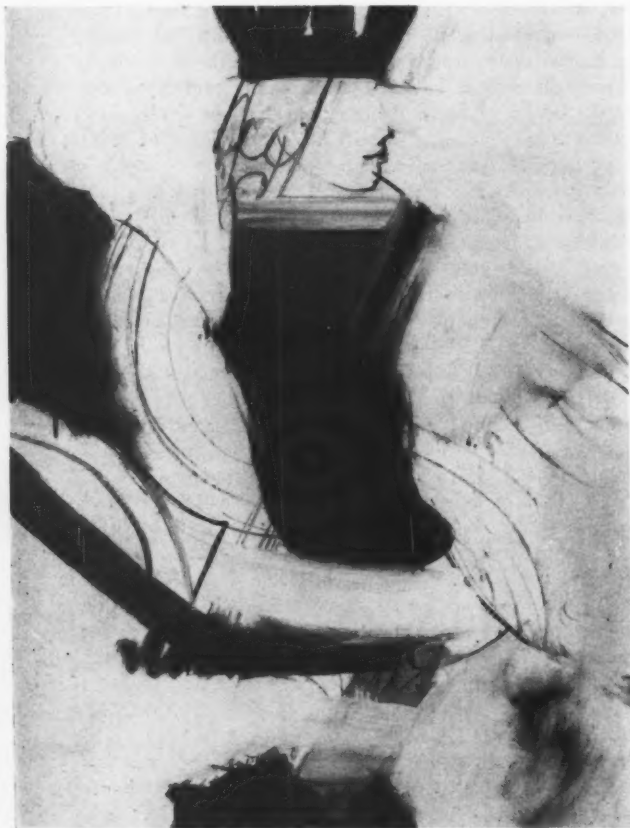
I hesitate to say that this is why his people seem either a bit distracted or sad. But they seem as displaced in their world (except the workers, who only get weary) as Soyer's painting style is in the present. But their sadness does not reach despair, because despair means a fall from grace and Soyer's heroes aspire to no state of grace. They simply want to make a living and have nice things. They want to know *where they are going*. In the *Pedestrians* Soyer paints himself into a group

MONTH IN REVIEW

going about its business in a rather distracted way. Most distracted of all is Soyer, who uses himself frequently as a model. And he needn't be. He has made the most of his talent, he has traveled well and must live with the fact that he has been chosen to express his time by expressing in his art the uncertainty as to whether his values are *part* of the world or merely a sanctuary in one that seemingly rejects them.

ANOTHER curious aspect of the San Francisco movement that I might have mentioned earlier is that no particular joyousness has accompanied its reconciliation with appearances. It has, rather, the seriousness and even self-righteousness of rediscovered purpose. In indicating how far Abstract Expressionism has come in making peace with its own apocalyptic urgency, the recent paintings of Larry Rivers have precisely that joyousness and assurance which the San Francisco painters lack.

There is a certain amount of irony in this because of the absolutist inspiration at the basis of his tradition. His influences, at least those that turn up in his exhibition at the Tibor de Nagy Gallery (December 1-31), seem to be principally Willem de Kooning and Robert Motherwell, and both have been served respectfully without thwarting his pursuit of something of a pleasure principle in paint. In this respect it is interesting to note that he has gone to precisely those phases of De Kooning and Motherwell that accommodate his bent, that is, De Kooning's series on women and Motherwell's recent taste for broad, diluted sensual masses tacked together with scratchy lines.



Larry Rivers, *Jack of Spades*;
at Tibor de Nagy Gallery.

Rivers' painterly civility is a pleasure to behold, and, in further contrast to the San Francisco school, the point I wish to make is that Rivers has brought off a union of form and content without which strained pictorial habits are bound to develop, as they have in San Francisco. Working with bits of realistic detail and vivid semiabstract patterns, Rivers is enviably unconcerned about the pragmatic aspects—with some exceptions—of his subject matter. In the best of these paintings Rivers emerges as a first-rate improviser, a succinct colorist and, when built up to the right pitch of excitement, that is, when he understands what he is doing so well that he doesn't have to think, an instinctive, selective designer.

I was very impressed with four of the paintings that were done in the last two years. *Next to Last Confederate Soldier*, *Last Civil War Veteran*, *Jack of Spades* and *Buick Painting With P*. (By the way, how's that for the complete historical consciousness of an updated American scene?) All of them have just the right amount of parts, which, shifting from detail to pattern, adhere sometimes to outline and drawing, sometimes to an impression of significant masses. The color is not too complex but is pertinent, and the hinges upon which recognition swings are, in their economy, invariably the right ones—the hieratic and somewhat Elizabethan Janus that is the Jack of Spades perceived as much through symmetry as detail, the Fourth of July patriotism of the draped flags in the Civil War pictures and the raked masses which emerge as the perfectly pitched representation of the back of a speeding automobile.

The failure of the second version of *George Washington Crossing the Delaware*, which Rivers painted to replace the one lost in the fire at the Museum of Modern Art two springs ago, and the other (in much lesser degrees) large paintings here reveal an interesting facet of Rivers' limitations. Large pictures force Rivers to think, to try for depth and significance commensurate with the scale. Rivers' labors on the first Delaware painting have been recorded in an article in which he indicated extensive preparation. He worked so hard that not much substance was left in either version. The scrawniest of details struggle helplessly in flows of drifting masses of bloodless color, and it is all the more interesting, this failure, because the *subject* was virtually an obsession with him. One suspects he got too serious; but the large painting of the U.N. with its evasive heads and stencil letters has much saving humor despite its diffuseness. Rivers can become indulgent with the best of them, yet with this exhibition justifies much of the critical acclaim he received several years ago as a "discovery."

THE recent sculpture of Peter Agostini is a remarkable example of cultural and stylistic repetition and convergence. One can trace its precedents back to the earliest days of modern art and its affinities even further. It is neo-Rococo, neo-Dada, neo-Surreal. It is an art of complex, convulsive immediacy, communicating inspired excitement, sensual farce and high seriousness. In terms of sensibility it embraces a number of the historical alternatives available to an acutely art-conscious and over-exposed milieu. It is original work, and yet the nature of its originality contains the germ of its possible undoing.

All of this was only dimly perceptible, but perceptible nevertheless, in that section of Agostini's recent exhibition at the Stephen Radich Gallery (November 15-December 10) which was devoted to early work, as early as 1940. But in the context of his newest and very different work—to which was naturally reserved the force of an immensely stimulating and provocative exhibition—its "prophetic" content becomes pronounced. In its turn, the new work represents the intensification of all that it makes apparent in the older sculpture.

Agostini is a wizard in plaster. With it he reproduces a clothesline (as stiff as frozen Long Johns), a door in abstract mock-up and the death masks of various objects, veering to the abstract, the Surreal and the fetishistic. Many of the works have a fool-the-eye sense of accuracy which cannot at first be placed. Actually, what Agostini has done, in a number of instances, is to prepare molds from thin sheet-metal which he folded to the desired complexity and then filled with plaster. It is much more difficult than it sounds. In this way he created the large buckled form for the *Hurricane*, parts of the *Door* and presumably the *Blacksmith's Apron*, and they all resemble studies in the abstract form of drapery or the analogous but modern vision of large sections of a wrecked automobile. Agostini also uses bulbs, corrugated cardboard, egg trays, toilet plungers, wastepaper and more elastic items as molds for abstract form. The works are thus assembled rather than built over continuous armatures; they are found objects and made objects at the same time. They resemble themselves; yet, squeezed and folded, draped limply over a chunky parapet or stacked to resemble the skyline of a city, they release their innate sculptural values.

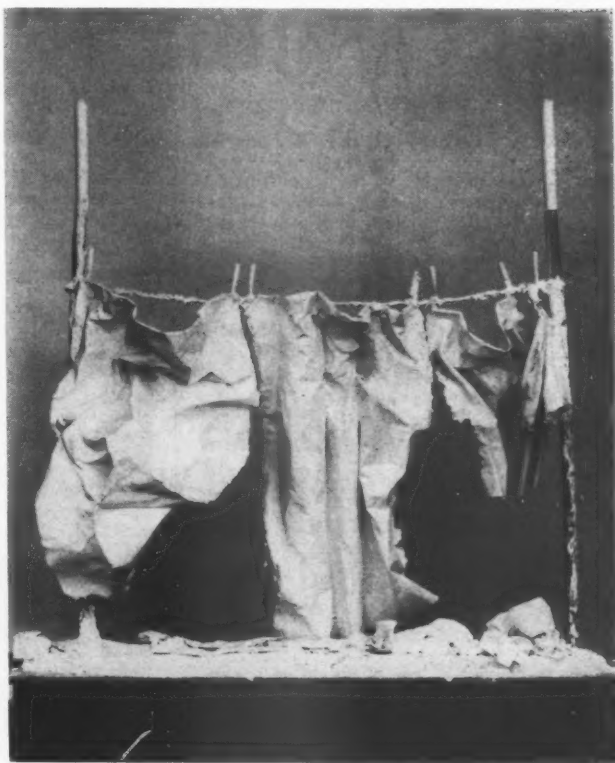
A few of the pieces were recast in bronze and in that timeless medium assume a measure of dignity that is incommensurate with the directness of his work in plaster. The plaster seems designed to relieve his art of much of the seriousness that inhibits direct participation in form by making any object accessible to the aesthetic experience. Agostini wishes to take direct possession of his senses rather than sharing them with style. His technique takes over in producing a sense of unity. One can see this development shaping up in a few of the earlier examples. A pair of small heads from 1940 are followed by a fine portrait bust of Kay Sheehan (bronze, 1945) in the Nadelman manner. In his later years Nadelman was also preoccupied with a sculpture that was "available," and he produced hundreds of doll-like figurines in plaster, papier-mâché, etc. Agostini had a Giacometti period also, but he created the figure by an addition rather than an abstraction of surfaces. When he added two real junk beads to the *Burlesque Queen* (1956) he was planting a seed of his future growth. (A number of strange oblong profiles and a large group of drawings of crumbly horses completed the survey of his other interests.)

Agostini's originality consists of the personal extremity of a pastiche which has come about less from any direct set of influences than from the presence in the environment of a renewed sympathy for experimental and "different" expressions. It is an atmosphere that is hospitable both to the San Francisco School and Neo-Dadaism, and if Agostini is plainly if superficially closer to the latter (he refuses the real object for the copy and thus "remembers" tradition) there is an area of agreement with the former in the desire to increase contact with the immediate physical environment.

In this radical reorientation of sensibility, Agostini joins a "spiritually" sympathetic group that includes Louise Nevelson, John Chamberlain, Robert Rauschenberg and to a lesser extent Jasper Johns, all artists who use their commonplace materials as the springboard to a space filled with the fussy structures of nervous movement and a grandeur that is ironic to the degree that it has been synthesized. In Agostini this mode of Rococo cum Dada ends by turning a cape by Hyacinthe Rigaud into the frozen wet-wash of a plaster clothesline. But something is lost in the process. It is partly a problem of detail, of creating similitude without destroying immediacy. But the ready-made molds merely remove resistance without supplying an equivalent "challenge." The work is freed for productivity but disengages the artist from the very sense of participation which he seems to be seeking.



Peter Agostini, *Portrait of Kay Sheehan*; at Stephen Radich Gallery.



Peter Agostini, *The Clothesline*; at Stephen Radich Gallery.

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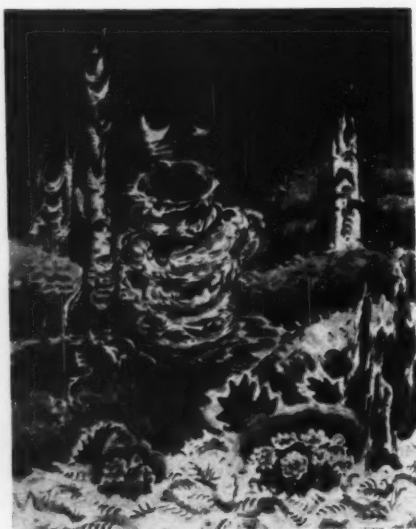
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Margaret Breuning:

Burchfield's recent work . . . sculpture
by Abbott Pattison . . . first shows by
Donald Thrall and James Houser . . .
the paintings of Adele Brandwen . . .

A WELCOME to Charles Burchfield, whose work has too long been absent from our exhibition walls. His recent water colors in this present showing seem perhaps a little larger than usual, but there is not a "hole" in one of them; every inch is needed for the expansive, even explosive designs. His gift consists in making out of the recognizable world and its natural terms, if somewhat enlarged and exaggerated, something that lies on the edge of the cryptic and occult, a fringe of the never-never of experience. *July Drought Sun* displays a strange concentric orb of burning rings hanging over a parched world of seared growths and trees that fairly writhe. Through the whole paper a vibration makes itself felt, as though the land were protesting at its torment. *Whirling Leaves in Black Hollow* might record an ordinary observation of the countryside, but the artist gives a vicious vehemence to the tossing leaves, while the hollow might be Erebus itself. *Sultry Moon* is not a luminous planet sending silvery rays upon the earth, but a hot, seething center of stifling vapors pouring out in the night. There are, of course, some alluring aspects of landscape, such as *The Four Seasons*, a fantasy of progression in decorative terms of one calendar phase to another; also *The Moon and Queen Anne's Lace*, the Queen Anne's lace, or wild carrot, without its spiky stalk, but flat on the ground, reaching to the horizon under moonlight that is silvery. Even *Old House and Spruce Trees*, though a rather dismal gray, weathered, low building surrounded by snow and darkened by a dull sky, has no inimical suggestions, if no attractive ones. Burchfield does not employ Ruskin's "pathetic fallacy" of endowing insensate things with emotions, but the mystical undertones of much of the paintings reflect, in striking symbolism, the artist's sensitive reactions to moods of nature, and



Charles Burchfield, *Whirling Leaves in Black Hollow*; at Rehn Gallery.

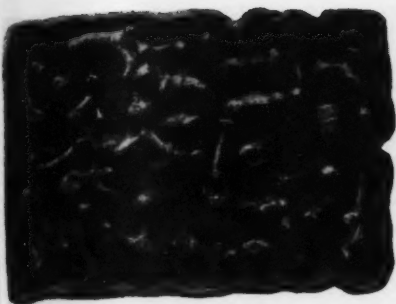
his recognition that they are as often hostile as kindly. (Rehn, Jan. 3-28.)

SCULPTURE by Abbott Pattison, in bronze and steel, forms an unusual exhibition, not only for its size, but rather for the contrast of mammoth pieces with a number of smaller ones, each equally suggesting the varied gifts of the artist. Both simplicity and complexity of design are notable in *The Sky Machine*, an almost monumental piece in bronzed copper: simplicity, not obtained from theoretic refining of superfluities, but apparently the result of a passionate search for a direct symbol of an idea; complexity, arising from the involvement of enormous forms resolving into each other and then separating with an emergent thrust. A small version of *Creation*, which gives an immediate sense of forms rising from the formless, seems to me to be more impressive than its counterpart, the large, very large casting of a panel in a turbulent, confused motion of figures that seem to be appearing simultaneously on the earth. *Pittsburgh*, in two versions, shows the jostling pipes and conduits that form its foundation. *Allegheny* vividly represents the impression that one gains from a plane of low-lying green mounds, which in reality form a mountain range. *Architect* is confirmation of one's worst suspicions, showing him as a series of empty, adjacent boxes. Among the successful pieces—and they are preponderant—the obvious skill of the artist in surmounting all the vast technical difficulties in producing these metal sculptures is secondary to the lift one receives from his imagination, embodied in these concrete forms. (Feingarten, Jan. 10-28.)

PAINTINGS by Donald Thrall mark a one-man debut in a highly personal manner. The subjects are mainly Spanish, carried out in a complexity of detail and color which give the effect of brocades at times—but the resemblance ends there, for these canvases are alive with an inner vitality. *Zoco Grande* in its closely woven low notes is characteristic of much of the work; as in all the showing, despite intricacy of design and frequent latent movement, the mood here conveyed is "quiet." One feels that an intensity of reflective concentration has achieved this blending of reticence and actual splendor. The viewer should be reflective also, pausing long enough to let the intricate designs yield up their inherent, cogent significance. *Los Reyes*, its diagonals cut-



James Houser, *The Family*; at Barzansky Gallery.



Abbott Pattison, *Allegheny*;
at Feingarten Galleries.

ting heavy textures of blues, greens and touches of reds; the whirling of *Flamenco*; *Mantilla*, its glowing folds suggesting the head and form beneath it although on a flat surface that might be a fabric—these are some of the outstanding items. In *Grotto* the textures are heavier, producing a tactile quality throughout the painting in its oppositions of greens and reds that seem to flow in stripes through it. Seville is represented by a church in which a ceremony is taking place, so that through windows radiance streams out, illuminating the whole façade. (Contemporary Arts, Jan. 9-27.)

JAMES HOUSER, holding his first one-man show, of both paintings and sculpture, acquits himself well in both media, but his paintings seem to possess greater freedom of conception. In his free-flowing canvas of *Nightfall in Canyon*, a spreading penumbra of shadow, hemmed in by canyon walls, is pierced by brilliant rays of the setting sun, emergent in a cloud-broken sky. The other side of the medal, *Sunrise in Canyon*, shows a cavernous depth of darkness yielding to an overspreading radiance of sky in fluency of mingled notes of vaporous obscurity and glowing color. In *Autumn*, the whole canvas gleams in golden splendor; the landscape and trees seem to be turned into some solid substance of gold. The sculpture is carried out by direct cutting and modeling, in both techniques in stone, metal and wood, showing proficiency in achieving mass and continuity of defining plastic contours. In three versions of *Rhythm*, each presents gleaming metal figures in rather exaggerated, yet effective gestures that capture the impression of whirling forms. Two group pieces, *The Family* and *Mother and Child*, and the carved head of *Christ*, emanating power and compassion, are admirable in their soundness and simplicity. (Barzansky, Jan. 9-21.)

PAINTINGS by Adele Brandwen obtain appeal through the choice of unusual detail in skillful arrangement, as well as by their clarity of sparkling color. A girl's head and shoulders, in *The Italian*, are practically hemmed in by checker-board squares, which lend zest to a rather sad face. Slight themes attain interest because of their original expression: *Cheese Counter* presents many shapes, sizes and textures of cheese before a window; *Child's Dream* is a colorful collection of soda drinks and candies; *Prize Berries* displays two mammoth strawberries, luscious-textured; *Before the Festival* presents a small suspended hammock filled with fruit and vegetables, their weight pressing down palpably on the netting. *Grace with Eggplants* is a picture of a girl in a fluffy summer dress seated on a lawn in front of a heavy hedge with a hint of an ancient wall behind it. She is almost surrounded by the oval shapes and glistening purples of eggplants. A narrow head of a lion, *King*, with an unpleasant expression is outstanding in conveying the feral nature of the beast under its tawny coat. (Schone-man, Jan. 10-28.)

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Reuben Nakian, *Mars and Venus*; at Egan Gallery.

IN THE GALLERIES

Reuben Nakian: The two sources of Nakian's sculpture are familiar; their combination could not have been foreseen and is unique. One source is current: the open metal sculpture of Smith and Calder, as well as others. The other is historical: the recurrent freedom of waning classical styles, that of Hellenistic vases, of Tiepolo and Bernini, and of Gaston Lachaise and Paul Manship, with whom Nakian studied. One of the respects in which the present re-creates the past is in the use of movement, of quick line. Nakian continually gives the linear propensities of the sheet metal precedence over its flatness and uses the light agility to exclude weight. The line is descriptive of objects moving quickly, of the figure or of drapery, and, although influenced by automatism, is far less than Baroque movement. A line such as the split corner of a bent sheet, a juxtaposed rod, an edge, or one of the many formal elements—the long reversed curve which is one of the main forms of the *Duchess of Alba* is an example—does not have the immediacy, the effect that it is itself a bent or moving thing, that a curved section in one of Smith's works or a line in Pollock or De Kooning has. Hilton Kramer, at the time the *Rape of Lucrece* was first shown ["Month in Review," January, 1959], developed in more detail the idea of the dual position of Nakian. This position is a limited but still major achievement. Neither of the two large pieces being shown, *Mars and Venus* and the *Duchess of Alba*, is a decline from the *Rape of Lucrece*. Drawings, terra cottas and some exceptional works in plaster are included. *Mars and Venus* is a long curve of black shapes supported by integral black pipes, which begins at one end in a single uncut sheet, held to an arc by two rods reaching from a vertical one; the next unit—since the work is thought of in units, apparently mythical—is

floral and is tilted toward the single plate and acts as a prelude, by virtue of similar, somewhat ragged shapes, to the last part, which is too complicated to describe but thoroughly intelligible to the eye. (Egan, Nov. 14-Jan. 30.)—D.J.

Cobra 1960: The Cobra movement in painting was organized in Europe in 1945 to combat the impending complacency of postwar modernism. These three painters, Asger Jorn, Pierre Alechinsky and Corneille, from (CO)penhagen, (BR)ussels and (A)msterdam, respectively, were charter members of the group that included, at one time, Karel Appel. Jorn, forty-six, is Appel's stylistic kin if not predecessor—one never knows these days—but refrains from bombastic surface excitement. His floating faces and one prickly form permit the coexistence of style and content. His impulse seems true. Alechinsky, thirty-four, recently won the Hallmark Competition's first prize. Besides some small explorative works reaching back three years there is a slight canvas in his current style, its forms tortured, its paint sensuous, and a black and white painting with rather large pictographic forms that reflect a visit to Japan. His movements slow down in the graphic scheme. Corneille's paintings hardly seem the stuff of protest. They are rather tight arrangements of color, wrestled into place and held there by a rambling grid. They seem French in their ultimate reasonableness. (Lefebvre, Nov. 15-Dec. 3.)—S.T.

Elaine de Kooning: The huge sizes of many modern paintings are usually explained away as the logical result of painting that trades in the illusion of depth for surface. This is not the case with the leviathan Mrs. De Kooning has raised from the depths of her necessity. Size is also an indication of importance, at least the importance

the artist attaches to it. It is good for the ego and it is *meant* to impress. You can't miss the ten-by-twenty-footer in this exhibition. It is the apotheosis of an effort running through the several paintings dealing with the theme of the *corrida* and grouped under the general title—"Arena." The Arena is the *corrida* interpreted as space. It is the world of action, both of the bullfight and the painting. The agent of this revelation is movement. The magisterial lunges of the bull, the balletic guile of the matador, the choreography of the cape become problems of energy which, like Futurism, also represent a romanticization of the dramaturgy of the subject. The paintings are blurred with speed and movement. Throbbing color rolls or shoots from these surfaces in thick shock-waves of paint. The large painting, also called *Arena*—in which one discerns (or thinks he does) a matador whipping a cape over his shoulder as the bull makes a close pass—is shattered and splintered with long thrusts of color movement. That these paintings fail technically is by and large due to their failure to break down the center of interest toward an over-all movement. But the greater failure is the artist's attempt to make ambition do the work of understanding. The results remind one of Rosa Bonheur. (Graham, Nov. 29-Dec. 31.)—S.T.

James Kearns: Because there are no "grays" in a howl of protest—or of praise, for that matter—Kearns is a better graphic artist than he is a painter and perhaps may yet prove more substantial as a sculptor. Works in all three media comprise this extensive exhibition, with the sculpture least affected by a Social Realism that takes the contemporary form of the desolation of man rather than his social order. A sizable number of drawings, large and small, fill

virtually an entire room. These include many portraits of literary figures, philosophers, fictional characters that frequently have an engraved quality, but the larger drawings follow the tack of his paintings with figures like the bloated and dwarfed acrobat spinning on a bar. The small portrait of Lee Bontecou has the restraint of reality and is outstanding. The paintings are somberly colored, thinly painted and even a bit picked at with paint. The seemingly allegorical *Processional* presents certain difficulties of interpretation (which will have their bearing at the conclusion of this review), and the portrait of Picasso with a rose behind his ear and an ostentatious ring on his hand chops down the wrong tree in the forest of corruption. Permitting poignancy to speak for itself, the life-size sculpture of a *Blind Girl* is the most effective piece in the show. But Kearns's brand of realism which has been enlisted in the struggle against abstract art, only strengthens the argument of the avant-garde, which can legitimately charge reaction to an art conceived on the now-revised premises of a style that progress outdistanced thirty years ago. Kearns is talented, but his moralizing does not communicate because he, no more than his gallery of types, does not know what's specifically wrong with us. When you get down to it, isn't he merely advocating a rather elite form of togetherness? (G Gallery, Nov. 22-Dec. 17.)—S.T.

Marvin Meisels: Before saying anything else, it is important to observe that this painter works very obviously in the Expressionist tradition, and bears a resemblance to Kokoschka and Soutine. But none of his masters could help him if he did not have his own power and talent—which he certainly does. He grasps his medium by the throat: the paint is thick, the brushwork excited, and the subjects are ordinary people, still lifes and flowers. At times his color seems confused, and he is hasty—one recalls, for some odd reason, that he used exactly the same paint for his wife's mouth as for her dress. Nor is he always interested in the placing of figures and objects. But none of this obscures his good drawing and tremendously lively spirit. There are two good paintings here: one of an old man dying in a hospital, and the other a self-portrait, also in a hospital bed. Both are in a controlled color range of flesh and grays—the old man (seen from the next bed) lies tensely in profile, clutching at life; the self-portrait is a pyramidal shape with the head at the top looking away, and an arm lies outside crumpled gray bedding. One felt that these two works, which were moving and complete, were also those in which Meisels had harnessed his medium most effectively. May his solid ability attract attention. (St. Etienne, Jan. 16-Feb. 6.)—V.R.

Walter Kamys: These paintings and drawings are primarily swooping black lines of ink, charcoal and oil on a white ground of canvas or paper. The style is severely limited, and so of course are the results possible from it, but it is out of the ordinary in the maturity and restraint with which the few elements are used. The spontaneous abstract curves are long and thin suggestions of the rhythms of nature—by an artist who has lived in New England for the past twenty years—rather than urban Expressionism. Some of the drawings especially look like sculpture's sketches for spouting fountains. Although the work is black and white in theory, warm and cool tones are often used to deepen and enrich the structure, as in the large untitled brown and white oil. Underneath all of the emphasis on spontaneous motion there is a substructure of simple geometry which gives the results their conservative flavor. While the work is very successful within its attempts, the reasons for an artist's imposing such narrow limits on himself are open to question. Part of

it has to be attributed to the conscious desire for a "personal style" and recognition. Another part is the natural, semiconscious expression of individual personality, like the slant of handwriting. Probably the most common, and in Kamys' case the most important reason, is the overwhelmed feeling an artist gets when he realizes the limitless possibilities of modern artistic technique. Like a musician faced with a machine which can produce any possible sound, the artist finds that the safest and most human reaction is to eliminate arbitrarily about ninety-eight per cent of the possibilities. (Bertha Schaefer, Jan. 2-21)—L.S.

Salvador Dali: It has become rather fashionable to knock this fallen angel of Surrealism, but this much can be said for Dali: he certainly can stick his neck out. Now it's something called "Quantified Realism" he has invented. Dali's new work is hardly likely to soothe the ancient grudges that attended his departure from the ranks of Surrealism for a road show profitably combining piety and publicity. And his inclusion here of a painting from 1933, *The Enigma of William Tell*, which is shown for the first time in America, will only raise old comparisons guaranteeing that his excommunication by the partisans will stick. Dali claims that it is only now beginning to be understood, this eleven-foot portrait of the ancient marksman with a fabulously extended buttock propped over a forked stick and an equally stretched hat similarly supported. If this evades us, however, we are invited to try our luck on the "quantified realism" of *The Ecumenical Council*, an aberrant mishmash of hyper-realistic detail whose "quantum of action" may indeed relate abstraction to the great tradition; but it looks more like an old-fashioned montage. The smaller works include several variations of *Las Meninas* (by Velázquez, not Picasso), including one done solely with numbers—Dada revenant—and water colors, drawings and others where something like wild Tachist elements are added props. The collected writings of Dali would probably reveal a man far more interesting—and astute—than his paintings reveal and many people allow. (Carstairs, Nov. 29-Dec. 7.)—S.T.

Lester Johnson: Regardless of the vestiges of features which imply otherwise, the dark heads and shoulders in these paintings appear to be shadows, somewhat elongated, projected larger than life and at an angle, as if on a wall, and illusory and seemingly ephemeral. The image, although vague, exceeds its source. This is none too subtle. The paintings are variously satisfactory. Least so is one with four heads in a large shadowed area, bounded by a parapet, tilted against an awkwardly brushed sky. A distant light more positive than a near dark is more ably used by Rembrandt and Goya. Here the two areas as flat planes contradict themselves as voluminous space, splitting the usual dependence, and become thin caricatures of the device. Two enormous, unequal heads, back to back, painted in black, and with repeated black lines of the profiles overlapping bits of the surrounding gray, form a considerably better work. Johnson has been much praised for all of this, but, although less might be deserved, more is not. The conception is minimal, and it and the execution involve a highly unstable mixture of old and abstract elements. (Zabriskie, Dec. 12-31.)—D.J.

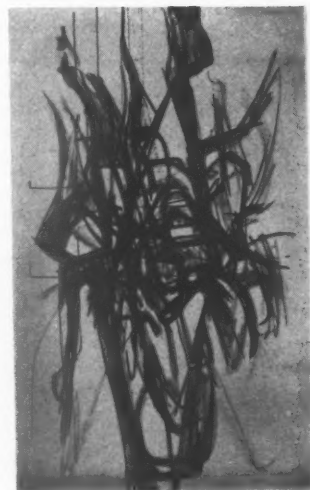
Michel Cadoret: One had to get at these paintings through a jungle of name-dropping promotion. The music of Varèse was played during the exhibition, an ambitious catalogue reproduced not only Cadoret's abstract paintings, but Varèse's notes on his music both in longhand and typeset, a statement by the artist and last, and hardly least, a preface by Marcel Duchamp consisting of a few notes of music, as if the whole works



Marvin Meisels, *Self-Portrait in the Hospital*; at Galerie St. Etienne.



Salvador Dali, *The Enigma of William Tell*; at Carstairs Gallery.



Walter Kamys, *Untitled*; at Bertha Schaefer Gallery.



Lester Johnson, *Two Heads*; at Zabriskie Gallery.



Mary Frank, *The Dream Dreaming*; at Radich Gallery.



Dody Müller, *Seated Woman*; at Parma Gallery.



Lee Krasner, *Night Watch*; at Wise Gallery.

had been approved by the Pope. And they ask critics to stick to the paintings! Anyway, the point of all this was that a similarity of goals supposedly united Varèse and Cadoret. Musicians will have to judge that correspondence for themselves; from the painting end it was the same old Abstract Expressionist jazz. In improvisational fashion Cadoret assembles broad slashes of pigment in the spirit of Jackson Pollock but violently crisscrosses his strokes, drops in a lot of texture that looks like abstract damask where it is not produced by combing ripples into the paint, and finishes off his shards of color with sheared edges in the manner of collage. Most of the paintings are free without cause—this sort of work needs real compulsion—but three or four hit an exacter note. On the whole they are no worse than the work of many other fellow travelers. (Norval, Nov. 14-Dec. 10.)—S.T.

Mary Frank: The second New York exhibition of the unusual young sculptor Mary Frank offers large-loomed wood carvings and small bronzes as well as unfortunately perishable wax pieces. The fluid-looking surfaces, so delicately manipulated, enhance the effect of "becoming," of permutation and flux which many of these small pieces convey. A theme which exemplifies this quality is *Daphne*, caught at a moment when headlong flight shifts to sudden rooting of feet and foliage of arms; image, treatment, substance itself are fused in a single twisting mass which is both action and event. In other pieces, as some of the little bronze reliefs, image and form are not always so eloquently in harmony, but there is an abundance of ideas and every promise of their fuller realization. To these little pieces the massive carvings are a robust and imposing contrast. Boldly conceived, directly, vigorously carved, dedicated for the most part to phallic celebrations, they are impressive in their strength of form which shows an utter disregard for existing sculpture of any kind. In two slender friezes, like lintels, the mellow wood takes on an incredibly alive, flowing look, as the shapes entwine in undulating relief. The freshness which characterizes this whole exhibition is not diminished in the drawings, which are fluent and gracefully spare, in the same imaginative vein. (Radich, Jan. 10-Feb. 4.)—M.S.

Dody Müller: Miss Müller, like her late husband, Jan Müller, shows an attraction to German Expressionism that is obvious and unashamed. The most solid paintings are close to Nolde in particular, with the people placed simply and unprogrammatically on the canvas—a large one of six women and another of a seated woman. With figures and faces as the center of interest, the artist is naturally strong and free. The show includes three or four other "grand" landscapes with figures. These seem larger than they already are because of the smallness of the nudes and the softness of the color spotting that passes for landscape in between the figure groups. The distances become infinite; the compositions fall of their own weight. (Parma, Jan. 17-Feb. 4.)—L.S.

Lee Krasner: One felt physically thumped by Miss Krasner's very severe, monochromatic work, and emerged not too sure of the nature of the experience. There was no beginning and no end to the disintegrated, yet closely integrated small forms which had, it seemed, chosen to alight of their own volition on the canvases. It is perhaps some measure of their power that they did not permit scrutiny and analysis; indeed it would be easier to analyze a breaking wave than *The Gate*. If the ideal painting of our time should be an exterior, threatening force, then these are it. It was as if some Norse god had taken a sabbatical from tossing anvils and had painted for a stretch of time and canvas—each square foot of the fabric carried an equal share of pressure.

Miss Krasner denies us a sensual experience from her work: let's face it, brown and cream don't make a giddy color combination, though when she introduces basic red and green in *Celebration*, monochrome seems preferable. Other than registering one more personal reaction to her painting, there is nothing to add to what has already been said about it, except that it has the power both to disturb and compress. Who knows, the presence of this ability may be what will finally separate the good from the bad. (Wise, Nov. 15-Dec. 10.)—V.R.

Pablo Picasso: A seventy-nine-year-old Spanish painter, living in the South of France, is exhibiting thirteen new works, which few people will "see" because they know who did them. One comes fresh from the mainstream of contemporary art, for which he is in part responsible, and he seems as quiet and staid as Rembrandt. Could the man who has raised so many blood-pressures during his long painting life have done these little black, white and terra-cotta pictures of bullfights? One of them, of a mounted picador with his goad pointed at the waiting bull and a matador behind, also waiting, is no bigger than one's hand, yet the little stick-figures are full of tension. All the canvases represent reversion to themes and styles that he has explored earlier in the last two decades; they are all small by today's standards, and each bears one or another of his truly inimitable trademarks. In one of the two paintings of a woman in an armchair, who else could have drawn that red profile snaking down between the angular black forms and green stripes that have turned the head into a mask? One notices anew that however hard he pulls those forms about, he cannot resist the chance of drawing an exquisite hand, as is, resting on the arm of the chair. It's almost as if he were just dreadfully proud of his drawing. (Saidenberg, Jan. 2-14.)—V.R.

Ludwig Bemelmans: The catalogue says that Bemelmans is amusingly, unprintably straightforward in his estimation of the art world. Happily, one's reactions to the results of his summer's toil in the Mediterranean are printable. Many of the paintings are the originals of illustrations from a new children's book, and they do credit to the reproductive processes that can dilute his crudity. In the rest of the pictures—landscapes, New York-scapes and a couple of nudes—he has attempted to "go fine," and these can only be described as vulgarized Dufy. Except for a modest gouache of Portofino in which he plays it straight—buildings on a cliff overlooking moored boats—one cannot imagine who could need a Bemelmans for a conversation piece. (Hammer, Dec. 6-24.)—V.R.

Jacob Lawrence: Fortunately the museum had been cleaned out of catalogues, so one could look at this retrospective spanning twenty years' work without being reminded that Lawrence is primarily interested in storytelling. The pictures were, of course, titled, and grouped under thematic headings, but one somehow felt free to examine this mass of small works (around twenty by thirty or less) as paintings. It was a very rewarding experience because he has so much to offer—the observation, say, in *Seamstress*, who is seen through her sewing machine, with one exact hand feeding the patterned red material to the needle, the other turning the handle with delicate wrist motion. The machine and woman are perfectly balanced by the shapes of the scissors in front and the dummies behind. Though this is one of the best-known, there are many other similarly beautiful works from the forties of colored and white people going about their daily tasks, and the figures are always perfectly related to the bright pattern of their surroundings. He never loses the life of his people while

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Louis Lozowick: Paintings and carbon-pencil drawings done by Lozowick in the twenties are being shown in conjunction with the Precisionist exhibition organized by the Walker Art Center. The classification, a latter-day one, is apt for Lozowick if it is apt for Spencer, whose work he resembles. The major difference is that Lozowick, while capable early, seems not to have painted late, and the works shown remain as a beginning. The drawings are lucid ones of grain elevators and railroad sidings. The paintings are much darker; siennas and umbers control grayed blues and reds and warm lights which illuminate the key planes. The many planes of each work may be in perspective, slightly warped or unobtrusively discontinued, or in perspective only in the corners of buildings which merge into various discrete facets, or, as in *Butte* (a fairly distant view of rusty mill buildings among brown hills), the planes may relate across intervening space of a different nature. It is easy to see history in, or perhaps project it into, Lozowick's dismissal of a confident style learned in Europe, similar to Leger's, and his subsequent use of an undeveloped one, difficult and irregular in color and structure. (Zabriskie, Jan. 2-21.)—D.J.

Alfred Leslie: A festively seasonal exhibition this, with its 127 brightly mounted, gaily colored collages of all shapes and sizes from one square inch to thirty square feet. Most are small and offer variants of a basic composition which is virtually a Leslie trademark: a sweeping horizontal, close to center, a pair of short parallel vertical strips generally in the lower left, a few subdivisions in the lower half of the work countered by an often uniform upper half. Take some straggling brush strokes, a lot of vivid scraps of paper, roughly squarish, some with cut edges, some torn, deploy them within the limits of the basic composition in every conceivable dimension and combination of colors, and you have it, approximately—allowing for that particular Leslie serve required to undertake such a cutting and pasting marathon to begin with. The few less recent collages which were unwisely included in the show have a crude strength which does the new work little good. (Anderson, Nov. 19-Dec. 14.)—M.S.

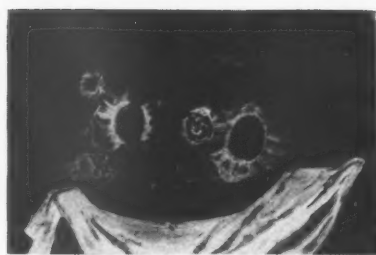
Nicholas Vasilieff: A painter of still life, he is romantic and Chekovian in feeling. He celebrates the *comptoir*, the teapot and the bunch of hand-picked flowers. Composition is organized by sitting the table upon which we find trays, plates, small vases of flowers, all the implements of daily life—here expressed with restraint and drama. *The Black Tea Kettle* shows a severe and homely teapot standing alone against a sky-blue background, while on center stage, lemon, bowl, carrots and squash vie for attention. *Black Table* is large, dramatic and more austere than the other paintings. A richly painted diagonal cloth serves as a foil for the fruit and vegetable baskets that rest upon it. But the most interesting and effective picture in the show is *Green Basket with*

Flowers, a bunch of oversized sunflowers crammed into an oversized basket. As always, Vasilieff's personal colors—deep alizarins and viridian blacks of a velvety density—are fused with his objects to form an exciting whole. (Heller, Nov. 10-Dec. 3.)—H.D.M.

Milton Avery: Summer is not just a season in Avery's world but its climate, and it is a northern summer with a cool breeze. Here is a series of pictures, each with a single female figure sewing, reading, drawing or just sitting, together with a group of larger canvases in which he puts his solitary women into a setting, and sometimes places two of them together. Every picture is an effortless statement in two or three fluffy colors. He paints woman rather than women, though individuality sneaks through now and then, as in *Claire*, who, dressed in white, and sitting in absolutely blank profile against a blue ground, one would like to think was a stud debutante. One preferred the larger works, especially *Interlude*, a pale yellow and gray composition, in which a seated figure in profile is separated from the bladdery rear of another by the back of a seat. But one was, on the whole, disappointed by the lack of tension in the drawing of his monumental shapes. (Borgenicht, Jan. 3-21.)—V.R.

Tadaaki Kuwayama: This is an interesting and presageful first show by a young Japanese painter, resident here three years. There are references both to the present and the past, but Kuwayama's own intentions and efforts dominate. The influence of Barnett Newman is the primary and salutary one and that of Frank Stella a minor but also advisable one, apparent in the quality and color of two silver-banded and violet-edged black rectangles. The past is in the ideal and atmospheric tone, often carefully adjusted to articulate the sections, and in the silver leaf, which is ambivalent in contrast to Pollock's or Stella's more direct aluminum paint. Since a style formed in part by early enthusiasms (which were wise to admire great work and unwise to overlook its historical position) obscurely contains some of a painter's permanent references, the problem is how to get from the first to the second stage while maintaining the continuity of those basic elements which make more recent influences relevant. The continuity and complexity of this serious proceeding is evident in Kuwayama's work. One of the most direct paintings, and thus likely a later one, is a large one with a forward, hard, clear silver band at the top and a wide, frontal rectangle of ultramarine blue in the middle pulled back by a narrow line of violet which has dripped across the lower, slightly inward-slanting plane of silver. The ultramarine is built of several versions of the color, applied in bellying arcs, and is consequently tonal—the older quality—but also difficult and curved in relation to the other planes, and in that unique, Newman's planes are flat and more frankly positioned. Another painting has two unequal panels of cobalt violet which contend for frontality with the narrow band which divides them and which rises from the asymmetrical area at the bottom. (Green, Jan. 10-Feb. 4.)—D.J.

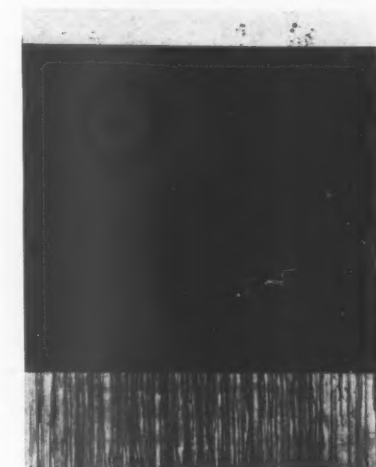
Tadashi Sato: One has heard that the Pacific Ocean has a distinctive character of its own, differing from, say, the Atlantic, in color and even in the shape of its waves. Sato, a Hawaiian, paints about the Pacific, and his pictures say it is pretty weird. Doubtless drawing on his former life as a pearl diver, he converts this supposedly silent world into mysterious gray, green and blue shapes, bathed in subaqueous light, and he made for this reviewer some truly fascinating pictures. His small, crisscross brush-strokes add a sheen to the already metallic colors, making the surface look like galvanized iron. In *Tide Inter- val*, one looks down through clear gray water



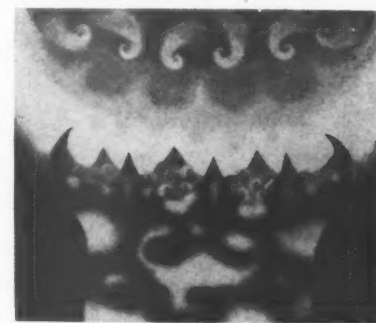
Vasilieff, *Green Basket with Flowers*; at Heller Gallery.



Milton Avery, *Robed Nude*; at Borgenicht Gallery.



Tadaaki Kuwayama, *No. 3*; at Green Gallery.



Tadashi Sato, *Sea Form No. 8*; at Willard Gallery.



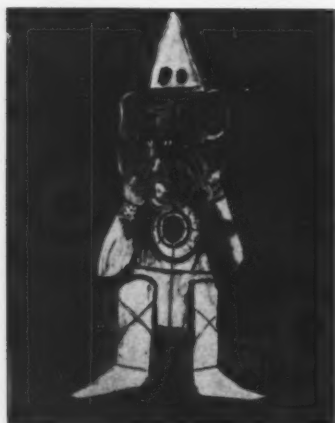
Robert Rauschenberg, *Canto V*;
at Castelli Gallery.



Willi Baumeister, *Africanic*;
at Lefebvre Gallery.



Denver Lindley, *Self-Portrait*;
at Padawer Gallery.



Maryan, *Untitled*;
at Emmerich Gallery.

that is patterned with dark, precise shadows to an arrangement of darker gray, flat pebble shapes at the bottom. *Rock 2* is a plateau mass, nearly black, which rises in the water to a blazing white and green horizontal band that disappears into a black sky. There is also a gouache entitled *Night Surf*, which is a horizontal band of foam, made up of a multitude of white scratches, that comes out of black to break on a pattern of stone shapes. In spite of not being predisposed toward this style of painting, one was drawn into Sato's world with some excitement. (Willard, Jan. 3-28.)—V.R.

Robert Rauschenberg: No previous exposure to Rauschenberg's own modish brand of iconoclasm prepares one for the delicate and painstaking detailing of these fragile illustrations for Dante's *Inferno*. There is one for each canto, and it has taken three years to complete them, in a combination of pencil, pastel, water color and transfer on very thin paper. The transfers are rubbings made from newspapers, so there is an effect like that of collage, but actually the transfer is part of the fabric of the whole drawing and gives an unusual spatial depth. There are any number of ingenious plays on the actual text, and the artist attempts to incorporate the sense of the whole canto in each drawing, rather than select a line or two. This leads to densely packed drawings, requiring a good deal of attention if one is to grasp fully their relationship to the canto. Their misty, tenuous quality suits the spirit of the poetry, and the use of ready-made images seems fitting to our century, if not to Dante's. (Castelli, Nov. 29-Dec. 17.)—M.S.

Baumeister, Hartung: A group of paintings from the last decade of Baumeister's life shows the various types of abstract symbols with which he worked. Although his "ideograms" are not directly translatable, they have a strong suggestive power whether they appear in the guise of ancient stone carvings or stripped-down hard-edge forms arranged as a pantomime. Hartung's sleek lines close ranks in a series of different formations, swaying in unison and alternately thinning and clustering. Occasionally a wash of color ripples through a stand of strokes or the line spins out in a series of loops as if tracing the path of a swirling dancer. A darker painting, crisscrossed by slanting white lines, gives an effect of cathedral spaces or of a wavering structure of searchlight beams in the night sky. (Lefebvre, Jan. 3-Feb. 11.)—M.S.

Denver Lindley, Jr.: Lindley's studies with Edwin Dickinson at the Art Students League were crucial and decisive. Yet his art does not suffer from being so readily attributable to a single powerful influence. Lindley has, in fact, found his way back to the everyday world. He is a precisionist with both provincial and allegorical facets. His architectural Cubism resembles Sheeler at times, and he uses it to assemble aspects of reality in patiently wrought, yet complex composites that add up to an empirical rather than mysterious environment. One takes *Still Pond* to be no more than a reflection of an urban landscape. And *End of Summer* is a firmly painted study of lassitude in which three symbolical figures combine a previous appetite for provincial types (a number of which are shown) and his firm execution. His ocherous palette and a certain chalkiness curtail the effectiveness of his darker hues. Some nebulous approaches to figuration are related to the more loosely painted earlier work, which is also more socially concerned. A fine small canvas, *Malone Dies* (1956), is a yellow and white cadaver with touches of Levine. A number of excellent drawings round out a very rewarding exhibition. (Padawer, Jan. 3-28.)—S.T.

Maryan: A Dostoevskian episode in a German

concentration camp which he miraculously survived cost Maryan a leg. Rescued by the Russians, he spent two years in displaced-person camps followed by three years in Israel, after which he moved to Paris, where he has lived since 1950. Maryan is Polish, born Pinchas Burste in 1927. His grim experiences are stamped on his image of man: part clown, part fool, part prophet, part cabalistic magician. His figures remind one of strange African tribal fetishes used to ward off evil spirits, the naïve combination of parts—wheels, circles, Stars of David and the roller skates fastened significantly (for an amputee) to paper-thin, accordion-pleated legs—adding the incongruous comic element which seems to intensify the degree of terror that is being exorcised. There are generally no titles, but the two paintings of *Balak-Chien Fou* provide an iconological clue, since it was Balak, the Moabite king, who attempted to persuade Balaam to curse the Israelites. The prophet, submitting to the will of God, praised them instead. But for Maryan the Diaspora has not ended. A factitious morality has extended it into the present, and Maryan has set up a personal rabbinate of mockery to defend himself in a world that he regards as inhuman. (Emmerich, Nov. 29-Dec. 24.)—S.T.

Hopkins, Thomas, Sanders: Budd Hopkins' abstract paintings have a Kline-like shooting black structure. Some of Kline's raw strength is lost, and some decorative qualities gained, by the dark, intense color planes which fill in between these structural members. A collision of forces still results, but it is more fast and flashy—and handsome—than ponderous. Yvonne Thomas unfortunately shows only two collages and an oil painting. They are casual little abstractions, almost offhand, with a fine, natural richness and, in their own way, a quiet strength. In fact, they come off so well that it is hard to believe they were as easy as they seem. Joop Sanders is a Dutch-American painter, represented by three serious-toned, one-color paintings, each cut by three or four curving white lines. They rest starkly on the relationship of line to ground, and although that part is well resolved they are not too impressive in their present environment of loud and loose Abstract Impressionists. (Stuttman, Dec. 5-Jan. 28.)—L.S.

Peter Blume: A large, dead painting, its sepia-colored cartoon and a number of much livelier studies, often irrelevant, are the result of three years' work which began with Blume's interest in the symbolism of Tasso's *Oak*. The oak is shattered, remaining as much bronze supports as limbs, and from its red brick base a new shoot grows. Beneath, three women sit knitting, and one kneeling boy draws on the red pavement. To the rear a couple ascend stairs which two nuns wimples flying, descend. Beyond the enclosing parapet, under a red sky, lie the domes and lanterns of Rome, all alike, as are the oak's leaves and the parapet's bricks. The color is garish, the light rigidly even and the drawing rubbery and gauche. The sketches are free, incisive and capable, although naïvely in arrears to the Renaissance. One standing woman is halved; her large kerchief is outlined and her brown skirt is painted as a flat area. Neither this idea nor several others acquired through observation and spontaneity were used. (Durlacher, Jan. 3-28.)—D.J.

Zita Querido: These paintings are good but they could be better. Ignore those works that are splattered from a bucket, and there is still enough left over to get involved with. Miss Querido is an abstract painter in the sense of seeking a naturalness in paint, with pattern, color and motion the extension of this "content." Visually this might mean, for example, opposing flat stripes of color arranged like a rainbow countering the crest of juicy curds of paint working their way around

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from another direction. She favors the circle, the arc and flying wedges of paint that pile up thickly like waves. They break from their grooves as if defying a plastic law of gravity whose pull is still felt, keeping the surface intact even as the paint separates via seemingly random paths of action. What Miss Querido can do is to give paint the presence and self-animating *élan* such a style requires. But what she lacks could be a real problem. She thinks too soon of the finished picture and begins to tidy things up before everything is out, ready to work. She reacts to sacrifice with ingratiating. Her simplest images are followed by others with a foreign atmosphere—nature-bound. In short, she promises more than she can as yet deliver and conceals her brinksman's hand with color-wheel brightness. And despite the contrast and despite the "freedom," her lugubrious drip style is no answer to her difficulty. (Bodley, Jan. 9-14.)—S.T.

Bryan Wilson: Although it is on a side wall as one enters, *Charging Boar* is the first thing to catch the eye as it hurtles black across a big white canvas. With the post behind the animal, its object ahead, and a scribble of vegetation below, it is a complete arrangement in black and white. Wilson has made great advances in this show (which includes two paintings of swans and geese, white against a gray ground and resembling his earlier works), particularly in the form of two very well painted flower pieces. *Iris* is a beautiful little arrangement of purple and light green against a billiard-table green—the glass jar is a lovely piece of painting. A nude placed beside a black chair on a white ground is not quite so assured as the rest of the work, though the flesh is warm and strong. The largest picture concerns a flock of magpies that dominate the canvas from the top left corner, the remaining space being given over to a tree in a landscape. Wilson's design and technique in the works one has seen so far have always been confident, so that the main improvement is the sense of life that now permeates his painting. (Alan, Dec. 5-24.)—V.R.

Miyoko Ito, Jerrold Ballaine: Beyond restrained approbation on either hand there is no common approach to these two painters, both showing here for the first time. Ito has shown in Chicago and Ballaine in San Francisco. Ito's work is within the context of late Cubism; all of the planes are pressed flat, attentively frontal, and invariably, although abstract in shape, carefully sequential in space. *Garden* is a formal labyrinth of slow, strong, sensuous bands culminating in more erotic circles and ovals, averse purses, before and entangled with simple areas concluding the basic form. Here earth colors, maroon and grayed blues predominate, as they do in most of the paintings. The details are subtle and inventive: at the right edge a bright yellow-ocher circle is at the end of a maroon band while also that of a subdued yellow-ocher one. Each composition is distinct and interesting. Ballaine, twenty-six, is allied to the group lately led by David Park. The cause is ultimately forlorn but the venture is vigorous. Ballaine has acquired Abstract Expressionism's lexicon of slashes and hurried surfaces and applied it to the subjects, light and color of painting deriving from Winslow Homer. The result is somewhat the one which would happen if a painting by one of the American Impressionists (someone influenced by both Homer and Prendergast, since Ballaine's surfaces are somewhat fragmentary and inlaid) were enlarged upon a screen. A *Sitting Man* sits in an open field in the shadow of a small tree. His counterset arms and legs are repeated in a red slash at the edge of the alizarin and brown shadow, in an orange band from the man's shoulder across the yellow-green hills, and in many more instances throughout the picture. Most of the works are maintained through such

a system of rough oppositions integral to the rich, warm paint. (Zabriskie, Dec. 12-31.)—D.J.

Kenneth Callahan: On loan from the collection of Emily Winthrop Miles of New York, this group of tempera paintings, drawings and a single oil by this Northwest American artist will shortly begin a three-year tour of U. S. museums. Reputable and extensively represented in major museums as he is, Callahan has never captured the concentrated attention of the viewing public. This is partly because his area of experience seems limited in an era of universalized sensation. He works small and his content, however "abstract," is oriented around the idea of man's relationship to nature and the metamorphosis of the inanimate into the animate. Even at his most abstract, his forms have a way of seeming very real. At the other extreme, the delicacy of his handsome drawings of mountains, frogs and insects have a decided Oriental flavor that is too refined for many modern tastes. The bulk of this collection is given over to those works which begin with a broad abstract pattern that is then worked up into particular form. Rocks, men, horses evolve and flash across washy spaces; in other works, first causes seem implied in the many folded shapes becoming objects without reference but gifted with the same possibility that produces human life. His figuration with its reminiscences of El Greco is consistent with a fascination for attenuated forms, dramatic contrasts and apocalyptic moments of a natural piety. (Walker, Jan. 23-Feb. 11.)—S.T.

Frederick Franck, Peter Blanc: Both men are concerned with the human condition, but in their drawings they reveal practical and philosophical differences. Dr. Franck is a dentist who is associated with Dr. Schweitzer's hospital in Lambaréne, which he visits yearly. His sketches and water colors show a practiced technique that delves no further than appearances, yet captures in its relaxed, reportorial way the flavor of the jungle, the hospital community and other places he has visited in Africa. Mr. Blanc is concerned with the ravages of the soul, and oddly enough—or not so oddly, at that—his charcoal drawings are vague, allegorical, literary. His theme is the conflict between man's defenses and his need for love. He draws prototypes of madness, avarice, martyrdom, etc., but the figuration is so befogged and the allusions so personal that they can only be followed with the artist's statement of his intentions. (Landry, Nov. 29-Dec. 24.)—S.T.

Structured Sculpture: This is an exhibition, elegant both in the usual and the mathematical sense of economy and precision, of seven young instructors and graduates of the Yale School of Art and Architecture. It is unfortunately true that Yale is almost alone among universities in being contemporary, professional and productive of artists. This excellence is primarily the work of the now retired head of the department, Josef Albers. The seven are variable; none are mediocre. The most distinctive are Robert Engman and, somewhat more so, Norman Carlberg. Engman staged a fine show at the Stable Gallery last spring. His aluminum and Muntz-metal sculpture, formed from disks or rectangles, is a development of Möbius' sheet in which an ostensibly two-sided loop has been devised single-sided. Each of Carlberg's three pieces is specific. A brass and white epoxy resin one approximates a solid star but is not as regular; the points arise from joined arcs, intersecting tangents, and from combinations of the two. Carlberg is free of a tendency prevalent in this type of work for the mathematical forms to assert themselves more decisively than those intimate to the sculptor. Kent Bloomer's forged-brass work is organic, enfolded in a way suggestive of Lipton and Müller. The opened and continuously involuted plaster screens by Erwin Hauer are ingenious and



Bryan Wilson, *Charging Boar*; at Alan Gallery.



Miyoko Ito, *Garden*; at Zabriskie Gallery.



Kenneth Callahan, *Race Macabre*; at Walker Gallery.



Frederick Franck, *Jungle Road*; at Landry Gallery.

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IN THE GALLERIES

highly applicable to architectural uses. William Reiman constructs evanescent vertical spirals of horizontally laminated, black or white, opaque or translucent, plexiglass. A work by Stephanie Scuris loops in a long spiral line formed by the continuous intersection of small brass rods. Deborah Le Moulpied uses overlapping spherical sections of progressive sizes to build partial shells of white plastic analogous to plated animals or exoskeletons. None of the work deserves such cursory description. (Chalette, Dec. 1-Jan. 31.)—D.J.

Philip Fox: The earlier paintings are all but landscapes, and are gentle fusions of grays, greens, yellows, lit by an occasional note of red. These have an undecided quality, and since Fox has a pleasant color sense, one feels that he simply enjoyed the exercise of laying one patch of color against another. In some later works he appears more concerned with shape, and in one canvas has combined small wing-forms of black, gray, acid green and khaki into one tall thorn-like image, which is his best painting. This, with one other small canvas of a butterfly shape poised over yellowish-gray forms on an otherwise white ground, point a firmer road which he has since abandoned, for in his latest painting he has reverted to the more obviously landscape-inspired idea. One's general impression was that he has more creative equipment than he chooses to use. (Area, Jan. 6-26.)—V.R.

Joe Clark, Paul Waldman: Clark paints a brisk aerial landscape image composed of an irregular white pentagonal or hexagonal form, which is nudged by black. The surrounding canvas is treated in subtle variations of one color, either red or green. He does not stray from this idea, and it is, indeed, quite effective. Waldman's large and splashy image is composed of a rounded form surrounded by white and balanced by a strip running from top to bottom. To this reviewer his shapes and textures seemed too simplified to support the large size of the canvas, and the straightforward color combinations—blue-green and red-yellow for example—did not ensure the necessary tension. (Camino, Jan. 6-26.)—V.R.

John Myers: It is not made clear in the catalogue whether Pope Pius XII, Admiral Halsey and Marilyn Monroe actually sat for Myers, but he has painted their portraits, though none are included in the show. There is, however, a curious enough assortment of ideas and styles here, and reviewing faculties were stretched to breaking point grappling with a series of works entitled *Nellie Bly in Napoli*, *in Russia*, *in Spain* and *in Paris*, Nellie being a twinkling blonde dressed in appropriate national costumes. One does not understand what Myers is up to when he bounds from these to *Tibetan Temple*, where he achieves quite a luminous piece of landscape painting. (International Art, Dec. 8-18.)—V.R.

Charles Shoup: Here are paintings and drawings which turn back to the representational standards of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Inevitably this calls attention to the artist's technique, and Shoup is no amateur. But there is enough imprecision in the reading of form to emphasize how radically time concepts have altered in the minds of men over the centuries (affecting their attitude toward detail)—which also explains why a number of the paintings have the stifled quality of copies which comes from attempting to imitate sensibility of another day. (Wildenstein, Nov. 17-Dec. 3.)—S.T.

Ossip Zadkine: The Labors of Hercules are recorded in virile fashion in twenty-eight lithographs by a renowned sculptor. The handsome, out-sized portfolio, published in Germany, includes a biographical text by Jean Cassou, a title page which reproduces all the prints in miniature and

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are all but... of grays... note of red... since Fox... ls that he... y one patch... er works he... and in one... s of black... tall thorn... ting. This... terly shape... an other... d which he... est painting... landscape... on was that... he chooses

Genevieve Anderson: Miss Anderson is a mature artist, teaching in Hartford, showing what appear to be, in outward form, standard water-color landscapes. But through the traditional framework bursts one of the most robust and healthy personalities imaginable. The word "bursts" is fitting, for in spite of such conventions as breeding perspective, the execution is so clear and friendly that a strong personal contact is made with the viewer. The simple interplay of color, mostly browns and blues, is used with great subtlety, adding to the spatial definition in *Contour Country*, or imparting a snappy drama to the dark sky in *Threatening*. The show's refreshing appeal is largely due to the artist's experience and ease with her medium, which seem as great as any contemporary water-colorist's. (Panoras, Jan. 2-3.)—L.S.

Don Bloom: Since the thirties paintings involving the working class have been automatically associated with Social Realism. Yet Bloom's cumulative portrait of the Fulton Street markets have other aspirations. His drawing is Ben Shahn, but his palette is Bonnard. Actually, this was more true of his show last year. Now some of the vivid colors are closer to Shahn's earlier work and his brushwork—in oil—seems patterned in Shahn's casein technique. This is especially noticeable in a large study of a pool room, whose glare is trapped in bands of astringent yellow and green, and the large *Fulton Workers*, where a scale leaps out from the pale, bluish light. Color and activity remain complementary forms of propulsion—which is also Bloom's principle of composition. He is a talented artist who avoids in his eclecticism the problems being encountered by other painters seeking a more personal emulsion of realism and a contemporary point of view. (Highgate, Jan. 4-24.)—S.T.

Sister Mary Corita: A Professor of Art at the Immaculate Heart College in Los Angeles, Sister Mary Corita has traveled widely, and her style,umptuously employed in these joyous serigraphs, might almost be described as uncloistered. Her freedom with form and color is the freedom to improvise, to generalize, to abstract and to create the freedom of a boundless lyrical response to the universe. She is also drawn to lyric poets whose verse she superimposes upon veils of color. Her prints are choked with color, choked in fact with the delight which communicates her piety less through overt symbols of faith than through celebration of nature as the gift of God. (Morris, Dec. 5-24.)—S.T.

Carl Zerbe: The artist, who now teaches in Tallahassee, Florida, has brought quite a bit of subject matter into this show, which deals supposedly with the theme of segregation. The political issue is not present at all, and the topic itself appears only obliquely in black and white—not necessarily negro and white—figures. The artistic importance of the theme is the result of the encounter between Zerbe's versatile abstract style and the human form. In *Child Actress*, style is still in control. The beautiful spattered surface, like a jeweled Dubuffet, makes the faint fusion of head and eyes a little disconcerting. In the two versions of *Segregated*, color and subject are both clarified and come closest to social comment. In two of the smallest pictures, showing almost monumental women stand-

ing and seated, the technique and figure are best combined. Mellow, warm, green colors and profuse texturing give a nervous excitement to the picture surface and at the same time diplomatically evade a war with the volumes of the subject. In these two, Zerbe shows an outlook that could produce some great paintings. (Nordness, Nov. 21-Dec. 3.)—L.S.

Pericles Fazzini: The extreme contortion of these bronze figures invokes Fazzini's affinities with mannerism, but he has had several strains running through his art. A number of energetic and acrobatic little bronzes in which pairs of figures act out Arcadian gambols are, for all the liberality of gesture and movement, nearer the vernacularized classicism of an artist like Degas, while the suavely modeled life-sized pieces—as opposed to the rough and charred volumes of the smaller works—utilize distortion closer, say, to Nadelman. A rather windswept-looking lady has her anatomy altered under the pressure of stylistic necessity, and a seated male nude equally emphasizes the price of merging ideality with the fluid temper of modern art. Fazzini, a gifted Italian, has evolved from an almost archaic realism which included some striking portraits, quite Roman in temper. His more elaborate manner gains in elegance what it loses in perceptual precision. That one prefers his earlier work is surely a matter of taste and should not reflect on the apparent merits of this exhibition. (Iolas, Nov. 15-Dec. 3.)—S.T.

Yonia Fain: The spirit of Mexican painters like Rivera and Orozco seems to have clouded the vision of this artist. In his third one-man show, Fain, a former resident of Mexico and now a teacher at the Brooklyn Museum School, is undoubtedly animated by admiration for this great period of revolutionary art, but brio and hot, bright colors do not seem to be enough to rescue these large, figurative canvases from a pictorial journalese. Themes such as a charge of cavalry, a parade, flags, etc., are still pertinent subject matter; but if satirical treatment was the plan here, it was not developed enough. Both technique and ideas lack precision and force; even in a major work such as *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* the title seems to carry the burden and the failings of paint convince one only of a personal urgency on the part of the painter. (Krasner, Feb. 29-Mar. 19.)—H.D.M.

Dennis Byng: A Guggenheim winner who has spent his time painting in France exhibits a group of oils that are uniform in subject matter and color. Painted in dull reds on a sepia background with a high varnish medium, these pictures are of large, almost monolithic shapes that seem to draw their inspiration from organic forms, but the result, perhaps because of the color, is curiously lifeless. Although they lack color they have a certain life of dim light, as though lit from within, like a luminous substance. They could be the product of a troglodytean imagination. (Krasner, Jan. 3-21.)—H.D.M.

Ulfert Wilke: Cherishing sensibility as substance, Wilke goes in search of variety with water color, sculpture and wash drawings. The water colors, involving a complex mixed media, record the darkly luminous and abbreviated graphic impressions of balconies and backs of trucks quite persuasively. Far less persuasive are the bronzes, a number of which are called "Glyphs" and which quite closely resemble tablets of Babylonian cuneiforms or archaic scripts. One is, in fact, called *Etruscan Writing*. We've had entirely too much of this sort of thing, including the small chests and houses resembling, in miniature, major archaeological discoveries. Finally there is the collection of abstract ideographs that are so heavily under the Japanese star that they are



Pericles Fazzini, *Acrobats*; at Iolas Gallery.



Yonia Fain, *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*; at Krasner Gallery.



Dennis Byng, *Sleeping Woman*; at Krasner Gallery.



Ulfert Wilke, *Glyph*; at Kraushaar Gallery.

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difficult to regard as anything but a vicarious flirtation with the Oriental mystique. In fact, after the water colors, one rapidly loses patience with the varieties of exquisite experience that will strike anyone with a streak of pragmatism in his nature as over-cultivated if not parasitical. (Kraushaar Nov. 16-Dec. 10.)—S.T.

Herman Maril: The mainstream of American painting, before Abstract Expressionism, is represented very well by artists like Maril. If the way of seeing is not the newest, or if it never found a really great exponent, it is still about the firmest foundation we have discovered. The paintings here are mostly land-sea-scapes, more about halfway to abstraction by simple artistic devices—like simplification. There is some tenacity, less than in Knath's work, to obscure, and sketchiness, but usually the subject is set down clear and straight. Maril goes carefully between two sets of poles, retaining something of both, surrendering to neither—which give the paintings their unique character. A strange illusion of depth in the sky and sea often exists simultaneously with a feeling of completely flat design. In the mood of the paintings, the lines have a kind of offhand freshness, almost flipness, while the whole work (and the whole show) is developed in a clear and serious. The one interior still life, *At the Window*, is very arresting, but suffers by a comparison to Matisse that is hard to avoid. In general the exhibition proves Maril's ability, if that's necessary, and shows what is still one of the safest springboards into the painting to come (Castellane, Jan. 23-Feb. 13.)—L.S.

Tetsuro Sawada: Wash drawings in Sumi ink and occasional color succeed last season's large oils which were painted in a synthesis of traditional Japanese space and Abstract Expressionist methods—a frequent amalgam whether the painter works in Japan, as does Sawada, or in New York. The attempt to have things both ways is a retardataire in Sawada's work as it is in the Western efforts. Yet the calligraphy and blots and dashes of ink are deft; the appearance of a sensitive sensitivity persists longer than particular and rigorous space. As an example, an especially consistent piece involves oval and circular pools of gray drifting from the two familiar gates of the strokes and flooded with vermilion and yellow. (Meltzer, Jan. 9-Feb. 11.)—D.J.

Regina Dienes: The palace of worship has replaced the worshippers in Miss Dienes's new work. Her show last year was essentially figurative and frequently dealt with consciously heroic—"important"—themes. Her new canvases are not abstract, but her subject accommodates itself to such broad Rothko-type masses that to all practical purposes they are abstract, and it is apparent that the artist herself is aware of the pictorial impact of unbroken planes. Several of the paintings deal with the idea of a temple which is sometimes suggested as a ruin with only a few caryatids left standing. There is a dark canvas with three milky portholes which creates a feeling of looking out of dark interior. Others are equally allusive, and in general Miss Dienes strives for an architectonic sense of space that can be read as something specific. Nevertheless, her generalizations are extreme, and the work hangs by their visual fingernails to the realist world. (Terrain, Dec. 18-Jan. 23.)—S.T.

Samuel Bookatz: One of the omnipresent inadequate styles of the thirties and early forties is the one in which Bookatz continues, although enough, to paint: an obvious, self-conscious allegory of daily humanity aestheticized by a dematerialized Cubism, one more of light than of plane. Since structure is secondary the fragmentation becomes gratuitous: why is an eye missing.

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head misshapen, an arm abruptly transparent, a
and monstrous? This is comprehensible in an
early Tomlin, on the formal side, or in a Shahn
at that time, on the symbolic side, but not in
Bookatz, who is primarily interested in inter-
weaving patches of light and texture and line,
which would be better used developed as just
what—which is what happened in the forties.
Particular to Bookatz is the frequent graceful
rhythm which runs through the figures and,
more basically, through one painting, since several
heads are merely ovals which are repeated below
to suggest spirals. The color is never diverse and
is often green, gray or blue. (Monede, Jan. 10-
11.)—D.J.

Robert Kaupelis: Vertès imitating Pollock
might approximate the flowery and frivolous ap-
pearance of these ostensibly abstract, surface-
oriented paintings. The surface is partially con-
tinuous, but the color and the individual lines
and strokes are naturalistic. A large painting,
Open, is typical in form—a high central cluster
trails away near the edges—and in the light color
—white, both paint and the priming, and blue,
pink and yellow. The many small strokes are
opened on either side by a few medium-sized
need- and blade-like shapes, ambiguously both
space and solid. A good many difficulties can be
ignored in the work of a young and unknown
painter, but not an absence of effort. Kaupelis'
drawings are somewhat more knowledgeable and
purposeful. (Angeleski, Jan. 8-Feb. 4.)—D.J.

Michael Mazur: Woodcuts and wood reliefs are
included in this show, but the primary emphasis
is on the black-and-white intaglios, done almost
entirely in vigorous etched lines. Mazur is a young
printmaker from Yale University, and in his first
New York show there is quite a range of subjects
and attitudes, but the best work by far comes in
the most abstract prints: the two *Lily Ponds*, and
three of the "Beds" series—*Sleepers*, *Reading* in
Bed and *The Sleeper*. In the last group the beds
are tilted up, making the knotted blankets a very
flexible vehicle for emotion, just as is done by
physical distortion in the wood relief of the same
subject. In these etchings the lines are built into
forms in depth, and this happens very rarely in
the other works. The *Lily Ponds* are flat and
peaceful by comparison. In the same way the
subject becomes the picture and retains its own
integrity. The rest of the work in the show looks
impressive, but it rests too much on interesting
subject matter and facile technique. In both areas
Mazur shows a weakness for nineteenth-century
ideas. (Barone, Jan. 4-28.)—L.S.

Alfred Jensen: The significance of Jensen's
large checkerboard canvases is not revealed sim-
ply through exposure, and even titles such as *The
Integer Rules the Universe* are not sufficiently
explanatory. Reportedly concerned in these re-
cent paintings with color theory, Oriental phil-
osophy and mythology and with different methods
of counting, he marks his small color squares
with varying combinations of signs in thick wads
of paint so that they resemble mathematical tables
or charts, decked out more colorfully than usual.
He seldom uses more than four or five colors in
a canvas and only fundamental ones, with no
shift in value, and liberal amounts of black and
white—and repetition, of course, is a basic prin-
ciple. His work took this programmatic turn a
few years ago; once lakes and puddles of paint
freely intermingled, but now everything is clear-
ly in its place, for those disposed to find the key.
(Martha Jackson, Jan. 17-Feb. 11.)—M.S.

John Krushenick: These blue ladies—and pur-
ple, pink and green ones too—are eternal Eves.
Dressed to match, their men sometimes join them
in the woods, in the tall grass. Eventually a mono-
chrome Eve informs her Adam, *I Am with Child*.

Sometimes the men go swimming, in their birth-
day suits of course. When one returns to the city,
he's still undressed, and the lady on the bed next
to him says, *If You Leave Me Now I'll Feel Like
a Whore*. This is Expressionism at its most self-
conscious, illustrating a primitivism that once was
implicit in the harshness of the style. The paint-
ing here is soft. It frequently looks like under-
painting and the "Expressionist" color does not
justify the inarticulate drawing. There are very
many tiny paintings, some cinctured in neat mod-
ern frames. It goes hand in hand with the do-
mestication of "natural man" in an affected paint-
ing style. (Brata, Nov. 18-Dec. 8.)—S.T.

Edith Brodsky: This show is devoted mainly to
the theme of the female nude. In her debut
exhibition this former Kantor student shows
oils done in the past three years; they range
from early canvases in which color is laid on in
thick, compelling slabs to later works in which
rectangular grids of black paint hold areas of
color. One of the best paintings in the show,
however, is *Still Life in Black*, a sensuous, Sou-
tine-like arrangement of flowers that is both
forceful and dramatic. (Ruth Sherman, Jan. 24-
Feb. 7.)—H.D.M.

Jason Berger: The stylized landscapes of
Matisse's earlier years provide the format for these
skillfully eclectic landscapes that press toward
abstraction. Berger's color key is Fauvist-Expres-
sionist, e.g., pink roadways with blue shadows,
and flat, energetic designs are assured by swift,
black outlines which take liberties with appear-
ances. The works are pleasant but have that
evenness of quality which comes when challenges
are minimized by a fixed idea. (Peridot, Jan. 16-
Feb. 11.)—S.T.

Jack Sonenberg: The dominant gray-brown
color of these paintings is brushed into a sem-
blance of light which supports an uninterrupted
flow between raised, immediate surfaces and
space. The three parts are too disparate. The relief
does not need lighting; the void and the re-
lief cannot really coalesce into the single near
plane they suggest; the lit space is deep even so.
The few demarcations are relatively inert; per-
haps inspititng them would lessen the somber
weight of the material and obviate the light. This
is suggested by *Current No. 1*, whose plain sur-
face, with little brushing, is animated by raised
lines swept up to a corner. A rough, dark, vertical
panel is nevertheless hazy in *Current No. 2*, a
typical work. The remaining, highly ambient two-
thirds is halved horizontally. (Roko, Jan. 9-Feb.
1.)—D.J.

Manuel Rivera: One is provoked only to in-
difference by these wire constructions which are
made with layers of screen mesh, each a patch-
work quilt sewn to a wire armature. Rivera is
cofounder of the El Paso (Spain) group which
was introduced to New York late last season. He
sustains what one must presume to be its doctrinal
attempt to shatter the omnipresent plane of the
Western easel tradition by puncturing it, tearing
it, ignoring it or substituting a medium "in pro-
cess" for the waiting surface. Rivera thus gives
us two layers of activity, with space literally en-
meshed in the passage created by separating them
a few inches apart. The irregularly woven trans-
parencies and grafts further the principle of an
ultimate porousness, but all the works seem to
have been broken off suddenly. The webs are
abandoned to an unknown fate, as if the artist,
having made the symbolic break, can only gild
the work with apertures, traditionally complicat-
ing a statement whose content has no real point
the moment after the artist is in the clear—on
the other side. Fontana wasted no time. He made
his break through a single slash in the canvas.
(Matisse, Dec. 6-23.)—S.T.



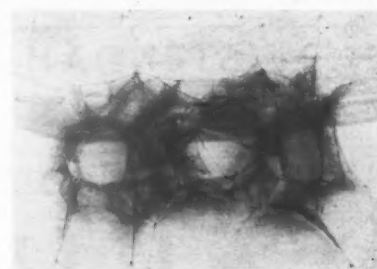
Edith Brodsky, *Nude in Green*;
at Ruth Sherman Gallery.



Jason Berger, *The Entrance: St. Dominic's*;
at Peridot Gallery.



Jack Sonenberg, *Sounding No. 2*;
at Roko Gallery.



Manuel Rivera, *Metamorphosis*;
at Matisse Gallery.

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IN THE GALLERIES

Mani Deligtisch: Deligtisch spent a MacDowell Fellowship year in Rome and Paris for the most part, but was unable to make up his mind as to what to do with both his talent and his skill. He admires the old masters but painting that way is square. And he can fake paintings—for a joke—that look like Mondrians and Jackson Pollocks. Both can be found in an otherwise reasonable facsimile of a Vermeer which includes a sculpture by Picasso too. So he becomes a Surrealist, indulging an inordinate appetite for mimicry and irreverence, by which means he continues to put off his decisions about painting. His humor palls rapidly. The Vermeer might be funny as a one-shot in *Mad* magazine, but his Surrealism is even more juvenile. His cockiness conceals a lot of whistling in the dark. (Art Students League, Jan. 9-21.)—S.T.

Robert Courtright, Clinton Hill, Edward Plunkett: Courtright's pictures concern classical architecture in Spain and France. He lays blushes of delicate pinks and blues over paper collage, which he then works into a dusty antique patina, creating a warm and crumbling effect. Hill shows paper collages, some of which are Indian in theme. Though well composed, they seemed frail-looking. Plunkett is absorbed in the period before and during the First World War—from the point of view of the crowd who dressed for dinner in the jungle. He supports his pen-and-wash drawings of lovely ladies and gay blades with a collage of contemporary advertisements for depilatories, tonics, billiard tables and cigarettes. (Herbert, Dec. 1-24.)—V.R.

Barbara Blair: These suspended, turning sculptures will always require the extended physical settings they were given here. They are architectural in scale and are the sort of ambitious physical projects one rarely sees these days unless they have been commissioned. Taking up to a year or two to complete with the help of industry and science, they are made with Plexiglass and aluminum and strung with many yards of nylon cable. Unfortunately the solid shapes—dancers in the recognizable figures—are not only fairly common free-forms, but they barely extend beyond a frontal dimension. Shaped under extreme heat or pressure, they manage some convolutions and juxtapositions, but essentially they do not create the space traversed by the cables, which are designed to add variety to the internal movement and add an extra dimension to volume. They compensate on the level of technique and craftsmanship, respects in which they have considerable appeal. But Miss Blair has only in part—in her use of the cables—distinguished the difference between open space as analogous mass and the monolithic idea she has carried over from a more traditional period. (Architectural League, Nov. 28-Dec. 10.)—S.T.

Bucci, Turcato, Rotello: This is a small exhibition of examples of the ever-popular collage medium, executed by three young Italian artists, two of whom, Turcato and Rotello, have shown in New York before. The works are clever but uninspired exercises in abstract arrangements of color and form. Rotello, the most interesting of the trio, uses gray, mottled, textured papers to design the surface, so that it recalls, not unpleasantly, old city maps. (Trabia, Jan. 2-21.)—H.D.M.

Luciano Guarnieri: Travel impressions of the European and American continents are set down in these water colors and drawings with considerable skill. A flavor of the past hangs over many of them, perhaps a by-product of this thirty-year-old Florentine's studies with Pietro Annigoni, the traditional portraitist of Queen Elizabeth. Guarnieri has inherited his master's willingness to beautify, but this is more noticeable in the few examples of his portraiture. His water colors

are marked by a much wider range of approach, from the very loose to the quite detailed. They are softer, more expressive and more personal. The heavy, antique frames, however, are no help. (Sagittarius, Nov. 28-Dec. 10.)—S.T.

Joseph Jeffers Dodge: These are historical paintings focused not on the politically but on the artistically momentous and showing an eagerness verging on Meissonier's, for verisimilitude. The majority of the recent still lifes emulate Caravaggio; a nude sitting upright on a bed, lit warmly and translucently and with regard to the basic volumes, suggests Georges de la Tour. The color and in part the light of the former diverge from Caravaggio in their fixed solidity. The darks are virtually black and together with red, blue and white constitute a more concrete color scheme, one cold and strong, than that current in the seventeenth century. A somber painting acquires that quality by suppressing the flamboyant yellows and reds of two apples through their leaves and black surroundings. (Hirsch and Adler, Jan. 10-28.)—D.J.

Ludwig Dürchaneck: Dürchaneck's hollow men are made of copper sheets colored and softened under the torch and seamed into crumpling features, gesticulating hands and impressive, columnar figures. Liberal with his ideas and materials, the artist peoples an entire room with nearly life-sized figures, generously rounded, lavishly detailed, a motley throng, standing about like many empty suits of mail or percussion instruments. There is a moon-faced family shaped like gasoline pumps of different heights, and a group of sagging women with children, all appearing to behold some distant wonder, gaunt old men and a graceful mother and child, many of them brilliantly polychromed through treatment of the metal or burnished in spots to give surface reflections. It is perhaps the material, its skillful adaptation to free-standing figure sculpture, and the fluency with which it is worked, more than significance of form or image, which gives this work its singularity, and the very size and quantity, of course, contribute to the arresting effect. (Graham, Jan. 4-28.)—M.S.

Roger Bissière: A member of the generation of Picasso and Matisse, Bissière has been enjoying belated success during the past decade in France. His first comprehensive New York showing includes a few works of 1920 vintage and twenty-four canvases from the last fifteen years. In the early works figures and landscapes are painted with uniform touches of close-valued color in a Post-Impressionist manner; later the figures disappear and the small touches of paint are evenly dispersed over the painting surface in multilayered schemes of ingratiating color. Some of these are abstract plays of light and color, while others are based on landscape motifs, with dappled plings of green and violet, laced with tiny white marks reminiscent of those used by Mark Tobey. Moderation reigns here—no assertive forms, no strong color contrasts, only the most gentle surface animation and the most exquisite color combinations, in paintings from a fine, firm French hand. (World House, Jan. 17-Feb. 25.)—M.S.

Nankoko Hidai: A Japanese artist well known in his country, and who has exhibited in São Paulo and was the recipient of a one-man show at the De Young Memorial Museum in San Francisco recently, shows a group of works that is not traditional Japanese calligraphy but freely developed into a pure, formalized abstract concept. His paper board or canvas is specially treated with lacquer; ink and oil are both used with an Oriental brush that gives a variety of tonal effects. The forms are sometimes bone-like, as in No. 59-13. In certain works the effect of the technique is photographic. Other drawings

approach, they have the precision of Surrealism; often they are never mysterious. (Mi Chou, Jan. 4-28.)—H.D.M.

Sven Lukin: This is the first one-man show for the young Latvian-born artist, who has adopted a conservative form of New York abstract painting. The big canvases have a simple vertical and horizontal geometry, painted in dark tones of brown, blue, violet and green. One unusual texture appears again and again, but each time it is used quite carefully. The deep and simple foundation of this style seems so serious that it is hard to evade the idea that the artist has obligated himself to live up to Mondrian. The paintings are not nearly as weighty as their ambitions, and in the end they turn from philosophy toward decoration. This happens in the essential mechanics, or guts, of composition; the division of space is attractive, not profound. Taken at an easier level, where it belongs, Lukin's work is very good-looking. (Section 11, Jan. 9-28.)—L.S.

Claire Burch: From a distance these look like delicate tissue collages, but up close they become stains of blue and green, with almost imperceptible threads of red and green "woven in." The stains are complex, darkening where they cross each other as they trickle down the canvas. Some of the works suggest oil slicks, while others are leaves with light coming through them. There are also water colors, which are accompanied by poems that are superfluous and leave one wondering why painters are so anxious to display their verbal footwork. Nevertheless, Miss Burch's paintings are memorable, and her line drawings of the figure are quite good. (Ruth White, Jan. 9-21.)—V.R.

Irwin Rosenhouse: There is a high level of craftsmanship in this collection of prints and drawings. Rosenhouse's drawing—most loose and linear in style—is competent, and his color sense is pleasing. One remembers a blue wash drawing of a child's head in profile, as well as a severe linocut of a woman with a flower and a lithograph of a bird on a checkered tablecloth, against a deep red ground. (Hicks St., Jan. 6-26.)—V.R.

Albert Hilger: Writer turned artist, Hilger has turned to drawing, first to a figurative style, now to biomorphic abstractions. His medium is lead (graphite). That he could not fully unwind in his realism is apparent from the comparative absence of mass and the incisive, yet jerky drawing. The abstractions are visceral, recalling De Kooning's freely stylized shapes of the late forties. But penetrating blacks in this scale emphasize the programmatic flavor by reflecting light before they do space. They are all overworked, probably because the medium is not plastic enough for him. Still these show that he is capable of greater effectiveness. (Lovisco, Jan. 10-28.)—S.T.

Peter Takal: Takal's drawing style looks as if it couldn't stand up to a stiff breeze. It is feather-light, almost winsomely so, and parsimonious in detail. Weeds, blossoms and stalks inspire him to filigree fantasies, and he brings large passages of white space into his organization, rather too consciously perhaps. He cultivates a refinement that keeps reality veiled behind technique, and yet the sensitivity of his line and texture is undisguised. The drawing of a hillside, scratchy and impromptu like a gouache, stands out in its naturalness. (Nov. 4-Dec. 3.)—S.T.

Claire Falkenstein: Shimmering tangles of tumbled copper and chilly black structures of iron and fused glass are alike endowed by Miss Falkenstein's graceful touch with a remote, crystalline beauty. The emphasis is on surface brilliance and on linear tracery in space rather

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than on convincing mass and eloquence of contour, and the images are generally cosmic evocations, dazzling and impersonal. (Mayer, Nov. 22-Dec. 17.)—M.S.

Aleta Cornelius: It takes a lot of subject matter to make a good nonobjective painting, and Miss Cornelius' approach to abstraction, through many years of realism and Surrealism, has provided it. Through the amorphous images—shredded planes, clouds, dots, streaks and solids—the result becomes very expressive, if it is raw in its expressiveness. The garish colors and total contrasts are not softened a bit by the excess varnish, and the diverse imagery has led to very complex formal problems. Their complex resolution makes each painting seem like a major work. (Internationale, Jan. 3-14.)—L.S.

Alex Redein: A conservative but thoroughly genuine feeling is communicated by these semi-abstract landscapes. They are often pictures of buildings, structurally gray and black, and tending to be isolated from the edge of the canvas, with color used as an enriching nonessential. However evasive they are formally, the feeling of loneliness and implied drama is persistent and convincing. *Barren Landscape* especially is austere and Surreal, but somewhat contradicted by the red and violet patches of sweetness on the buildings. (Heller, Jan. 24-Feb. 11.)—L.S.

Louis Eilshemius: The rigid air-borne nudes, the amber-tinted glades and bathers, and the solitary figure at dawn or moonrise which Eilshemius painted again and again appear repeatedly in this ample selection of his work. Trailing clouds of nineteenth-century academic banality come these wistful reveries, with their anguished awkwardness and their tenderness of light and color. Most of these works are from the later years, when firmness of contour and compositional coherence have given way to atmospheric haziness and a spare, brusque treatment of the figures. (J. Graham, Jan. 4-28.)—M.S.

Fred Rothberg: The paintings' refusal to commit themselves is also the artist's refusal. Rothberg paints ghostly abstract pictures with shapes that loom in the mists of dry, thin color like figures in a fog. Color tries to do right by this sense of atmosphere and still preserve its identity. The confusion seems to exist because of a search for an abstract scheme with more "content" to it. (Angeleski, Dec. 5-20.)—S.T.

Dolbeau, Joubioux: Dolbeau does not yet seem to have complete control of his paint in these landscapes, though a small view of a field with blossoming trees was not displeasing. Joubioux shows mainly elongated and stylized female figures, many of which are Oriental in theme, having been painted from recollection of a period spent in the French army in Indochina. These oils are somewhat grim and greasy, but the figures—usually alone in space—are quite well constructed. (Duncan, Dec. 17-Jan. 14.)—V.R.

Perreau: Working in a thorny style, Perreau has produced flower pieces and still lifes, including a study of a spined fish which is quite competent. He delineates his objects in a thin black line, and applies somber grays and greens in an oily manner. He is one of the slightly better French painters being shown by this confused gallery. (Duncan, Dec. 17-Jan. 14.)—V.R.

Simon Elwes: Do we detect a trend in these informal portraits (of Americans for the most part) by a leading British portraitist? These sitters show a willingness to be portrayed unimposingly "at home." To be sure a portrait is distinction enough these days, but these are at pains to present people as they are—in their more satisfied

moments. Elwes' style is appropriate enough. It is a distant cousin of Intimism, drained of bourgeois closeness while adding through the brushwork an infectious clutter to the airiest of settings. Elwes paints with more freedom than is seen in many commercial portraits. (Portraits, Inc., Nov. 16-Dec. 6.)—S.T.

Adrian Fedder, Robert Lawrence: Miss Fedder's palette-knife painting resembles crudely broken-up Utrillos quite often. One unusual piece, *Deserted*, strikes a green and pink note of Surreal drama. Robert Lawrence's small oils try hard to synthesize literary black and white subjects, like ghosts and witches, with shrieking color. The two end up on the same surface, unsynthesized. (Panoras, Jan. 30-Feb. 11.)—L.S.

Marion Shaderowsky, Geri Freeman: Miss Shaderowsky shows academic portraits and a flower piece. Her color is clear and strong, but the figures are rather stiff. Miss Freeman composes designs in bright yellow and orange, using figures or a still life and outlining the forms in black. Her drawing is more satisfactory in the still life. (Marisha, Jan. 6-26.)—V.R.

Rosemary Tung: These are vaporous paintings, in which the image—a knot of dark brush-strokes at the top of the canvas—dissolves down into the pink and purple cloudy shapes that occupy the rest of the space. Miss Tung's sweet color is pretty, but her image does not yet seem to be fully developed. (Carmel, Jan. 6-25.)—V.R.

Gregory Battecock: An image of rough blocks of color grows from the edge of the canvas toward the middle—usually across a white ground. Except for the electric greens and yellows his colors are both quite strong and quiet, but the forms are rather incoherent. (Schainen-Stern, Jan. 10-Feb. 7.)—V.R.

Loïc le Guellaiff: This young Breton shows some talent for drawing, but applies his shiny paint with a knife, in unpleasant little squares of equal size. Also his fishermen evoke espresso bars more than the Brittany coast. But there is a still life in which the pink and white flesh of a skater showed promise. (Duncan, Dec. 3-16.)—V.R.

Anne Matthews: This is a first one-man show of an artist who has not yet decided whether to follow an abstract or figurative direction—so she shows both types. It will be interesting to see in what direction her obvious talent will lead her. The figurative pieces are oil drawings of children tinted with blues and oranges, cheerful and intimate; the other paintings are black-and-white abstractions on sepi-colored linen, sparse and almost Oriental in their calligraphic stylization. (Ruth Sherman, Jan. 7-21.)—H.D.M.

Charles Lutyens: The German Expressionist and Munch and Chagall have invented most of Lutyens' scratchy and hurried paintings. This ease of acceptance and of satisfaction is objectionable. A parti-colored head against a plain gray background is opposed in its diagonal movement by the vertical planes of the face; this is one of the few coherent works. Lutyens, twenty-seven, works in London. (Wildenstein, Dec. 15-Jan. 7.)—D.J.

Doris Wainwright Kennedy: The elegiac water colors being shown resemble old photographs in which light glancing across the crinkled surface interrupts the images. They are as docile as pictures of the past, especially those of wedding and families. *The Bride* stands in a forest of broken black trees, among her indefinite white bridesmaids, with an ominous black groom, her future told, finished. (Nessler, Jan. 9-28.)—D.J.

Edwin Koch: The new world of science is one of the influences felt in Koch's high-pitched

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low and white oils. And, as might be the case
the new world, any reference to visual objects,
the faintest illusion of perspective, seems to
to serious problems. *Interplanetary Man*,
example, is completely ruined, and its echo
casts doubt on such a fine abstraction as
The Message, which otherwise shows the wise use
elements from Kandinsky and Cubism. (Artzt,
16-27.)—L.S.

ilian Levi: After four years this veteran ex-
hibitor is showing a group of oils and a series
of caseins, the latter reflecting his preoccupa-
tions with the sea and its objects. *Tide Rises—
Tide Falls* gives the theme, and these deftly
executed works are color-pleasing. A large oil,
Mythos in the Studio, light with reds and
greens, is an excursion into still life that is most
successful. (Nordness, Jan. 10-28.)—H.D.M.

umiani: A series of plaques, antiqued in dull
silver and bronze, make up this show by an
Italian-born Guggenheim winner. Using a quick-
drying plastic on canvas, he carves and draws
to it symbols that are archaic, formalized and
at the same time personal; never merely deco-
rative, they emit a somber and ominous quality.
De Aenle, Jan. 3-31.)—H.D.M.

elen Etting: Able and assured, these are fig-
urative studies in oil of still life and people.
Occasionally Etting uses a rather harsh line to
emphasize and develop his subject matter in a
semiabstract pattern that is not as pleasing as
a simple, yet poetic handling of a blue and
White Gulls in Flight, or *Citrus Branch* that is
rough, bold and decorative. (Midtown, Jan. 9-
14.)—H.D.M.

ugh Miller: A teacher at the Brooklyn Museum
school shows small oils that are painted with
warm and freshness—semiabstract, and reflect-
ing the tastes of the School of Paris. A crouch-
ing cat, musicians rehearsing, a deciduous
tree are the subjects. The colors are integrated
and pleasing, and so are the pictures. (Carus,
Jan. 14-31.)—H.D.M.

Philip Leavitt: A New York stock broker, who
now lives in Arizona and recently turned painter,
works in a bright-colored Impressionist style; of
the thirty-odd oils, *Arizona Hillside* is one of
the best. (Selected Artists, Jan. 4-14.)—H.D.M.

ean Aurel: This Paris painter is having a first
one-man show in America. For it he has assem-
bled a large group of medium-sized oil paintings
that are realistic scenes of the country and of
flowers. The fields are green and the sky is blue;
sugar is sweet, so what to do? Aurel solves the
problem by using conventional colors in a kind
of copybook compositional style; thus dullness is
ensured and production can go on. (Selected
artists, Jan. 17-28.)—H.D.M.

ohn Fischer: *Troubled Dreams*, a long, vio-
lently painted canvas, reflects the spirit of this
exhibition in title as well as deed. Pinks, reds
and oranges are alternately troweled and
smeared on canvas. What results is as incoherent
as a strangled cry in a nightmare; clinically
valuable perhaps, its validity as art seems small.
Duo Gallery, Jan. 24-Feb. 11.)—H.D.M.

erna Minter: A student of Stamos shows oils
that depend for effect on a kind of commercial-
art technique; the colors and forms resemble a
networks explosion. *Staten Island* seems to be
the most effective painting of the group, possibly
because it is mostly painted black, with one or
two tasteful bursts of yellow and green pig-
ment in the lower left-hand corner. (Duo Gal-
lery, Jan. 3-21.)—H.D.M.

bert Marcelin: This show is a series of

beautifully executed pencil-and-ink drawings.
Each drawing is total in itself. The works are
seemingly nonobjective, yet some are reminis-
cent of the organic world, in texture if not form—
e.g., wood grain. Others, in which gray shapes
are shadowed against lighter grays, are mysteri-
ous, poetic and meticulous. (Nonagon, Jan. 6-
27.)—H.D.M.

Robert J. Lee: These meager and casual paint-
ings are of angular, attenuated figures laboring be-
fore simple backgrounds of sea and sky. In one,
a water carrier and the orange sky and green
mountains behind him are at least tentatively en-
forced. (Nessler, Jan. 30-Feb. 18.)—D.J.

Gabriel Godard: The still lifes and landscapes
of this French painter are bright and juicy re-
plicas of De Staël. The abridged structure of the
compact surface of orange and blue slabs refers
further back, to Cézanne. Some trouble and less
virtuosity would have improved the show. (F.A.R.,
Jan. 16-28.)—D.J.

Stephen Lokös, Phillip Schreiber: The semi-
abstractions of Lokös, though of a broadly sche-
matic nature, do not entirely suppress sentimental
aspects in his drawing, especially of figures.
Schreiber's paintings are essays in abstract
pointillism with a naturalistic sense of light
seeking to animate the atomized scheme in which
semblances of nature can occasionally be recog-
nized. (International Festival, Jan. 7-28.)—S.T.

Fay Lansner: When she uses color in her draw-
ings, Miss Lansner does so with savagery. Blocks
of red press hard against yellow and green in the
pastel heads of women as she nails the likeness
to the paper. One preferred her charcoal draw-
ings, which are also very incisive, but the feeling
is more effective when confined to her slashing
line. She partially obliterates her works by having
at them with an eraser, and this certainly in-
creases their already disturbing impact. (Herbert,
Jan. 3-28.)—V.R.

Marion: As far as one could tell, under pessi-
mism reviewing conditions, a couple of snow-
scapes seemed to be the best of an uneven col-
lection of landscapes and still lifes. (Duncan,
Dec. 17-Jan. 14.)—V.R.

Gordon Samstag: Samstag, who is codirector of
the American Art School in New York, is an ex-
perienced painter of long standing. His figures
and still-lives are subordinated to a neat pattern
of brightly colored facets, making pictures that
are light, gay, and conservative. (Nessler, Dec.
19-Jan. 7.)—V.R.

Bruce Moore: Mainly street scenes and land-
scapes, these are conventional paintings in a
quiet color range. The study of a donkey turning
an Arab well in southern Spain seemed light and
fresh. (Chase, Jan. 9-21.)—V.R.

Malcolm Gordon Anderson: In a series of im-
peccable geometric abstractions, Anderson ex-
plores the effect of bright light seen at the end of
a dark passage, and, conversely, a dark aperture
surrounded by a light frame. (Pietrantonio, Jan.
1-15.)—V.R.

Al Hollingsworth: The artist has mixed phos-
phorous paint with his oils, and when seen under
ultraviolet light these common little panels, deal-
ing with the Exodus, are transformed into magic
stained-glass windows. (Eggleston, Jan. 16-28.)
... Milton O'Neal: O'Neal is a young artist
studying at Columbia; the show reveals wide
searching and a little talent, but the paintings are
extremely tentative. (Artzt, Jan. 10-21.)
... Mulsby Kimball: Streamlined human spirits,
like Blake's angels, are washed in with exact
water colors, and although they almost disappear

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they still seem programmatic; the one plain landscape, *Burning Light*, is a beauty. (Internationale, Jan. 17-30.) . . . **Robert Kipness:** There are about twenty pictures here of tree trunks, painted in mossy green and white, and implying a Ryder-like seriousness which seems very shallow. (Contemporaries, Dec. 5-24.) . . . **Angeles:** The strength of this Spanish woman's tempera panels is in a brassy design quality, sometimes combined with curious subject matter in the spirit of Kandinsky. (Internationale, Jan. 2-14.) . . . **David Berger:** *Family Dance* is one of the oil paintings here, and its mood is the essence of the show—a kind of frantic, and maybe semi-conscious, Surrealism combined with the joy of life. (Cober, Nov. 29-Dec. 17.) . . . **Hansen Bahia:** With big woodcuts, stylized in the smoothest way, the artist translates diverse subjects into neat-looking designs. (Wittenborn, Jan. 15-Feb. 15.) . . . **Michajilo Moroz:** Solid masses in thick oil-colors solve the same problems over and over for Moroz's landscapes, and they show a muscular kind of maturity—like Cézanne with only a heavy palette knife. (Panoras, Jan. 16-28.)—L.S.

Ernesto Barredo: A Chilean architect paints close-ups and long shots of doors, windows, thatched roofs, vistas and rooftops as if they were arranged for abstract photographs, emphasizing pattern and texture rather than the mean shelters they actually comprise. (Iolas, Nov. 15-Dec. 3.) . . . **Jan de Ruth:** With far more body and particularized aspect than he exhibited in his last show in New York, de Ruth has painted "The Face of Israel" with real models passing some of their vividness onto a style that tends to stylize along the lines of least resistance. (Little Studio, Dec. 2-14.) . . . **Helen Botway:** All of these paintings express the genteel *Gemütlichkeit* that is best represented by a picky little portrait of a dog named Matisse d'Argent. (Gotham, Nov. 14-Dec. 5.) . . . **Kim Zim Choon:** To the end of updating a style that in all other respects reflects traditional Oriental disciplines, these water colors and scrolls by a young Singapore artist indulge a streak of fantasy extending to insects, birds and traditional subjects; a native gift for the complex arabesque is dominated by its drift to caricature. (International Festival, Dec. 10-24.) . . . **Leon de Leeuw:** These coarsely fashioned Expressionist paintings in which the figurative forms are nervously approximated show a related insensitivity to or impatience with the painterly dimension. (Phoenix, Jan. 6-26.) . . . **Soshana:** Just about everything is wrong with these paintings that are heavily under the spell of Giacometti, but especially irritating is the fact that she uses his style to rationalize an almost total absence of discipline. (Bodley, Jan. 9-28.) . . . **Lewis H. Lederer:** A composer-arranger paints abstractions which employ impastos and raw color schemes to evidence the "content" of the non-figurative experience. (Burr, Jan. 16-28.)—S.T.

BOOKS

continued from page 13

could have been among the valuable contributions of his book as substitutes for some of the forty-four illustrations, most of which are either portraits or familiar views of Sullivan's buildings. He even remarks of one of these drawings, "The design was so original that no words could picture it." Whereupon he devotes a paragraph to its description—without illustration! And there are the usual uncertainties in this kind of popularization as to just exactly what is documented, and where it is documented. If footnotes appalled Mr. Connelly, then perhaps a chapter-by-chapter bibliographical appendix might have refined his general bibliography.

Such criticism may seem unduly pedantic of a

book which so obviously shuns pedantry; but, in fact, only those who already know something of Sullivan's career will be attracted to Mr. Connelly's volume. To these his research illuminates much that was obscure in Sullivan's personal life from the pinnacle of its success in the mid-nineties until the end of a long decline found him escaping from his barren quarters to what he called his "two recourses"—on warm days, a park bench in Washington Park; on cold days, an armchair in the Cliff Dwellers Club. For the first time, Mr. Connelly reveals something of the loneliness which occurred when Sullivan's affectionate relationship with his brother was terminated by his possessive sister-in-law. He emphasizes the importance (perhaps the overimportance) of Sullivan's repeated flights to his cottage at Ocean Springs on the Gulf with its elaborate rose garden, and the tragedy of its sale with Sullivan's bankruptcy. For the first time, too, we learn something of Sullivan's marriage and the reasons for the eventual separation. And, here, at last, perhaps the most detailed account we shall have of Sullivan's activities during the bitter years of professional failure.

Aside from this enlightenment on Sullivan's private life, there are fresh insights into Sullivan's architecture, which Mr. Connelly leaves largely unexplored. More than before, the profound influence on Sullivan of his youthful architect friend, John Edelman, becomes apparent. Scattered remarks on the nature of Sullivan's ornament as "suppressed function" invite further scrutiny. Allusions to Sullivan's European influence make this seem more significant than has been imagined. Finally, here is the roster of Sullivan's disciples, the young men who succeeded Wright as his draftsmen and a few others—"Sullivan's graduates," Mr. Connelly calls them.

Mr. Connelly marks 1891 as the watershed of Sullivan's career—not four years later, as some would have it, when Sullivan split with his practical-minded partner, Dankmar Adler. He believes that it was rather "the inclusion of the Eastern architects in the Fair, the death of John Root [the only other Chicago architect who might have sided with Sullivan against the emergence of the Beaux Arts], and the failure of the Fraternity Templars to build from Sullivan's design the famous 'set-back' skyscraper. All of these blows befell Sullivan in the same year, 1891, when he was only thirty-five. Young though he was, and growing the tide against him in America suffered on momentary check thereafter."

Perhaps Mr. Connelly is right. Yet these were merely outward omens. After all, Wright only came under way in the mid-nineties, and maintained flourishing practice almost to 1915. The ultimate cause of failure seems to have been less a matter of circumstance than of personality and perhaps character. For all the light which Mr. Connelly sheds on the reasons for Sullivan's failure, he finishes the book feeling that somehow the Sullivanian enigma remains. It is not the fault of Mr. Connelly, who probably provides us with as much as we shall ever know about Sullivan's personal life. Despite his awareness of self, Sullivan lacked self-awareness, so much so that his autobiography is quite literally "of an idea" of the man.

Whatever the reasons for his failure, Sullivan substantially redeemed it, as he sustained himself, by his faith in the future. To Lloyd Wright, the architect son of Frank Lloyd Wright, Sullivan wrote a letter at the end of his life (included in this book) which epitomizes the enforced shift of his activities. "There was a time, my boy, when I lived and worked for my beloved art alone, but now I live for no other reason than my love of youth and my knowledge that the youth lies my country's salvation!"

William N. Jordan

PARIS
continued from page 17



Sima, *Paysage Bleu Lumière II*; at Galerie Facchetti.

The retrospective exhibition of André Masson's drawings (extending from 1922 to 1960) at the Galerie Louise Leiris was striking in its diversity. The relationship among these successive forms is not always perceptible; they are schematic at times (*Massacres*, 1932) and at times bustling with activity (*Arbre dans la Tempête*), at times Neo-Classical, at times Surrealist (from the desire theme), and pass from a clear description of nature (*Métamorphoses Végétales*, 1939) to the tracery of Hayterian trajectories or calligraphies inspired from the Orient. And yet the secret link exists. It is a certain freedom of the hand tied in with a certain attitude of the mind; in brief, it is the place which automatism has assumed in Masson's work since the 1920's. This procedure made him reach his peak in certain images which, even before the second war, anticipated Wols's figurative style, and which culminate in *La Main Tropicale* of 1941, or in others, less numerous and more violent, which doubtless exercised an influence in the U.S. during the early 1940's, such as *Le Grain de Mil* (1942). In brief, Masson's historical importance is fully apparent on the occasion of this exhibition.

He is one of those who made possible not only those paintings in which automatism is exclusively devoted to exploring the unconscious, as in Michaux, but also those, more exterior, which are dedicated to swiftness of movement, as is the case with Sonderborg. This German Mathieu, born in 1923, is currently exhibiting at the Galerie Flinker a series of canvases and some "goose-quill" drawings which he suggestively entitles 9:07 to 9:12 P.M., or 7:37 to 7:48 P.M., these brief time-spans designating the duration of each one's execution. His canvases, of average size, are almost completely filled with a rather somber tracery (with occasional plays of reds) which evokes the turbulence of things in their becoming. The spectator is confronted with an indefinable spectacle which contrasts exactly

with the clarity of a Mathieu's strokes. It seems as though one had penetrated to the heart of a process by a sort of instantaneous X-ray. But this quasi-automatic response is not sufficient to justify strangeness as an end in itself. Before these assuredly successful canvases, one wonders where Sonderborg is going, and certain paintings in which seeming subterfuges appear (thick black outlines or footprints) are somewhat disturbing.

The exhibition of Sima's latest paintings (1960) at the Galerie Facchetti is perhaps the direct antithesis of Sonderborg's. No artifice, no rape of the spectatorial conscience here. Here we must choose to enter into the painter's secret universe. Among almost uniform surfaces of clear, nearly translucent colors in which transparency is precisely promoted to the rank of a symbol, emerge slender, often geometrical configurations. Their function is not to sum up the real, as do, at the Galerie Maeght, the signs of Tal Coat, who pursues a chimera which leaves me indifferent. No, Sima's lines in a way represent the material means, the magic wand, by which the painter gains access to sublimated landscapes of the imagination, which Henri Michaux evoked in the poem which serves as the preface to the exhibition:

Fabric, invading fabric,
everywhere present in the weaves, in the strata,
finely plowed matter, drinking in clarities.

A coat of fluff holds back the individual layers
of becoming,
landscapes without a location, unauthorized
to plead picturesqueness,
abstract through reserve, through truth, through
detachment.

Francoise Choay

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WHERE TO SHOW

National

Athens, Ohio: Ultimate Concerns: 2nd National Print and Drawing Exhibition, Westminster Foundation at Ohio University, Mar. 15-30. Open to all artists. Media: drawing, graphics. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2. Entry cards due Mar. 1, work due Mar. 7. Write: S. T. Nicolls, Dir., Westminster Foundation at Ohio University, 18 N. College, Athens, Ohio.

Boston, Mass.: Gallery CAC 1st Annual Contemporary Painting Competition, June 5-30. Open to all artists. All painting media. Limit five entries. Jury. Fee: \$5. All work due April 5. Write: Benjamin Kaufman, Gallery CAC, 10 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass.

Brighton, Mass.: Henri Studio Gallery Exhibition of Contemporary Jewish Art, Mar. 28-Apr. 22. Open to all artists. Media: painting, sculpture, graphics. Jury. No fee. Entry cards and work due Mar. 24. Write: Secy., Henri Studio Gallery, 1247 Commonwealth Ave., Brighton, Mass.

Henri Studio Gallery Contemporary Textile and Craft Show, Mar. 1-25. Open to all artists. Media: handwoven textiles, rugs, mosaics, printed fabrics. Jury. No fee. Entry cards and work due Feb. 24. Write: Secy., Henri Studio Gallery, 1247 Commonwealth Ave., Brighton, Mass.

Henri Studio Gallery Monthly Juried Shows. Open to all artists. All painting and graphic media. Prize: one-man show. Fee: \$5. Write: Secretary, Henri Studio Gallery, 1247 Commonwealth Ave., Brighton, Mass.

Bryantville, Mass.: Brookton Art Assn. 4th Annual Winter Show, Feb. 18-Mar. 10. Open to all artists. Media: oil, water color, casein, pastel, drawing, graphics, sculpture, ceramics, jewelry, silver work. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3 per entry. Entry cards and work due Feb. 11. Write: Robert Collins, Box 97, Bryantville, Mass.

Clinton, N. J.: Hunterdon County Art Center 5th National Print Exhibition, Mar. 19-Apr. 30. Open to all artists. All print media except monotype. Jury. Prizes. Entry cards and work due Feb. 25. Write: Hunterdon County Art Center, Old Stone Mill, Center St., Clinton, N. J.

Hartford, Conn.: Connecticut Academy of Fine Arts 51st Annual Exhibition, Wadsworth Athenaeum, Mar. 4-Apr. 2. Open to all living artists. Media: oil, oil tempera, sculpture, intaglio, lithographic, planographic. Jury. Prizes. Fee. Entry cards and work due Feb. 20. Write: Louis J. Fusari, Box 204, Hartford 1, Conn.

Jersey City, N. J.: Jersey City Museum Annual National Exhibition of the Painters and Sculptors Society of New Jersey, Feb. 20-Mar. 18. Open to all artists. All media. Jury. Prizes. Entry cards due Jan. 25, work due Jan. 30. Write: Frances Hulmes, 15 Park Ave., Rutherford, N. J.

New York, N. Y.: Abbey Scholarship in Mural Painting. Competition open to citizens of U. S. not more than 35 years of age. Entry cards due Jan. 13, work due on Jan. 20 only. Write: Secretary, Abbey Memorial Scholarship Fund, 1083 Fifth Ave., New York 28, N. Y.

Arts Center Gallery Monthly Shows. Open to all artists. Media: painting, sculpture, graphics. Purchase prizes. Fee: \$5. Write: Arts Center Gallery, 545 Avenue of the Americas, New York 11, N. Y.

Art Directions Gallery Monthly Juried Shows. Open to all artists. Media: painting, sculpture, graphics. Purchase prizes. Fee: \$5. Write: Art Directions Gallery, 600 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

Catherine Lorillard Wolfe Art Club 64th Annual Exhibition of Contemporary Realistic Work, National Arts Club, Jan. 31-Feb. 12. Open to all women artists of the U.S. Media: oil, water color, pastel, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee. Entry cards and work due Jan. 23. Write: Marion de Sola Mendes, 1435 Lexington Ave., New York 28, N. Y.

City Center Gallery Monthly Juried Shows, City Center of Music and Drama. Open to all artists. Medium: oil, Feb., Mar., Apr. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3. Work due Jan. 12, 13 for Feb. Write: Mrs. Ruth Yates, City Center of Music and Drama, 58 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Knickerbocker Artists 14th Annual Exhibition, National Arts Club, Mar. 15-26. Open to all artists. Media: oil, water color, casein, graphics, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$5. Work due Mar. 10. Write: Ann Kocsis, Secy., 327 W. 76th St., New York 23, N. Y.

National Society of Painters in Casein 7th Annual, Riverside Museum, March 5-26. Open to all artists. Casein paintings only. Jury. Prizes. Fee. Entry cards and work

due Feb. 20. Write: Florian G. Kraner, Secy., 182 Bennett Ave., New York 40, N. Y.

"Recent Paintings U.S.A.: The Figure." Museum of Modern Art, Spring 1962. Open to all citizens or permanent residents of the U. S. Media: oil, plastic, tempera, casein, gouache. Only work done since January 1, 1958, is eligible. Entry cards due March 6, 1961. Write: Junior Council Painting Exhibition, Museum of Modern Art, 21 W. 53rd St., New York 19, N. Y.

Salon of the Fifty States, Ligoa Duncan Galerie, continuous monthly shows. Open to all artists residing in the U. S. All painting media. Jury. Winning entries shown in Paris. Fee: \$5 for one, \$8 for two works. Size limit 32 by 24 inches. Work due the 25th of month. Write: Ligoa Duncan Galerie, 215 E. 82nd St., New York 28, N. Y.

Norfolk, Va.: Norfolk Museum 8th Annual American Drawing Exhibition, Feb. 1-Mar. 1. Open to all artists. Medium: drawing (monochrome). Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$1. Entry cards and work due Jan. 18. Write: D. M. Halley, Jr., Norfolk Museum, Museum Plaza, Norfolk 10, Va.

Oklahoma City, Okla.: Oklahoma Printmaker's Society 3rd National Exhibition, Oklahoma Art Center, Apr. 16-May 14. Open to all living artists of the U. S. Media: water color, graphics. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3. Entry cards due Mar. 16, work due Feb. 23-Mar. 16. Write: Oklahoma Printmaker's Society, Box 10, Oklahoma City University, Oklahoma City 6, Okla.

Peoria, Ill.: Peoria Art Center National Water Color Exhibition, Feb. 5-28. Open to all artists. Purchase prizes. Fee: \$2. Entry cards and work due Jan. 31. Write: Mrs. M. J. Sparks, Art Center, Glen Oak Pavilion, Peoria, Ill.

Philadelphia, Pa.: American Color Print Society 22nd Annual Exhibition, Print Club, Mar. 6-25. Open to all printmakers. All color print media. Jury. Prizes. Fee. Entry cards due Feb. 11, work due Feb. 14. Write: Caroline M. Murphy, 309 E. Highland Ave., Philadelphia 18, Pa.

Providence, R. I.: Third Annual Rhode Island Arts Festival, on the Mall, May 21-31. Open to all artists. All media. Jury. Prizes. Applications due May 1. Write: Rhode Island Arts Festival, Box 421, Providence, R. I.

Rochester, N. Y.: 3rd Annual Religious Arts Festival, Central Presbyterian Church, Apr. 13-23. Open to all artists. Media: painting, drawing, graphics, enamel, mosaics, sculpture. Works should express or record a religious idea, activity or object. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$1. per work. Entry cards and work due Mar. 25. Write: Painting and Sculpture Competition, Religious Arts Festival, 50 Plymouth Ave. N., Rochester 14, N. Y.

Seattle, Wash.: Northwest Printmakers 32nd International Print Exhibition: Seattle Art Museum, Feb. 8-Mar. 5: Portland Art Museum (Ore.), Apr. Open to all American and foreign printmakers. Media: all fine graphic media except monprints. Jury. Prizes. Fee. All work due Jan. 18. Write: Secretary, Seattle Art Museum, Seattle 2, Wash.

Tulsa, Okla.: National Competition of American Indian Painting and Sculpture, Philbrook Art Center, May 2-31. Open to all artists of North American Indian or Eskimo descent. Media: painting, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. No fee. Work due Apr. 8. Write: Curator of Indian Art, Philbrook Art Center, 2727 S. Rockford, Tulsa, Okla.

Washington, D. C.: Washington Watercolor Association 64th Annual National Exhibition, U. S. National Museum, Mar. 12-Apr. 2. Open to all artists. Media: water color, pastel, drawing, graphics. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3. Entry cards and work due Feb. 27. Write: John Bryans, 4207 23rd St. N., Arlington 7, Va.

Wichita, Kans.: Wichita Art Association 16th National Decorative Arts-Ceramic Exhibition, Apr. 15-May 22. Open to all American craftsmen. Media: jewelry, metalwork, ceramics, wood and stone sculpture, mosaic, glass and stained glass, enamel, textiles. Jury. Prizes (total \$2000.). Fee: \$4. Work due Mar. 1-14. Write: Maude G. Schollenberger, 40 N. Belmont Ave., Wichita, Kans.

Regional

Asheville, N. C.: Manor Gallery Regional Monthly Exhibitions. Open to artists within 100 miles of Asheville. Media: painting, drawing, graphics, ceramics. Jury. Work due first Saturday of month. Write: Bartlett Tracy, The Manor Gallery, Asheville, N. C.

Clinton, N. J.: Hunterdon County Art Center 8th State-wide Exhibition, June 4-July 5. Open to all New Jersey artists. Media: oil, water color, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Work due May 14. Write: Hunterdon County Art Center, Old Stone Mill, Center St., Clinton, N. J.

East Orange, N. J.: Art Center of the Orange 10th Annual State Exhibition, March 5-18. Open to all N. J. artists. Media: oil, water color. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3. Entry cards due Feb. 8, work due Feb. 11, 12. Write: Egbert T. Angell, 427 Prospect St., East Orange, N. J.

Huntington, L. I., N. Y.: Sixth Annual Show of the Huntington Township Art League, Heckscher Museum, Mar. 19-Apr. 15. Open to all artists residing or working on Long Island. Media: oil, water color, mixed, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3. Work due Mar. 3, 4. Write: Mrs. Richard Wurtz, 33 Parkview Terr., Huntington, L. I., N. Y.

Huntington, W. Va.: 9th Annual Exhibition 1961, Huntington Galleries, April 23-May 28. Open to artists of W. Va. and those living within 180 miles of Huntington in Ohio and Ky. Media: oil, water color, prints, graphics, crafts. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$4. Entry cards due March 29, work due April 2. Write: Huntington Galleries, Huntington, W. Va.

Indianapolis, Ind.: Hoosier Salon Patrons Association Exhibition, Wm. H. Block Co. Galleries, Jan. 29-Feb. 11. Open to Ind. artists. All media. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$7.50. Entry cards due Jan. 17, work due Jan. 13-18. Write: Mrs. L. F. Smith, Exec. Chairman, 610 State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

Louisville, Ky.: Art Center Annual, J. B. Speed Art Museum, Apr. 1-30. Open to residents of Ky. and Southern Ind. Media: painting, graphics, sculpture, crafts. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3. Write: Mrs. Nelle Peterson, 2111 S. First St., Louisville 8, Ky.

Memphis, Tenn.: American Association of University Women, Mississippi River Craft Show, Brooks Memorial Art Gallery, May 5-28. Open to craftsmen in states bordering the Mississippi River. Media: ceramics, textiles, metal, enamel, glass, mosaic. Jury. Purchase prizes. Fee: \$2 for 3 entries. Write: Brooks Memorial Art Gallery, Overton Park, Memphis 12, Tenn.

Montgomery, Ala.: Second Dixie Annual Exhibition, Montgomery Museum of Fine Arts, Mar. 5-30: Allied Art Festival, Andalusia (Ala.), Apr. 7-9. Open to artists residing in Ala., Ga., La., Fla., Miss., Tenn., Va., S. C., N. C., Ark., Mo., Ky. and Tex. Media: drawing, prints, water color, gouaches completed since Jan. 1959. Limit three entries. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$1. Work due Feb. 24. Write: The Montgomery Museum of Fine Arts, Montgomery, Ala.

Norwich, Conn.: Norwich Art Association 16th Annual Exhibition, Converse Art Gallery, Mar. 5-26. Open to Conn. artists. All media. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3. Work due Feb. 26. Write: Joseph P. Gualtieri, Norwich Art School, Norwich, Conn.

Omaha, Nebr.: 5th Midwest Biennial Designer Craftsman Exhibition, Joslyn Art Museum, Feb. 12-Mar. 12: Des Moines (Iowa) Art Center, Mar. 17-Apr. 9. Open to all craftsmen of Colo., Ill., Ind., Iowa, Kans., Mich., Minn., Mo., Mont., Nebr., Ohio, Okla., N. D., S. D., Wis., Wyo. Media: ceramics (not sculpture), weaving, mosaic, enamel, metal, jewelry. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2. Entry cards and fee due Jan. 26, work due Feb. 1. Write: James W. Kreiter, Joslyn Art Museum, 2218 Dodge St., Omaha 2, Nebr.

Phoenix, Ariz.: Phoenix Art Museum Third Annual Exhibition, Apr. 1-30. Open to all artists from Arizona. Media: painting, water color, drawing, sculpture, graphics. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2.50 per work. Entry cards and work due Mar. 1. Write: R. D. A. Puckle, Exhibition Chairman, Phoenix Art Museum, 1625 N. Central, Phoenix, Ariz.

Rockford, Ill.: Rockford Art Association 37th Annual Exhibition, March. Open to artists of northern Illinois, southern Wisconsin, excluding Chicago and Milwaukee. Media: oil, water color, graphics, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee: members \$2, others \$7. Entry cards and work due Feb. 19. Write: Peter S. Anderson, Rockford Art Assn., 737 N. Main St., Rockford, Ill.

Sacramento, Cal.: Creative Arts League of Sacramento 2nd Biennial California Craft Show, E. B. Crocker Art Gallery, Mar. 18-Apr. 23. Open to all California artists. Media: ceramics, mosaic, enamel, sculpture, metal, jewelry, weaving, printed and woven textile. Jury. Prizes. Write: Creative Arts League, c/o E. B. Crocker Art Gallery, 216 O Street, Sacramento 14, Cal.

Seattle, Wash.: Puget Sound Area Exhibition Charles and Emma Frye Art Museum, Feb. 7-22. Open to artists in the Puget Sound area. All painting media. Limit two works. Jury. Prizes. No fee. Entry blank and work due Jan. 27. Write: Puget Sound Area Exhibition, Frye Museum, Terry at Cherry, P. O. Box 3005, Seattle 14, Wash.

Tulsa, Okla.: 21st Annual Oklahoma Artists Exhibition, Philbrook Art Center, Apr. 4-30. Open to all residents of Okla. or those resident previously for one year. Media: painting, sculpture, graphics. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$1. per work. Work due Mar. 4. Write: Dr. Don

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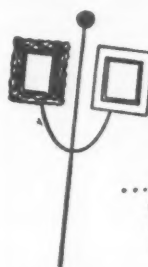
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Wenatchee, Wash.: Washington State Annual Art
Exhibition, Washington State Apple Blossom Festival,
May. Open to artists of the Western states and Canada.
Media: oil, water color, mixed, graphics. Jury. Prizes.
Fee: \$2. Entry cards due Mar. 30, work due Apr. 8.
Write: Washington State Annual Art Exhibition, P. O.
Box 650, Wenatchee, Wash.

West Long Branch, N. J.: Monmouth College Fine
Arts Festival Exhibition, Apr. 22-May 13. Open to artists
residing within fifty miles of West Long Branch. Media:
oil, water color, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3. first
entry, \$2. others (limit 3). Entry cards due Mar. 29,
work due Apr. 8. Write: Harold H. Alexander, Fine
Arts Dept., Monmouth College, West Long Branch, N. J.

White Plains, N. Y.: Hudson Valley Art Associa-
tion 33rd Annual Exhibition, Westchester County Cen-
ter, Apr. 30-May 7. Open to all artists working in
counties bordering the Hudson River. Media: oil, water
color, graphics, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee. Entries
due Apr. 25 only. Write: Mrs. Hildegard Stadelman,
Park Lane, White Plains, N. Y.

MODERN DESIGN

continued from page 21

of the aura of one's body, nor of the phenom-
ological "horizon" depending on the Gestalt of
attention; nor of the sense of being closed-in-on
or of freedom to move-into; nor of the fact that
we create new space as we go. The whole thing
is optical science but *not* human science. In his
book Banham wants, rightly, to champion the
Futurist thesis of speed and change; but he seems
not to understand that the place to begin is with
the immediate awareness of one's own here-now
and its transformations. Moholy is "objective"
like the technology; but awareness is neither
"objective" nor "subjective," but a creative ad-
justment.

Modern design has been a great movement,
one of the major revolutions in history, inter-
twined with democracy and socialism, with lan-
guage reform, with the sexual revolution, etc., etc.
On a broader view than Banham's book gives us,
we are still in the throes of all of it. Certainly,
like many other revolutions, modern design has
partly failed and left us, in some respects, with a
worse environment than the world it disrupted,
and a more superficial sensibility. Yet if, in Ban-
ham's book, we look back over the course of the
movement, we can see many impulses in the
evolution of modern design that were squelched
and rejected, that seemed to be off the main line;
and nevertheless, they are still in the air, and of
course still unorthodox. It is in these rejects, the
unfinished business, that there is vitality. For in-
stance, a raw functionalism and precisely not the
"industrial design" that has developed in the
main line. (To cite a beautiful remark of Loos,
"How is it that every architect, good or bad,
causes harm to the lake? The peasant doesn't do
this, nor the engineer who builds a railway on
the shore"—this is more relevant than when he
wrote it in 1912, for we now respond to his an-
archism and his nausea.) And what seems to be
alive in Futurism is not its machinomania and
the towering cities of Sant'Elia—those we have
had—but its apparently destructive Hipsterism
and Dada. The witty fantasy of De Klerk and the
"dynamic" excesses of the Amsterdam-school plans
touch something in our generation that is strangely
enthusiastic for Gaudi. And also the wistful hank-
ering after monumentality of Le Corbusier seems
to be relevant, to make our immense productive
resources good for something, for magnificence.
The refinement of the Japanese, the mixture of
rough craft and standard brands of the Brutalists,
the gesture of Action art . . . It is, paradoxically,
a lasting merit of Reyner Banham's careful ex-
perimental method that it leaves us with plenty of
loose ends.

CALENDAR OF EXHIBITIONS

NATIONAL AND FOREIGN

AKRON, OHIO
ART INSTITUTE, to Jan. 22: Permanent Collection; Frances Robinson, Miska Petersham

ALBION, MICH.
STOCKWELL LIBRARY, Jan. 8-25: Staff Show; Joseph Low; Feb. 5-26: Karl Schrag Retrospective; Selected Student Work

ANN ARBOR, MICH.
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, Feb. 1-28: Jacques Villon; Jan. 11-Feb. 12: Milton Cohen; Albert Weber

ATLANTA, GA.
NEW ARTS GALLERY, Jan. 8-31: Ferdinand Warren

BALTIMORE, MD.
WALTERS ART GALLERY, Jan. 28-Mar. 19: Gem Engravings in Greece and Rome; to Jan. 15: Vases Mounted in Ormolu; Folk-wandering Arts; Feb. 15-Mar. 12: Thai Painting

BEAUMONT, TEX.
ART MUSEUM, Feb. 19-Mar. 19: 22nd Annual Texas Painting & Sculpture Exhibition

BELOIT, WISC.
SCHERMERHORN GALLERY, Jan. 10-Feb. 4: Peter Takal

WRIGHT ART CENTER, Jan. 5-29: G. Brink; Feb. 4-26: 4th Annual Beloit & Vicinity Show

BETHLEHEM, PA.
LEHIGH UNIVERSITY, to Jan. 10: Three Centuries of Printmaking in America; Jan. 29-Feb. 26: Adult Education Exhibition

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.
MUSEUM OF ART, Jan. 6-29: Graduate Exhibition; Feb. 8-21: Lamar Dodd; Feb. 1-26: Civil War Photographs; Alabama Painters

BOSTON, MASS.
DOLL & RICHARDS, Jan. 3-14: E. Munsterberg; Jan. 17-Feb. 9: Group

KANEGIS GALLERY, Jan. 14-Feb. 2: Leo Waldmann; Feb. 4-28: Robert Hamilton

MUSEUM, Jan.-Feb. 12: Italian Drawings; Feb. 1-Mar. 15: Amedeo Modigliani

NOVA GALLERY, Jan. 10-28: Nicholas Dean; Jan. 31-Feb. 18: Frank Pearson; Feb. 21-Mar. 11: Peter Busa

SIEMBAD GALLERY, Jan. Syl Labrat; to Jan. 11: Gallery Group; Feb. Alfred Stieglitz; Jan. 16-Feb. 8: Arnold Herstand

BOSTON UNIVERSITY, Feb. 24-Mar. 8: Yasuo Kuniyoshi Retrospective

BRIGHTON, MASS.
HENRI STUDIO GALLERY, Jan. 9-21: Henry Bohm, George Koras

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.
HUNTER GALLERY OF ART, Jan. & Feb.: Colonial Textiles; Feb. 1-28: John & Dorothy Road Collection; Feb. 4-28: Grandma Moses

CHICAGO, ILL.
ART INSTITUTE, Jan. 4-Feb. 12: 64th Annual American Exhibition; Jan. 20-Feb. 12: Winterbotham Collection; Toulouse-Lautrec Posters; to Jan. 24: Japanese Screens; Jan. 20-Feb. 26: Misch Kohn Retrospective; Feb. 17-Apr. 2: The Arts of Denmark

PALETTE AND CHISEL ACADEMY, to Jan. 22: J. Jeffrey Grant Retrospective

CINCINNATI, OHIO
ART MUSEUM, to Jan. 10: Famous Religious Prints; Recent Acquisitions—Painting; Jan. 13-Feb. 7: Contemporary Sculpture by Artists from the Old Midwest

CONTEMPORARY ARTS CENTER, Jan. 16-Feb. 22: Young America

CLEVELAND, OHIO
MUSEUM, Jan. 17-Feb. 12: Cooper Union Drawing Exhibition

WISE GALLERY, to Jan. 21: Harry Bertschmann; Jan. 23-Feb. 18: Watercolors by Barre, Calcagno, Bertrand, Gillet; Rodin

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.
FINE ARTS CENTER, Jan.: W. H. Calfee; to Jan. 31: John Hultberg; Jan. 18-Feb. 26: Philip Evergood Retrospective

COLUMBUS, OHIO
GALLERY OF FINE ARTS, Jan. 3-24: Contemporary Spanish Painting; Jan. 6-24: James Grimes; Feb. 9-Mar. 9: German Expressionism

OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY, Jan. 2-20: Andre Derain; Jan. 23-Feb. 3: Noel Martin; Feb. 6-24: Contemporary Italian Prints; Electronic Color Abstractions

CORAL GABLES, FLA.
LOWE ART GALLERY, Jan. 12-Feb. 5: The Human Figure in Oriental Art; Recent Gifts & Loans; Jan. 12-Feb. 26: Peruvian Textiles; Feb. 7-26: Kiera Farkas; Jacques Wolf

DALLAS, TEX.
MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, Jan. 15-Feb. 12:

Sara Roby Collection; Jan. 22-Feb. 19: 11th Annual Southwestern Print & Drawing Exhibition; Feb. 12-Mar. 12: African Sculpture

DAVENPORT, IOWA
MUNICIPAL ART GALLERY, Jan. 3-29: The Photograph as Poetry; Feb. 12-Mar. 5: Graphics, Drawings and Prints by Contemporary Americans; Unique Impressions

DAYTON, OHIO
ART INSTITUTE, Jan. 6-Feb. 12: Monet and the Giverny Circle; Feb. 18-Mar. 19: Artists of Southern Ohio, 1961

DECATUR, ILL.
ART CENTER, Jan. 3-29: Decatur School Art; Feb. 5-26: Central Illinois Show

DENVER, COLO.
ART MUSEUM, to Feb. 21: Shape and Form; to May 21: Western Heritage; Jan. 20-Feb. 26: Young French Painters

EVANSVILLE, IND.
MUSEUM OF ARTS AND SCIENCES, Jan. 16-Feb. 5: Mid States Crafts Show

FORT WORTH, TEX.
ART CENTER, Jan. 12-Feb. 5: Tom Lea

GLASSBORO, N. J.
STATE COLLEGE, Jan. 7-18: Irene Zevon; Jan. 21-Feb. 8: Bob Haynes; Feb. 1-15: William Houpt; Feb. 11-26: Pachita Crespi

GREENCASTLE, IND.
DEPAUW UNIVERSITY ART CENTER, Jan. 8-Feb. 1: All-Campus Annual Exhibition; Feb. 5-Mar. 1: 11th Annual Putnam County Art League Show; Feb. 6-27: Twenty American Paintings

GREENSBORO, N. C.
WOMAN'S COLLEGE, Jan.: World Literacy Symbol Competition; Jan. 10-Feb. 10: Contemporary French Prints; Feb.: Carlotta Corpron; Feb. 18-Mar. 4: Scholastic Art Award Exhibition

GREENSBORO, PA.
WESTMORELAND COUNTY MUSEUM, to Jan. 15: Christmas Show; Jan. 24-Feb. 19: Thomas C. Quirk, Jr.

HAMBURG, GERMANY
KUNSTHALLE, Jan. 21-Feb.: Lyonel Feininger

HARRISBURG, PA.
HISTORICAL & MUSEUM COMMISSION, to Feb. 15: Americans—A View from the East

HARTFORD, CONN.
WADSWORTH ATHENEUM, to Jan. 29: 6000 Years of Persian Art; to Feb. 5: Maurice Prendergast; Jan. 11-Feb. 19: The Twin Meet: Art of the Orient

HELENA, MONT.
HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Jan. & Feb.: 18th Century English Textiles

HOLLYWOOD, CAL.
STENDAHL, Pre-Columbian Art; Modern Painting

HOUSTON, TEX.
MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, to Jan. 22: 35th Annual Houston Artists Exhibition; Feb. 2-Mar. 1: Rene Magritte; Jan. 21-Mar. 12: Of Knights and Armor

HUNTINGTON, W. VA.
HUNTINGTON GALLERIES, Jan. 8-29: Juror's Show; Feb. 12-26: Joseph Low; Feb. 5-Mar. 5: Tri-State Artists

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
HERRON ART MUSEUM, Jan. 8-Feb. 5: American Romantic Paintings; Feb. 5-26: Old Master Drawings

KINGS PARK, N. Y.
SUNKEN MEADOW FOUNDATION, Jan. 8-27: Melvin and Jo Roman

LAFAYETTE, IND.
PURDUE UNIVERSITY, to Feb. 12: American Art Nouveau Posters

LA JOLLA, CAL.
ART CENTER, Jan. 4-25: Photography in the Fine Arts; Jan.: Shanti Dave; Jan. 11-Feb. 5: Dextra Frankel; Feb. 8-Mar. 5: Ellis Jacobson

LINCOLN, MASS.
DE CORDOVA MUSEUM, to Jan. 15: Student Exhibition; Jan. 8-Feb. 5: John Hatch

LONDON, ENGLAND
GIMPEL FILS, Contemporary British; 19th & 20th Century French

TOOTH GALLERIES, Jan. 24-Feb. 13: Six American Abstract Painters

WADDINGTON GALLERIES, Jan.: Henri Hayden

LONG BEACH, CAL.
MUSEUM OF ART, Jan. 8-29: Eva Slater; Grace Dimmick, Art Rental Show; Thomas Ferreira; to Jan. 31: Primitive Art

LOS ANGELES, CAL.
COUNTY MUSEUM, to Feb. 12: Rococo; Jan. 18-Mar. 5: Art Nouveau

DWAN GALLERY, Jan. 9-Feb. 4: Stanley Twardowicz; Feb. 6-Mar. 4: Larry Rivers

MUNICIPAL ART GALLERY, Jan. 5-29: Aldrich Collection of Modern Art; Feb. 7-Mar. 5: California Society of Etchers 45th Annual Exhibition

PRIMUS-STUART, Jan. 15-Feb. 15: Hide-

taka Ohno

ROBLES GALLERY, Jan.: William Scott; Feb.: Fred Reichman

TOWER GALLERY, Jan. 31-Feb. 26: California Art Club; Feb. 28-Mar. 26: Association of Women in Architecture

LUBECK, GERMANY
OVERBECK-GESELLSCHAFT, Feb. 5-Mar. 5: English Prints; Fernand Leger

MADISON, N. J.
FAIRLEIGH DICKINSON UNIVERSITY, Jan. 10-31: Sally Spofford; Kobler; Feb. 1-21: Herbert MacDonald; Liba Bayrak; Feb. 1-28: Summit Art Association Amateur Group Show

MANHATTAN, KANS.
KANSAS UNIVERSITY, Jan.-Feb.: Post Revolutionary Textiles

MEMPHIS, TENN.
BROOKS MEMORIAL ART GALLERY, Feb.: Contemporary French Tapestries; 17th Century Glass; Hawaiian and Polynesian Art

MIAMI, FLA.
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Jan.: L. M. Michael

MILWAUKEE, WISC.
ART CENTER, to Jan. 15: R. Van Neuman; to Jan. 22: Permanent Collection; J. J. Reiss Collection

JEWISH COMMUNITY CENTER, to Jan. 18: Portrait Show; Jan. 8-30: Harold Altman; Feb. 5-25: Men's Sketch Club

MILWAUKEE-DOWNER COLLEGE, Jan. 15-Feb. 26: Faculty Show, Ritter, Thrall, Hohl-vell, Purdie

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
INSTITUTE OF ARTS, Feb.: Berthe Morisot

WALKER ART CENTER, to Jan. 30: Useful Gifts; Jan. 15-Feb. 19: Construction and Geometry in Painting; Purist Painting; Feb. 5-Mar. 5: Edward Weston

MONTCLAIR, N. J.
ART MUSEUM, Jan. 1-29: Permanent Collection; Jan. 29-Feb. 19: Arts of the Pacific Islands; Feb. 26-Mar. 26: Ina Matsuri

MONTGOMERY, ALA.
MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, Jan. 15-Mar. 5: North-South Pottery Exhibition; Jan. 20-Feb. 3: Lamar Dodd; Feb. 4-28: 19th Century Southern Portraits

MONTREAL, CANADA
MUSEUM, Winter: Norton Collection

MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.
GALLERY TEN, Jan. 15-Feb. 18: Victor Millon; Herod Witherspoon

NEW HAVEN, CONN.
ROSS-TALALAY GALLERY, to Jan. 10: A. Danto; J. Risley; Jan. 11-Feb. 7: Festival of American Graphics; Feb. 8-Mar. 7: Willi Hartung

NEW HOPE, PA.
GALLERY 10, Jan.-Feb. 3: Dehn, Laugier, Landau, Castellon, Paone, Shure, Smith

NEW LONDON, CONN.
LYMAN ALLYN MUSEUM, Jan. 15-Feb. 12: Abbot Thayer Retrospective; Feb. 26-Mar. 26: American Landscapes 1790-1890

NEW ORLEANS, LA.
TULANE UNIVERSITY, Jan.: J. Struppeck

NORMAN, OKLA.
UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA, Jan. 5-26: George Riskey; Feb. 19-Mar. 12: Young Talent in Oklahoma

OKLAHOMA, CAL.
MILLS COLLEGE ART GALLERY, to Feb. 19: German Color Prints

OMAHA, NEBR.
JOSLYN ART MUSEUM, Jan. 15-Feb. 5: Pablo Picasso

PARIS, FRANCE
FURSTENBERG, to Jan. 10: Molina

GAVEAU, to Jan. 31: Goya Etchings

NATIONAL MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, to Jan. 31: European Art, 1884-1914

PHILADELPHIA, PA.
ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS, Jan. 22-Feb. 26: 156th Annual Exhibition

ART ALLIANCE, to Jan. 18: Animal Prints; Jan. 5-22: Lee Gatch; Jan. 5-29: Theobald Gloeckner, Robert Helmsmoortel; Jan. 6-22: Avati; Jan. 6-29: John W. McCoy; Jan. 11-Feb. 5: Everyman's Gallery; Jan. 20-Feb. 22: Philadelphia Italian-American Painters; Jan. 25-Feb. 15: Jason Schoener; Jan. 26-Feb. 19: Young Illustrators; Feb. 9-Mar. 5: Elizabeth Osborne

LITTLE GALLERY, Jan.: Picasso, Rouault, Chagall; Contemporary French Paintings

PHOENIX, ARIZ.
ART MUSEUM, Jan.: Henry Moore; Chinese Art; Kurt Seligmann; Anna Mahler; Feb.: Chinese Art; French Masterpieces; Lou Davis; Ed Handler

PITTSBURGH, PA.
CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, to Jan. 15: Richard B. Beaman; Jan. 9-Feb. 12: Japanese Color Prints; Jan. 10-Feb. 19: Albright Art Gallery Collection; Jan. 22-Feb. 26: Robert L. Lepper; Feb. 13-Mar. 19: Paul Klee

PORTLAND, ORE.
MUSEUM, from Jan. 10: Treasures from Woburn Abbey

POTSDAM, N. Y.
STATE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, Jan. 9-Feb. 8: Student Exhibit; Feb. 10-Mar. 3: Modern Architecture

PUNCEBURY, N. J.
ART MUSEUM, Jan. 11-Feb. 5: American

Art; Feb. 8-Mar. 5: Recent Acquisitions

RALEIGH, N. C.
NORTH CAROLINA MUSEUM OF ART, to Jan. 22: 1960 Annual North Carolina Artists' Competition; Feb. 19-Mar. 26: Francis Speight Retrospective

RECKLINGHAUSEN, GERMANY
STADTISCHE KUNSTHALLE, to Jan. 15: Synagoga-Jewish Religious Art

ROCKFORD, ILL.
ROCKFORD COLLEGES GALLERY, Jan. 2-22: David Diemann; Jan. 23-Feb. 18: Student Exhibition; Feb. 19-Mar. 18: Paul Wiegardt, Nelli Bar

ROSWELL, N. M.
MUSEUM AND ART CENTER, Jan. 8-Feb. 3: Cady Wells Retrospective; Feb. 6-Mar. 3: Taos Artists' Exhibition

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.
WITTE MUSEUM, Jan. 8-Feb. 5: 22nd Annual Texas Painting and Sculpture Show

SAN DIEGO, CAL.
FINE ARTS GALLERY, Jan. 6-29: Designer-Craftsmen U.S.A.; Feb. 3-29: Contemporary Greek Art

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
BOLLES GALLERY, Jan. 10-Feb. 11: Discovery—Mexico: Lopez, Segui, Guadiana; Feb. 15-Mar. 20: New Work from Italy

CALIFORNIA PALACE OF THE LEGION OF HONOR, Jan.: Berthe Morisot; Sessue Kirino; 40th National Exhibition of the California Water Color Society

DE YOUNG MUSEUM, to Jan. 19: New Paintings from Yugoslavia; Jan. 4-26: Chinese Landscape Painting; from Jan. 12: Morris Broderson; to Jan. 29: Peggy Talk-Watkins; Feb. 15-Mar. 15: Gandharu Sculpture

DILEXI GALLERY, Jan. 9-Feb. 4: Roy de Forest

GUMP'S GALLERY, Jan. 5-31: Jerrald Ball

MUSEUM OF ART, to Jan. 15: Prints and Drawings—Recent Acquisitions

SANTA BARBARA, CAL.
MUSEUM OF ART, to Jan. 15: American Painting in Our Time; William Rohrbach; Jan. 27-Mar. 12: 200 Years of American Art

SANTA FE, N. M.
MUSEUM OF NEW MEXICO, to Jan. 19: Peter Moran; to Feb. 1: Ward Lockwood

SAUSALITO, CAL.
DAVID COLE GALLERY, to Jan. 24: Gallery Group Show; Jan. 13-Feb. 5: Farlane Norman Woodbury

SAVANNAH, GA.
TELFAR ACADEMY, Jan.: Directoire—En-ple Textiles

SCRANTON, PA.
EVERHART MUSEUM, Jan. 1-31: Louis XV Style and Taste

SEATTLE, WASH.
ART MUSEUM, to Feb. 5: 1960 Accession, A.I.A. Honor Awards Exhibit; Feb. 7-Mar. 5: North West Printmakers 32nd International Exhibition; Harold Wahl

FRYE MUSEUM, to Jan. 15: Chagall: The Bible; Jan. 16-Feb. 5: Flavor & Fragrance

Feb. 7-22: Puget Sound Area Exhibition

SELIGMAN GALLERY, Jan.: Vanni, Vanni, Vanni; Windsor Utley

SHERMAN OAKS, CAL.
MARTIN JANIS, 20th Century Master Artists

SIoux CITY, IOWA
ART CENTER, to Jan. 11: Oscar Howe Christmas Bazaar; Jan. 15-Feb. 5: Artists Equity Show; Feb. 8-Mar. 8: Area Artist Show

SOUTH BEND, IND.
ART CENTER, Jan. 8-29: Boulder Artists Guild Show; Mrs. J. J. O'Brien; Feb. 5-19: Northern Indiana Artists

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, Jan. 29-Feb. 26: Kuniyoshi Centennial Memorial Exhibit

Feb.: Young Talent Show

SMITH ART MUSEUM, Jan. 15-Feb. 26: Customs of Japan; Feb. 5-26: Haley Haley

SPRINGFIELD, MO.
ART MUSEUM, Jan. 5-28: Yousuf Karsh

TELEDO, OHIO
MUSEUM OF ART, Jan. 7-Feb. 20: 17th Century French Art

TORONTO, CANADA
ART GALLERY, Jan. 6-Feb. 5: American Painting 1865-1905; Feb. 10-Mar. 12: Vincent Van Gogh

TULSA, OKLA.
PHILBROOK ART CENTER, Jan. 3-Feb. 5: 12th National Print Exhibition; Persian Islamic Paintings; University of Kansas Faculty Exhibition; Feb. 7-28: Museum Purchase Fund Exhibition; Collectors Group

UTICA, N. Y.
MUNSON-WILLIAMS-PROCTOR INSTITUTE, Jan. 3-31: Works from the Institute Collection; Jan. 15-Feb. 28: 24th Annual Artists of Central New York Exhibition

WASHINGTON, D. C.
NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, Jan. 8-Feb. 12: Civil War Drawings and Water Colors

Acquisitions:
G. Rowley;
OF ART, to
h Carolina
9-Mar. 28:
Y to Jan. 13:
ut
RY, Jan. 2:
23-Feb. 18:
cr. 18: Paul
Jan. 8-Feb.
Feb. 6-Mar.
5: 22nd An-
ture Show
9: Design-
Contempo-
Feb. 11: Dis-
Guadiana;
From Italy
LEGION OF
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Jan. 19: New
Jan. 4-25:
from Jan.
9: Pagni
5: Gandhar-
4: Roy da
Jerrold Bol-
5: Prints and
15: American
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of American
to Jan. 15:
rd Lockwood
tion
Jan. 24: Gal-
Feb. 5: Paralle-
Directoire-En-
31: Louis XV
60 Accession-
ibit; Feb. 9:
t-makers 32:
old Wahl
Chagall; the
& Fragrance
a Exhibition
Vanni, Van
Urley
Century Master-
Oscar How-
Feb. 5: Artist
Feb. 5: Artist
Boulder Artist
rien; Feb. 5-11
Jan. 29-Feb. 28:
morial Exhibi-
Jan. 15-Feb. 26:
5-26: Holie-
Yousuf Karsh
Feb. 20: 17th
o. 5: American
0-Mar. 12: Vi-
BLEEKER ST. CINEMA GALLERY (144
Hecker St.), Jan. 9-22: Benefit Exhibition
KODLEY (223 E. 60), Jan. 9-14: Zita
Quirado; Jan. 9-28: Soshana; Jan. 16-Feb.
Tommy Atkins; Jan. 16-28: Slayton
Underhill; Jan. 30-Feb. 11: Priscilla Peck;
Feb. 6-25: Herman Axelrod; Jan. 30-Feb.
18: Samuel Z. Orgel
BORGHEINI (1018 Mad. at 79), Jan. 9-21:
Milton Avery; Jan. 24-Feb. 11: Jim-
my Ernst
BRATA (56 3rd), Jan. 6-26: Frank Sepa,
Hil Slader, Hal Silvermintz
MOCKLYN ARTS (141 Montague St.), Jan.
1-28: Gallery Group
BURR (115 W. 53), Jan. 1-15: Benedict

WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.
NORTON GALLERY, Jan. 4-21: Seth East-
man; Jan. 24-Feb. 4: Ft. Lauderdale Art-
ists; Jan. 2-26: U. Koye School; Feb.
5-17: Rena Youngman; Feb. 19-Mar. 3:
Wallace Smith
WILMINGTON, DELA.
DELAWARE ART CENTER, Jan. 7-Feb. 19:
Alexander Calder, A. Stirling Calder, A.
Milne Calder
WINNIPEG, CANADA
ART GALLERY, to Jan. 31: Vincent Van
Gogh
YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO
ANTIOCH COLLEGE, Feb. 1-28: Bazaar
Paintings from Calcutta
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO
BUTLER INSTITUTE, Jan. 1-Feb. 26: 13th
Annual Ceramic and Sculpture Show

NEW YORK CITY

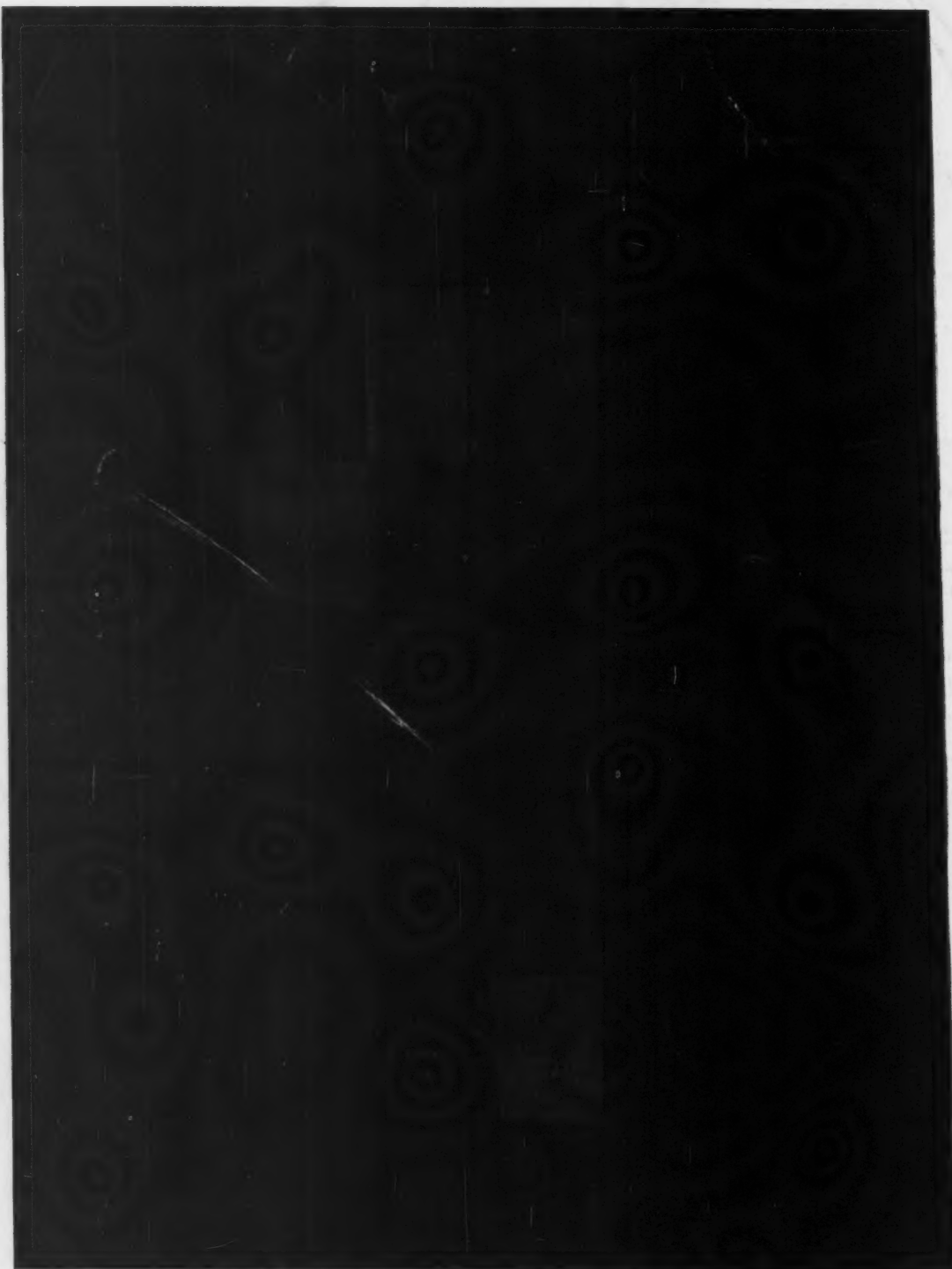
Museums:
BROOKLYN (Eastern Pkwy.), to Jan. 9:
Egyptian Sculpture of the Late Period;
Feb. 7-Mar. 19: Masters of Contemporary
American Crafts
CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS (29 W. 53), Dec.
16-Feb. 5: Japanese Design Today
COOPER UNION (Cooper Sq.), Jan. 27-
Feb. 18: Artist Craftsmen of New York
Third Annual
GUGGENHEIM (1071 5th at 88), through
Jan. 19: Guggenheim International Award
1960
JEWISH (1109 5th at 92), Dec. 8-Feb. 28:
National Civil War Centennial
METROPOLITAN (5th at 82), Jan. 11-Feb.
19: Art Treasures of Thailand
MODERN ART (11 W. 53), Dec. 14-Feb. 12:
Film Posters; Dec. 21-Feb. 12: Recent
Acquisitions; Jan. 18-Mar. 12: Mark Rothko
MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK
(5th at 103), to Feb. 5: Rene Bouché
NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN (1083
5th), Jan. 19-Feb. 5: Audubon Artists
19th Annual
N. Y. PUBLIC LIBRARY (5th at 42), to
Mar. 15: Goya and Monet; Feb. 1-Apr.
30: Civil War
PRIMITIVE (15 W. 54), The Raymond
Wielgus Collection
RIVERSIDE (310 Riverside Dr. at 103),
Jan. 8-Feb. 26: Selections from the Ameri-
can Collection
STATEN ISLAND INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND
SCIENCES (75 Slyvesant Pl.), Jan. 8-Feb.
12: The Constant Rebellion
WHITNEY (22 W. 54), Dec. 7-Jan. 22: An-
nual Exhibition of Contemporary American
Sculpture; Jan. 25-Feb. 28: The Precision-
ist View in American Art

Galleries:
A.C.A. (63 E. 57), Jan. 16-Feb. 4: Sculp-
ture and Group Show; Feb. 6-25: Sylvia
Carwe
AGIS (70 E. 12), Jan. 6-Feb. 1: Dan
Griener; Feb. 2-Mar. 1: Francis Jennings
ALAN (766 Mad. at 66), Dec. 28-Jan. 21:
John Thomas; Jan. 23-Feb. 11: Robert
Knapshild
ANDERSON (32 E. 69), Jan. 3-27: Graph-
ics by Americans
ANGELESKI (1044 Mad. at 79), Jan. 2-17:
Shivitz; Jan. 18-Feb. 4: Robert Kaupelis
AREA (80 E. 10), Jan. 6-26: Philip Fox
ARGENT (236 E. 60), Jan. 8-28: National
Association of Women Artists Members
Graphic Show
ARKEP (171 W. 29), Dec. 31-Jan. 27:
Group Competition; Jan. 28-Feb. 24:
Joshua Epstein
ARTISTS' (853 Lex. at 64), Jan. 14-Feb. 9:
New Painters
ART STUDENTS LEAGUE (215 W. 57), Jan.
9-21: Mani Deligdisch
ARTZT (142 W. 57), Dec. 27-Jan. 9: Water
Color Show; Jan. 3-14: Invitation; Jan.
10-21: M. O'Neal; Jan. 16-27: E. Koch
BACOCK (805 Mad. at 68), Jan. 3-21:
Selections from the Gallery's Collection;
Jan. 24-Feb. 11: Dan Wingren
BARONE (1018 Mad. at 79), Jan. 4-28:
Michael Mazur; Jan. 31-Feb. 25: William
Hawes
BARZANSKY (1071 Mad. at 81), Jan. 9-21:
James Houser
BAYER (51 E. 80), Jan. 28: Rodin
BIANCHINI (16 E. 78), Jan. 3-25: Group
BLEEKER ST. CINEMA GALLERY (144
Hecker St.), Jan. 9-22: Benefit Exhibition
KODLEY (223 E. 60), Jan. 9-14: Zita
Quirado; Jan. 9-28: Soshana; Jan. 16-Feb.
Tommy Atkins; Jan. 16-28: Slayton
Underhill; Jan. 30-Feb. 11: Priscilla Peck;
Feb. 6-25: Herman Axelrod; Jan. 30-Feb.
18: Samuel Z. Orgel
BORGHEINI (1018 Mad. at 79), Jan. 9-21:
Milton Avery; Jan. 24-Feb. 11: Jim-
my Ernst
BRATA (56 3rd), Jan. 6-26: Frank Sepa,
Hil Slader, Hal Silvermintz
MOCKLYN ARTS (141 Montague St.), Jan.
1-28: Gallery Group
BURR (115 W. 53), Jan. 1-15: Benedict

Tatti; Carolyn Balsey; Jan. 16-28: Lewis
H. Lederer; Jan. 29-Feb. 11: Gotham
Painters; Frances Oliverius
CAMINO (89 E. 10), Jan. 6-26: Joe Clark,
Paul Waldman; Jan. 27-Feb. 16: Alice Far-
man; John Henry
CARMEL (82 E. 10), Jan. 6-25: Rosemary
Tung; Jan. 27-Feb. 15: Henrietta Schoppel
CARSTAIRS (11 E. 57), to Feb. 4: Draw-
ings and Water Colors
CARUS (243 E. 82), Jan. 2-16: Group; Jan.
16-31: Hugh Miller
CASTELLANE (19 E. 76), Dec. 6-Jan. 20:
Group; from Jan. 23: Herman Maril
CASTELLI (4 E. 77), Jan. 9-28: Frederick
Kiesler
CHALETTE (1100 Mad. at 83), through
Jan.: Structural Sculpture
CHASE (31 E. 64), Jan. 9-21: Bruce Moore
COBER (14 E. 69), Jan. 17-Feb. 4: Dor-
othy Robbins; Feb. 7-25: Jacob Landau
COLLECTORS (49 W. 53), Jan. 9-28:
Whitney Bender, Anthony Vaccaro; Feb.
6-25: Franz Kline
CONTEMPORARIES (992 Mad. at 77), Jan.
9-21: Yugoslavian Tomb Rubbings; Jan.
23-Feb. 11: Emilio Greco
CONTEMPORARY ARTS (19 E. 71), Jan. 9-28:
Donald Thrall; Feb.: Aristides Stavro-
lakis
CORDIER-WARREN (978 Mad. at 76), to
Jan. 31: Dubuffet, drawing retrospective;
from Feb. 1: Matta
CRESPI (1133 Mad. at 85), Contemporary
Paintings and Sculpture
D'ARCY (1091 Mad. at 83), to Jan. 14:
International Surrealist Exhibition
DAVIS (231 E. 60), to Jan. 14: James
Preston; 20th Century American Drawings
DE AENLE (59 W. 33), Jan. 3-21: Jorge
Damiani; Jan. 31-Feb. 25: May Stevens
DELCORTE (822 Mad. at 69), Dec. 9-
Jan. 30: Ancient Ceramics of Panama and
Costa Rica
DE NAGY (149 E. 72), Jan. 3-28: Robert
Goodnow; Jan. 31-Feb. 18: Timothy
Hennessy
DOWNTOWN (32 E. 51), Jan.: New
Acquisitions—Modern American Painters
and Sculptors; 18th and 19th Century
American Folk Art
DUNCAN (215 E. 82), to Jan. 15: Borne-
misca, Ruth R. Kagan; Dec. 31-Jan. 15:
Joubiaux, Dalbeau, Schlegel; to Jan. 17:
Martin; from Jan. 16: Perreux, Van Den
Bulcke; Keroeudan
DUO (42 E. 76), Jan. 3-21: Myrna Minter;
Jan. 24-Feb. 11: John Fischer
DURLACHER (11 E. 57), Jan. 3-28: Peter
Blume; Jan. 31-Feb. 25: Sidney Nolan
DURVEN (18 E. 79), Jan.: Andrea del
Castagno
EGAN (313 E. 79), Jan.: Elias Goldberg
EGGLESTON (969 Mad. at 76), Jan. 16-28:
Alvin Hollingsworth; Jan. 30-Feb. 11:
Edmund E. Niemann
EMMERICH (17 E. 64), Dec. 29-Jan. 21:
Aspects of Surrealism and Fantasy in
Pre-Columbian Art; Jan. 24-Feb. 11:
Theodoros Stamos
EN SAS (1100 Mad. at 83), Jan.: Group
ESTE (965a Mad. at 76), Jan.: Drawings
and Water Colors
F.A.R. (746 Mad. at 65), Jan. 16-28: God-
dard; Feb. 6-18: Friedlander
FEIGL (601 Mad. at 57), Jan.: American
and French Moderns; Feb. 15-Mar. 4:
Zero Mastel
FEINGARTEN (1018 Mad. at 79), Jan. 3-28:
Sylvia Fein
FINDLY (11 E. 57), Jan.-Feb. 15: Con-
temporary Paintings of the School of Paris
FRIED (40 E. 68), Jan.: Young Group—
12 Painters
FRUMKIN (32 E. 57), Jan.: Art of the
South Seas; Feb.: Theodore Halkin
FULTON GALLERY (61 Fulton), Jan. 5-
Feb. 4: Tamara Kerr; from Feb. 5: John
Koenig
FURMAN (46 E. 80), Jan.: New Acquisi-
tions, Pre-Columbian and African
GALLERY (200 E. 59), Jan. 10-28: Peter
Poone; Jan. 31-Feb. 18: Jack Perlmutter
GERSON (41 E. 57), through Jan. 21: 19th
& 20th Century Painting and Sculpture;
Contemporary Drawings and Prints
GRAHAM (1014 Mad. at 78), Jan. 4-28:
Duchanek; Feb. 1-Mar. 11: Edwin Dick-
inson
J. GRAHAM (1014 Mad. at 78), Jan. 4-28:
Louis Elshemius
GRAND CENTRAL (40 Vanderbilt at 43),
Jan. 17-Feb. 4: Robert Philipp
GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS (1018 Mad.
at 79), Jan. 7-Feb. 2: Group; Feb. 4-23:
May; Browne
GREAT JONES (5 Gr. Jones), Dec. 18-Jan.
16: Nakian, Agostini, Pavia, Spavento
GREEN (15 W. 57), Jan. 10-Feb. 4: Tada-
aki Kuwayama; Feb. 7-Mar. 4: Felix
Pasilis
HAIN (611 Mad. at 58), Jan.: Interna-
tional School
HALL OF ART (534 Mad. at 54), Contem-
porary Americans and Europeans
HAMMER (51 E. 57), Jan. 10-21: Guillau-
min; Feb.: Fehin
HARTERT (22 E. 58), Jan.: American and

French Primitives
HELLER (63 E. 57), Jan. 3-21: Vasileff;
Jan. 24-Feb. 11: Alex Redein
HERBERT (14 E. 69), Jan. 3-28: Fay
Lansner
HICKS STREET (48 Hicks St.), Jan. 18-28:
Irwin Rosenhouse; Jan. 29-Feb. 18: Group
HIGHGATE (827 3rd at 51), Jan. 4-25:
Don Bloom
HIRSCHL & ADLER (211 E. 67), Jan. 10-28:
Joseph Jeffers Dodge
HUTTON (41 E. 57), Jan. 9-28: Collec-
tors' Loan
INTERNATIONAL ART (55 W. 56), Jan.
2-11: Group; Jan. 12-21: Group; Jan. 23-
Feb. 2: Group
INTERNATIONALE (1095 Mad. at 82),
Jan. 1-15: Angeles Ballester
INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL CLUB (84 E.
10), Jan. 7-28: Stephan Lokos
IOLAS (123 E. 53), Jan. 9-28: William
Copley, James Metcalf; Jan. 30-Feb. 18:
Pfriem; Samore
ISAACSON (22 E. 66), Dec. 14-Jan. 14:
Poetic Painters of the 19th Century; Jan.
17-Feb. 4: Katherine Schmidt
JACKSON (32 E. 69), Dec. 20-Jan. 14:
Internationals; Jan. 21-Feb. 18: Larry
Rivera; sculpture
JANIS (15 E. 57), Jan. 9-Feb. 4: European
Artists; Brancusi to Giacometti—Picasso to
Dubuffet; Feb. 6-Mar. 4: Robert Mother-
well
JUSTER (154 E. 79), Jan. 9-28: Young
Painters; Jan. 30-Feb. 18: Keith Martin
KENNEDY (13 E. 58), Jan.: 18th and 19th
Century Americans—Recent Acquisitions
KNOEDLER (14 E. 57), Jan. 3-28: Lynn
Chadwick
KOOTZ (655 Mad. at 60), Jan. 3-21:
James Brooks; Jan. 24-Feb. 11: Gerard
Schneider
KRASNER (1061 Mad. at 81), Jan. 3-21:
Dennis Byng; Jan. 23-Feb. 11: Yonia Fain
KRAUSHAAR (1055 Mad. at 80), Jan. 12-21:
Leonard De Longa; Jan. 23-Feb. 10:
Walter Feldman
LANDRY (712 5th at 56), Jan. 3-21: Tania;
Feb.: Octave Landuyt
LATOW (13 E. 63), Dec. 19-Jan. 15: Group
LEFFEBRE (47 E. 77), from Jan. 3: Baum-
eister, Hartung
LOEB (12 E. 57), Jan. 15-Feb. 15: Robert
Ranieri
LOVISO (167 E. 37), Jan. 17-Group;
Jan. 10-28: Hilger; Jan. 31-Feb. 11: Group
MADISON (600 Mad. at 56), Dec. 29-Jan.
19: Raymond Katz
MARISHA (53 St. Marks Pl.), Jan. 6-26:
Freeman, Shadewsky
MATISSE (41 E. 57), Jan.: Group
MAYER (762 Mad. at 65), Jan. 3-21:
Ronald Stein; Jan. 24-Feb. 11: Gerome
Kamrowski
MELTZER (38 W. 57), Jan. 9-Feb. 11: Tet-
sura Sawada
MI CHOU (801 Mad. at 67), Jan. 4-28:
Nankoku Hida; Jan. 31-Feb. 25: Hsia Yan
MIDTOWN (17 E. 57), Jan. 9-Feb. 4:
Emien Etling
MILCH (2 E. 67), to Jan. 27: American
Artists; Jan. 30-Feb. 18: Jerri Ricci
MONDE (929 Mad. at 74), Jan. 10-31:
Samuel Bookatz; Feb. 7-28: Gino Bigia-
rini
MORRIS (174 Waverly Pl.), Jan. 2-28:
Gallery Group; Feb.: Lucien Day
NATIONAL ARTS CLUB (15 Gramercy Pk.),
Jan. 11-25: Members' Exhibition; Jan. 27-
Feb. 13: Catherine Lorillard Wolfe Art
Club Show
NESSLER (718 Mad. at 64), Jan. 9-28:
Doris Wainright Kennedy; Jan. 30-Feb. 18:
Robert J. Lee
NEW (50 E. 78), Jan.: European and
American Paintings; Feb. 1-18: Wassily
Kandinsky
NEW ART CENTER (1193 Lex. at 81), Jan.:
Selected Drawings; Feb.: Kathe Kollwitz,
drawings, sculpture, graphics
NEWHOUSE (15 E. 57), Selections from
the Gallery's Collection
NEW GALLERY EAST DOWNTOWN (102
Christopher St.), Egyptian Art; Contem-
porary Paintings
NEW GALLERY EAST UPTOWN (24 E. 67),
Jan. 8-28: William Sala
NEW MASTERS (19 E. 69), Jan.: Jehu-
dith Sabel
NEW SCHOOL (66 W. 12), Dec. 12-Jan. 9:
Atelier Torres-Garcia; Jan. 17-Feb. 4: Re-
cent Drawings by New York Artists
N. Y. CIRCULATING LIBRARY OF PAINT-
INGS (28 E. 72), Jan.: New Acquisitions
NONAGON (99 2nd at 6), Jan. 6-27:
Herbert Marcelin
NORDNESS (831 Mad. at 69), Jan. 9-28:
Julian Levi; Jan. 31-Feb. 18: Louis
Guglielmi
OLD PRINT CENTER (161 E. 52), Jan.:
Piranesi and other 18th & 19th Century
Italian Engravings
PACE COLLEGE (41 Park Row), Jan. 5-18:
Peter Finestgen
PADAWER (112 4th at 12), Jan. 3-28:
Denver Lindley Jr.; Feb. 1-25: Aldo
Pagliacci
PANORAS (62 W. 56), Jan. 2-14: Gene-

vieve Anderson; Jan. 16-28: Mychajlo
Moroz; Jan. 30-Feb. 11: Adrian Fedder,
Robert Lawrence
PARMA (1111 Lex. at 77), Jan. 17-Feb. 4:
Dody Muller; Feb. 7-25: Nanna De Groot
PARSONS (15 E. 57), Jan. 10-28: Chrissy
PERIDOT (820 Mad. at 68), Dec. 19-Jan.
14: Group; Jan. 6-Feb. 11: Jason Berger
PERLS (1016 Mad. at 79), Jan. 10-Feb.
18: Trends of the Twenties in the School
of Paris
PHOENIX (40 3rd at 10), Jan. 6-26: Leon
De Leeuw; Jan. 27-Feb. 16: W. Pellicone
POINDEXTER (21 W. 56), Jan. 9-28: Reu-
ben Kadish; Jan. 30-Feb. 18: Takai
PORTRAITS INC. (136 E. 57), Contem-
porary Portraits
RADICH (818 Mad. at 68), Jan. 10-Feb. 4:
Mary Frank
REHN (35 E. 61), Jan. 3-28: Charles
Burchfield; Feb. 6-25: Denny Winters
ROKO (925 Mad. at 74), Jan. 9-Feb. 1:
Jack Sonenberg; Feb. 6-Mar. 1: Bernard
Rosenau
ROSENBERG (20 E. 79), Jan. 9-Feb. 4:
Peter Kinley; Feb. 6-Mar. 4: Karl Knaths
SAGITTARIUS (777 Mad. at 67), Jan. 3-14:
Jussell Braddy; Jan. 16-28: Bernard
Lignen; Jan. 30-Feb. 11: Vidal
SAIDENBERG (10 E. 79), Jan. 2-14: 13
New Picasso Paintings; from Jan. 17:
David Hare
ST. ETIENNE (24 W. 57), Jan. 16-Feb. 6:
Marvin Meisels
SALPETER (42 E. 57), Jan.: American
Contemporaries
SCHAEFER (32 E. 57), Jan. 2-21: Walter
Kamys; Contemporary American Sculpture;
Jan. 23-Feb. 18: Contemporary European
Sculpture
SCHAINEN-STERM (236 E. 53), Jan. 10-
Feb. 7: Gregory Battack
SCHONEMAN (63 E. 57), Jan. 10-28: Adele
Brandew
SCHWEITZER (205 E. 54), Jan.: 19th and
20th Century Paintings
SCULPTURE CENTER (161 E. 69), Jan.:
Group
SECTION ELEVEN (11 E. 57), Jan. 9-28:
Sven Lukin; Jan. 31-Feb. 18: Sidney
Walfsen
SEGY (708 Lex. at 57), Jan. 2-21: Ab-
stractions in African Art
SEIFERHELD (158 E. 64), Jan.: Landscape
Drawings
SELECTED ARTISTS (903 Mad. at 72),
Jan. 3-14: Philip B. Leavitt; Jan. 17-28:
Jean Aurel; Jan. 31-Feb. 10: Michael
Schreck
SELIGMANN (5 E. 57), Jan. 7-21: Rudy
Pozzetti
SHERMAN (306 E. 72), Jan. 7-21: Anne
Matthews; Jan. 24-Feb. 7: Edith Brodsky;
Feb. 11-28: Miriam Burdall
SLATKIN (115 E. 92), Dec. 11-Jan. 15:
Drawings as Gifts; Jan. 10-Feb. 8: Old
and Modern Master Drawings; New
Acquisitions
SMALL (8 E. 75), Jan. 2-31: Pre-Colum-
bian Art; 20th Century Drawings
STABLE (33 E. 74), from Jan. 16: Gallery
Group
STAEMPLI (47 E. 77), Jan. 3-28: New
Acquisitions; Jan. 31-Feb. - 25: Fritz
Koenig
STUTTMAN (13 E. 75), Dec. 13-Jan. 28:
American Scene; Budd Hopkins, Joop San-
ders, Yvonne Thomas
SUDAMERICANA (10 E. 8), Jan. 9-28:
Latin American Prints; Jan. 30-Feb. 18:
Jose Echave
TANAGER (90 E. 10), Dec. 16-Jan. 12:
Christmas Group; Jan. 12-Feb. 3: Group
TERRAIN (20 W. 16), Regina Dienes
TOZZI (137 E. 57), Medieval Art
TRABIA (14 E. 95), Jan. 3-23: Mimmo
Rotello, Giulio Turcato, Sylva Bucci
TWO EXPLORERS (329 E. 47), Jan. 9-30:
Sidney Siegal
VALENTE (119 W. 57), Nov. 15-Feb. 12:
Group of 25 Americans
VERCEL (23 E. 63), Jan. 1-15: French Con-
temporaries
VILLAGE ART CENTER (39 Grove St.),
Dec. 27-Jan. 12: Mid Season Water Color;
Jan. 16-Feb. 2: Mid Season Oil
VIVIANO (42 E. 57), to Jan. 10: Group;
Jan. 10-28: Jack Smith
WALKER (117 E. 57), Jan. 23-Feb. 4:
Kenneth Callahan
WASHINGTON IRVING (49 Irving Pl.),
Jan. 2-31: Jacob Epstein
WEHTE (794 Lex. at 61), Dec. 29-Feb.
4: Salerno, sculpture
WHITE (42 E. 57), Jan. 3-21: Claire
Burch; Jan. 24-Feb. 11: Edward Countey
WILDENSTEIN (19 E. 64), Jan. 12-Feb. 11:
Andre Beaupreire
WILLARD (23 W. 56), Jan. 3-28: Tadashi
Sato; Jan. 31-Feb. 25: David Hayes
WISE (50 W. 57), Jan. 10-Feb. 4: David
Weinrib; Feb. 7-Mar. 4: John Grillo
WITTENBORN (1018 Mad. at 79), Jan. 15-
Feb. 15: Hansen Bahia
WORLD HOUSE (987 Mad. at 77), Dec. 6-
Jan. 14: Morandi
ZABRISKIE (36 E. 61), Jan. 2-21: Louis
Lazowick; Jan. 23-Feb. 11: Lester Johnson



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